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June 22, 1929

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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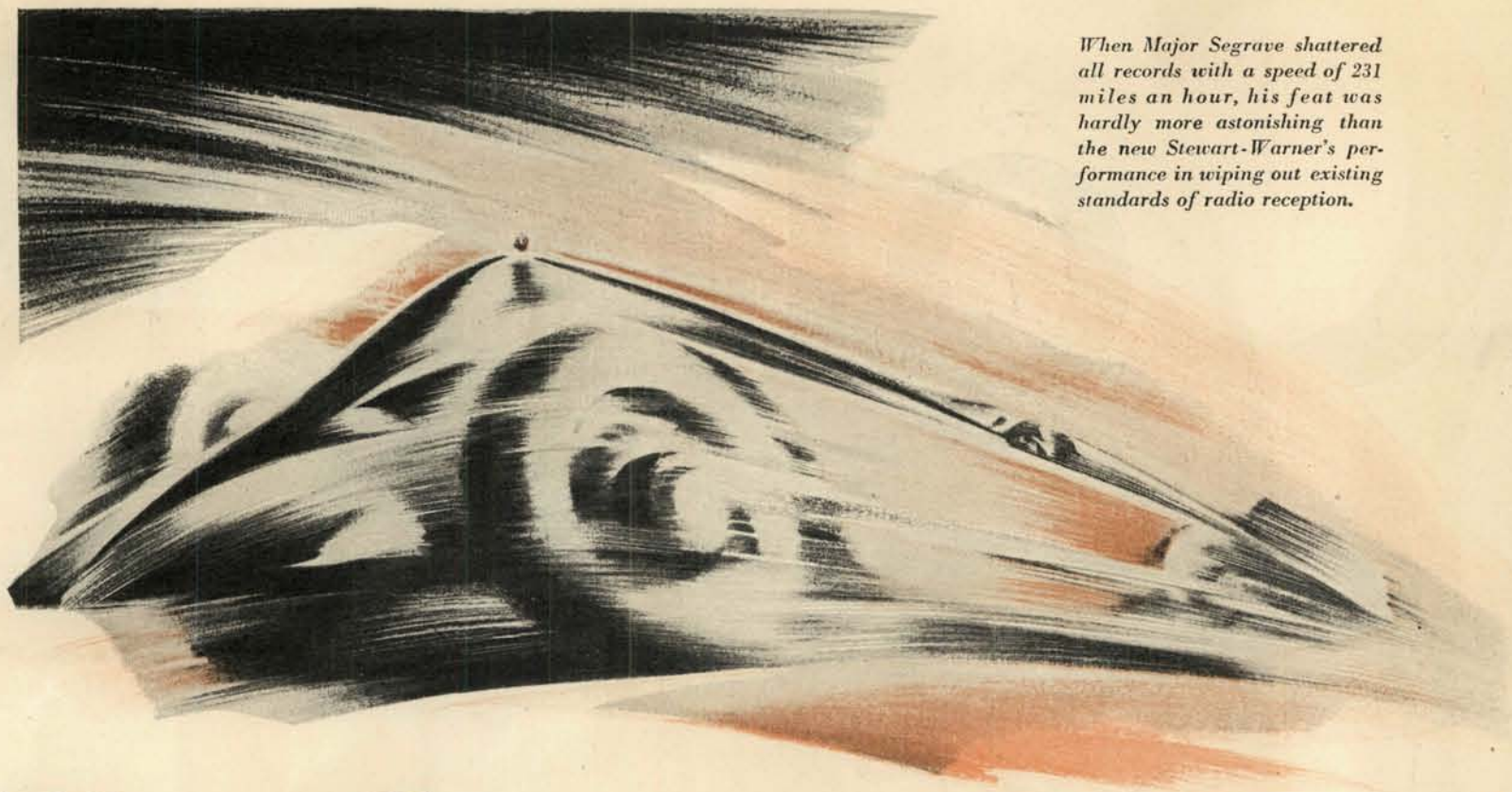
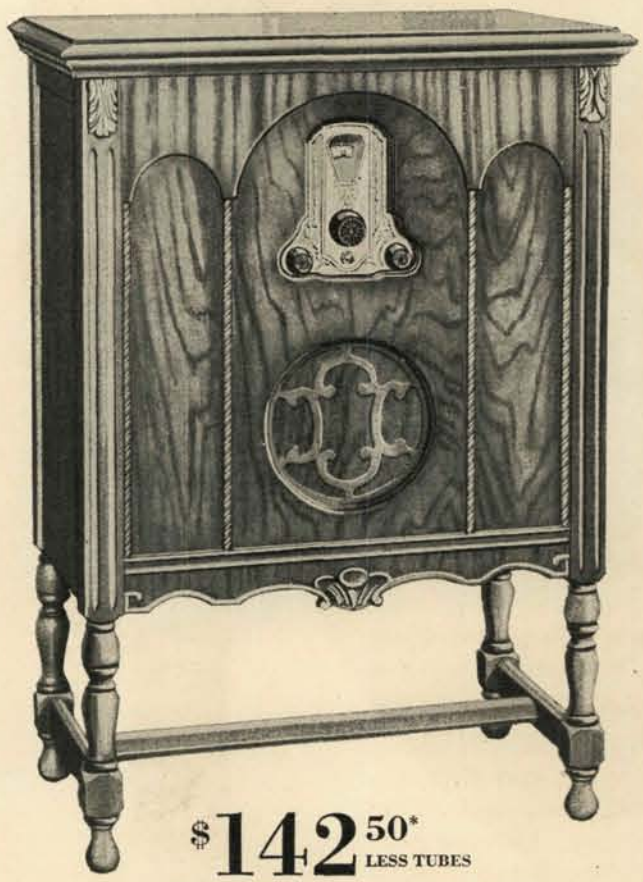


When Major Segrave shattered all records with a speed of 231 miles an hour, his feat was hardly more astonishing than the new Stewart-Warner's performance in wiping out existing standards of radio reception.

A NEW CHAMPION IS HERE!

an all-'round champion that combines selectivity, tone, volume and distance-getting ability never before known



$142.50* LESS TUBES

Approved Jacobean Cabinet No. 35 with Model 900 Stewart-Warner Radio, illustrated above. 8 tubes, including rectifier. Uses 2 UX-245 power tubes together with five 227's—the most advanced and powerful tube equipment known to radio today. "Balanced Bridge" circuit. Plug-in for Television—an exclusive Stewart-Warner feature. 22-carat gold-plated connections. Illuminated visible angle dial. New Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Cabinet of American Walnut, with African Walnut ornamentation.

Stewart-Warner Radio comes in 60-cycle and 25-cycle AC, 100 to 130 volts, models for any current. Also DC and battery operated.

** West of Rockies, $147.00, less tubes.*

The New 900 Series STEWART-WARNER RADIO

Through the severest field tests to which any radio was ever put—by night and by day—across even the most difficult mining regions—the new Stewart-Warner has come with flying colors—and outperformed in side-by-side comparison sets costing double its price.

For Stewart-Warner Radio Engineers have done the thing that "couldn't be done"

—by developing an entirely new "balanced bridge" circuit—by creating a radio so selective it gets stations you never knew existed. It's so powerful it brings distant stations booming in with a volume never before possible. It's so exact it reproduces programs with unmatched realism of tone.

Here's the *new* champion of the air—here's ***"The Set With The Punch."*** Modern—even to plug-in for television. Performance that's 5 years ahead.

Before you even consider the purchase of any radio, hear this new Stewart-Warner—***"The Set With The Punch."*** Then you'll appreciate the difference between this 5-years-in-advance *champion* and "just a radio set."

The Stewart-Warner line is complete and embodies the last word in radio design plus many exclusive Stewart-Warner features.

The models include Sheraton and Jacobean period consoles, consolette ensembles and table models. And prices range from $89.75 to $170.50, less tubes.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, Chicago

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

"The Voice of Authority"

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LEE of Conshohocken

A Woman Is Only a Woman

SHE is hardly expected to change a punctured tire. Now there is a tire so thick and tough in the tread, so stout in the cords, that in all probability it will never puncture!

And you don't like to think of her having to hold the steering wheel against a blow-out on a curve. This tire is so nearly permanent that it will normally last longer than the average owner keeps a car!

You do want her to have all possible riding comfort, and for all its immense strength this tire assures the fullest measure of balloon tire physical comfort, plus peace-of-mind such as no other tire has ever given.

You know she appreciates style . . . let her look at this tire, the LEE Super De Luxe! Nothing else can vie with it, because LEE *of Conshohocken* started where so-called "ultra" stopped.

That's LEE *of Conshohocken* through and through. The invulnerable LEE Super De Luxe, necessarily an extra-price tire, does typify the skill and purpose which increase the value of every dollar spent for any tire by LEE *of Conshohocken.*

No car comes equipped with these super tires, but if you will go to any LEE dealer, he will make you a very fair allowance on your present tires, new or worn, towards a set of these years-lasting, comfortable-riding and safe LEE Supers.

The LEE
ALL PURPOSE REPAIR KIT
is all that its name implies. Use it to repair inner tubes, rubber gloves, hot water bottles and many other rubber articles.

LEE *of Conshohocken makes a full line of repair materials. The quality, like everything* LEE *makes, is unexcelled.*

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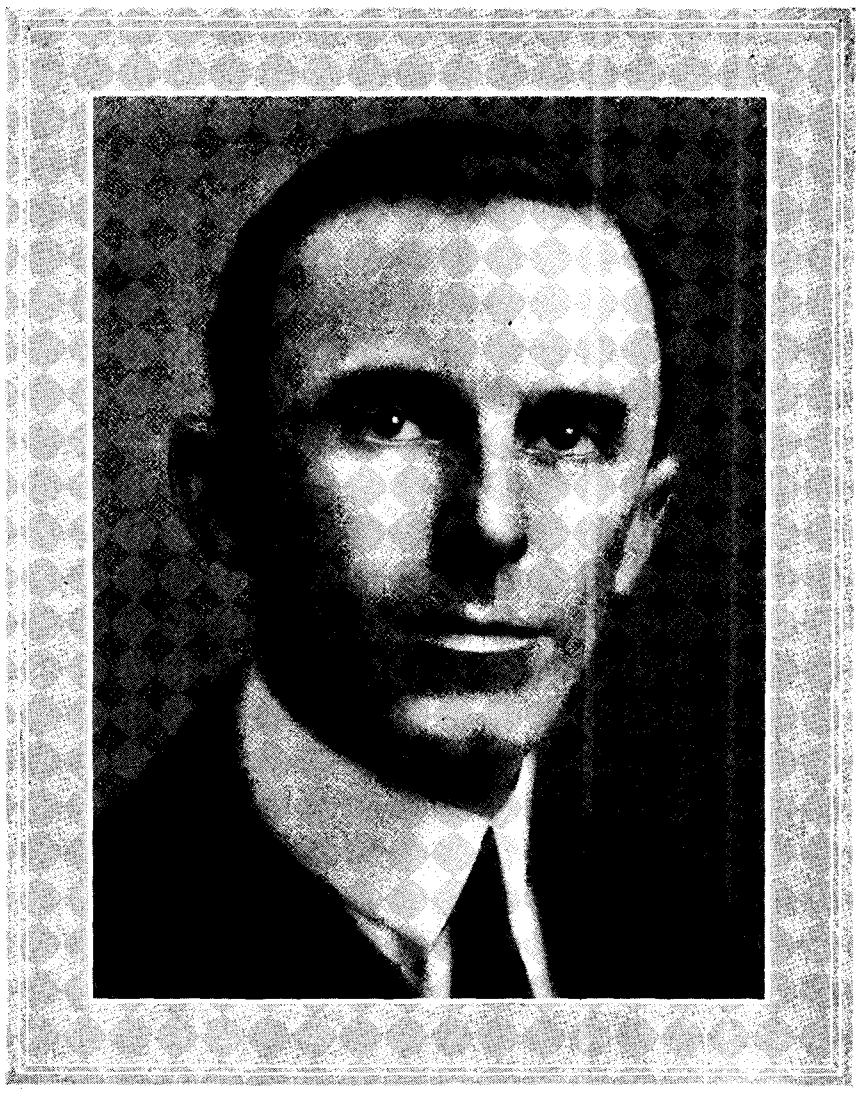

Portrait by Morrall

RCA

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

RAY H. MANSON

Chief Engineer, Stromberg Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co., says:

"Experiment with every type of vacuum tube has convinced us of the superiority of RCA Radiotrons. We not only use them for testing the performance of Stromberg Carlson instruments, but recommend them for use in all of our sets."

Ray H. Manson

When you purchase a quality receiving set be sure it is equipped with genuine RCA Radiotrons. If you will replace all of the tubes in your set with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least, you will get the finest reception the instrument affords.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · *New York* · *Chicago* · *Atlanta* · *Dallas* · *San Francisco*

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

$2 a year United States and Canada

Collier's
The National Weekly

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$4 a year foreign countries

VOLUME 83 JUNE 22, 1929 NUMBER 25

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Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

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Beginning a story of love and intrigue and adventure, in which a young man who craves thrills gets enough to last a lifetime

York had floundered upon Clow's revolver. Releasing his attacker, he gripped the weapon firmly, raising it

Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

THE locomotive hooted and the little man in shepherd's plaid jerked down the bottle from his lips as though the blast had been outraged authority. Lights flew in a golden covey across the slatey window of the Pullman washroom and the floor lurched to the clamping brakes. The little man gasped, and turned a creased and canny face to Richard York.

"Mister," he explained, "we're pulling into Aristides."

York picked up the bottle, regarded it against the light, shook it gravely beside his ear and stared at his companion with faint reproach. The other, wide-legged before the mirror, felt unspoken criticism.

"Well," he defended, "it got us here, didn't it? There's mileage in that liquor, Mister. You don't meet its like twicet in a year, now."

To York, the voice was far off. He slouched in the seat corner, coat bulging above wide shoulders, and considered a pleasant infinity. Misfortune, grievance, resentment became insignificant as one approached this alcoholic Karma, where dwelt serenity and an awakening gayety.

Gloom that had haunted the sharply angled reckless face was broken by a smile that softened the sullen mouth and quickened eyes, incongruously blue above tanned cheekbones. York hauled his lean six-foot body erect, laid the bottle in the rack beneath the washstands and ceremoniously covered it with a pall of soiled towels. Thereafter he resumed his seat and seemed to contemplate existence from a great distance.

"Hey," the little man reproved. "Aristides."

"I know," York conceded. "Aristides. But nothing can be done about it. Man and boy I've tried for the last eight months. And still, here's Aristides."

"NOW listen," the little man wheeled. "Aristides ain't so bad. I know a dump. A couple of dumps. I can get you liquor, Mister. And action."

"It must," York announced with a grin that wiped years from his face, "it must be Mr. Cagliostro himself."

"Nix," said shepherd's plaid. "Tucket's the name, Ignatius Loyola Tucket. I've drunk with you. Now you come and drink with me."

"Mr. Richard York," the other recited, rising suddenly, "accepts with pleasure Mr. Cagliostro Houdini Tucket's kind invitation."

The tail lights of the observation car blinked at him and were gone. The blank anticlimax that follows a train's departure enveloped him, augmented by silence, reënforced by gloom. Doubt welled up and a twinge of unhappiness, faint but reminiscent of earlier distress. The reckless grin faded.

Lucius, his uncle's Negro man, stood before him, a white smile surrounded by darkness, and York turned to his companion.

"We might as well ride," he suggested. "The car's here."

Tucket shook his head. "Better walk," he demurred. "'Tisn't far. Unless," he added as York hesitated, "you're runnin' out on me."

The other handed his grip to the Negro. "Take it home," he directed. "Mr. York back yet? Well, if he gets there before I do, Lucius, you tell him you haven't the least idea where I am. Now," he challenged, turning on his companion, "trot out all this iniquitous night life of Aristides."

"This way," the other chuckled, turning down a precipitous side street, with an uneven flagstone walk between the line of sagging fences and the cobbles. At wide intervals, street lamps burned pale holes in the gloom and they heard the noise of rushing water. Beside one lamp post, Tucket paused and faced his companion with owlish gravity.

"LOOK," he began, "you're kin to old Adrian York, eh? I thought so. You're a good guy, but Adrian, they tell me's got morals or something."

"He has," York agreed. "All the morals of the York family. There's only him and me left. What you're trying to say is, will I tell him about this haunt of vice to which you're steering me? No, a thousand times, no. Proceed."

"A good guy," Tucket mumbled as they proceeded. "Regular. I said so, didn't I?"

"You," the other replied elaborately, picking his way down the broken flagging as the street grew steeper, "are a man of great perspicacity, Señor Don Ignacio. Listen, I have something to ask you. I revere your judgment profoundly. If a girl, let us call her Madame, or M'amselle X, were to tell you

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that you were a parasite and a—a wastrel, and sever her plighted troth with you—well, I mean to say, what would you do?"

"Hey?" Mr. Tucket asked.

"Pardon," York murmured. "What I mean to say is, if your dame called you a bum and gated you—what then, eh?"

"Bust her," his companion advised heartily. "Bust her good."

"But wouldn't you," the other persisted, raising his voice, for just beyond the building at which they had halted, the street ended, fenced off by iron pickets from deeper blackness out of which boiled the noise of rapids, "but wouldn't you get liquored?"

"Sure," Tucket agreed. "You betcha. Liquored first and smack her down afterwards."

"I shall follow," York announced solemnly, "the first half of your prescription, anyway."

THEY groped their way through a narrow, stygian alley. Then Tucket paused and rapped softly. A panel slid, disclosing an oblong of light and behind it a human face was revealed.

"Dip," York's guide whispered. "Dip Tucket. H'lo, Ehud. Gotta friend with me, kayo?"

The panel snapped shut. Hinges whined as the door opened a grudging space. They squeezed through into a vast, low-ceiled chamber. A cash register behind a counter, tables and chairs with spindling wire legs did not relieve the covert anonymity of the lurking room where unshaded electric bulbs struggled against crowding shadows.

"This here," York's guide announced, "is the Venetian Gardens."

"Anyone would have recognized it," York replied politely.

"Ehud," said the shepherd's plaid, "meet Mr. York. A good guy. Mr. Meister, Mr. York."

Meister considered the stranger with tired eyes, and his white face had that blank impassiveness gamblers acquire.

"I've seen him before, Dip," he said at last. "Banker York's kin."

His voice was colorless as his face, but Tucket detected reproach therein.

"A good guy and right," he insisted. "I say so."

"A drink would make us righter," York suggested, with cheerful impudence.

"Set down," Meister invited. "You and your friend, Dip."

York, with the little man seated opposite, poured down the liquor Meister brought. Soon a garrulous melancholy possessed him. The unshielded lights acquired glamorous rainbows. A bitter romance invaded the shabby room.

"If ever," he told Dip suddenly, "you come to Yucatan, look me up, Señor Ignacio. Yucatan, where climate and liquor and women are soft and assuaging. I'm going back. Back to Yucatan and its buried cities. The golden, buried towns of Yucatan."

"Here's to Yucatan," Tucket acclaimed, raising his glass. York bowed solemnly and drank with him.

"Yucatan," he replied, "is honored. Here in Aristides where nothing happens but liquor like this, we drink to Yucatan. Don't ask me not to go," he begged. "I've got to. Adrian, my uncle and a good old scout at that—don't say a word against Adrian—wants me to stay and be a banker in Aristides. I've tried. Allah, the all-seeing, the all-compassionate, alone knows how I've tried. The only thing that has held me here has removed—herself. She said—well, let that go. Adrian pulled me through the fever I got on the last expedition. Adrian wants me to be a banker in Aristides. Adrian'll be grieved. Oh, well, here's to Adrian."

"Whatsa matter with Aristides?" Tucket demanded. The query seemed to prick his companion. He sat up suddenly, drained his glass and wiped watering eyes.

"Everything," he replied, "Everything's the matter and it stays that way. Nothing ever happens in Aristides. Nothing thrilling, or terrifying or exalting or beautiful—except one and she's going away, now."

TUCKET pulled his derby down over his eyes and spoke through one mouth corner.

"Listen, fella," he muttered. "Don't make me laugh. Nothing ever happens here, hey? Listen—if I wasn't drunk I wouldn't tell you maybe. Listen, j'ever hear of a roadhouse about five miles out called The Hole in the Wall? Well—"

He was aware that his companion no longer saw him or heard him. York was staring over Tucket's head, incredulity on his face, his glass midway from table to lips. Dip twisted about.

A woman stood in a doorway opposite that by which they had entered. She softly closed the portal as they watched and listened beside it for an instant.

The ripe symmetry of her body ignored the straightening lines of the smart frock she wore. The face she turned toward them had an adolescent prettiness, and against its pallor twin rouge spots burned in harmony with the tight scarlet hat that shielded frightened eyes. While they stared, she advanced, in silent, terror-smitten haste.

"Say," she begged, and even in her terror found time to bestow the wraith of a provocative smile, "if a—a gentleman comes in here tell him you haven't seen me? Tell him I haven't been here. Willya? Please."

"Show me," York began, "show me the caitiff churl who—" but Tucket cut in:

"Clow?" he asked. "I getcha. Take it on the lam, Rose. You oughta have more sense."

The knob of the door through which the girl had entered now turned and rattled, and from behind it came the conflicting mutter of men's voices. She gasped and fled swiftly through the portal York held politely open for her. For an instant, her eyes clung to his.

"Don't," she whispered urgently, "let him follow me."

The night took her. York heard the panic beat of her feet as she fled along the alley. Deliberately he closed the door, leaned his back against it, and found himself staring at a familiar figure bulking large in the other doorway. Over the intruder's thick shoulders gleamed for a moment Ehud Meister's deathly visage.

"Good evening—or good morning as the case may be—Chief," York offered. The other grunted and came into the center of the room with the unscrupulous haste of a charging bull. There he halted to search it with gray furious eyes, deep-set in close-packed flesh, now crimson and afflicted with sudden twitchings and spasms like lava stirred by internal fire. Rage seemed to have inflated the mighty chest, to have increased breadth and height. His voice, when he turned on Meister and spoke, was unsteady with fury.

"She's here, and I know it."

"HAVE it your own way, Clow," Meister retorted and shrugged resignation. His face was mask-like.

"Rose!" the chief bawled, and swung with a savage lurch from Tucket, who sat with a tight-lipped grimace, to York, leaning against the door. Something in

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the dark young man's attitude, some latent mockery in his eyes, gave him his answer. The glare with which he favored York held no recognition.

"Girl went through here just now, eh?" he asked. There was ponderous menace in his advance.

"Girl?" York began. "What girl? Not this way. How could she?"

CLOW'S great hands gripped his coat lapels, flung him aside so that he almost fell, and wrenched at the door knob with an explosive cough of rage.

"Locked," he bawled. York, readjusting his misused coat, surveyed him with eyes in which flame danced.

"Precisely," he said. "That's how I know she couldn't have gone this way."

"You got that key," Clow roared.

"Not only a police chief but a detective," York marvelled to the world at large, and as Clow rushed, sidestepped and struck. The blow threw Clow back upon his heels. With a muffled bellow he charged at York again, one hand groping beneath his coat tails as he came. Again the slighter man drove a fist home. Clow yelped and went to his knees, lurched forward, clutched his opponent and threw him. Then Tucket bent over and struck. The chief relaxed, rolled sidewise. Dip pulled York to his feet.

"Outside," he ordered and pushed doorward the dazed man who stared with remote, wide-eyed amazement at the great sprawled form.

Many blocks away they paused, panting.

"Señor Ignacio," York chuckled, "I'm lucky. He didn't have a gun."

Tucket cackled thinly and handed York something that glittered a little in the starlight.

"I ain't called Dip for nothing," he boasted. "Boy, I took his gun when he bumped me an' hit him with the barrel when he hadja down. Before I went into business, I was a damn' good cannon."

"A which?" York demanded.

"Cannon," I said. "Leather-lifter, dip."

"A pickpocket?" the other hazarded.

"Well, some calls 'em that," Mr. Tucket conceded with a martyred air. "Keep the gun if you like, Mister, as a souvenir-like."

"I am most grateful," York replied solemnly.

They trod in silence through the darkness, following a gray ribbon of concrete until at last Tucket ventured in a tone of one suddenly curious:

"Where we goin'?"

"We're on the road to Adrian's," his companion announced. "You're going home with me. I gotta home, you gotta home, all God's chillun—"

"Aw right, aw right," Tucket conceded hastily. "Never mind singin'. You done enough tonight a'ready. Now what?"

The other had halted and was staring about him. Presently, he turned sharp off the highway and led the way along a wood road, through the blackness of overhanging trees where only the swishing of underbrush kept them on the track. Presently before them lay the onyx shield of a lake and near by a summerhouse was a dark oblong against the sky.

"Mister," Tucket said stiffly, "if you're the sort of guy that walks his friend twenty miles and offers him steps to sleep on, you and me's gonna part comp'ny, right now. I ain't—"

"Slept here before," the other defended. "This used to be an ice-house. There's good dry sawdust inside."

IN THE waxing dawn, he pulled hard upon a door beside the steps and grunted as it gave way suddenly. Moaning to himself, Tucket followed him into the lower part of the building, crowned by the battered summerhouse.

In sawdust-scented blackness a match flared, painting York's face in wavering outline, glimmering upon a breast-high bulk that occupied a full half of the chamber. The obstacle was built, wall-like, of uniform oblong packages bound in burlap.

"Liquor," Tucket heard York mumble incredulously. "Good old summerhouse, filled with hootch. Wicked old Adrian, he—"

Dip stepped swiftly forward and blew out the match. The hand with which he gripped the other's sleeve was roughly urgent.

"You're fuller than I thought," he said. "You better come along, Mister, before you start seeing pink elephants."

By voice and muscle he urged the vaguely protesting York out of the chamber's blackness into the watery light of the daybreak.

"Come on," he begged. "That ain't no place to sleep, you crazy yap."

The other shook off his hand and fumbled in his pocket for another match, cursed when he could not find one, and confronted Tucket uncertainly.

"Didn't you see it?" he demanded. "More liquor than we could drink in a year. Adrian's been holding out on me, Señor Ignacio. You saw it yourself."

"I didn't see anything at all," Dip replied firmly. "Except a lot of sawdust I wouldn't ast a pig to sleep in. You ast me to come home with you. Now come through."

York sighed, regarded the summerhouse uncertainly, and then led the way along beside the mist-spawning lake to a gravel path running beneath trees to the dark outline of a house.

They wavered up the steps of a wide porch with mutual admonitions to quiet. "You're cockeyed," said Tucket. "Gimme that key." A moment later they were in the house.

AT NOON, Ignatius Loyola Tucket disembarked on Main Street from Adrian York's car and saluted with wilted jauntiness the disapproving Lucius who drove it.

"Black boy," he proposed, "if you'll stretch it an' take me out to the Hole in the Wall, there's a casenote in it."

"Naw suh," said Lucius emphatically. Tucket stood, rubbing the stubble-blunted sharpness of his face with delicate fingers, until the car passed from sight. Then he sought a taxi.

This carried him over a road that looped up a hillside beyond Aristides to a gaunt building, brooding before a clutter of sheds, like a disreputable hen. When no one answered his knock, Dip turned the doorknob and entered.

Chairs upturned on tables formed an irregular barricade along the big room's walls. Chinese lanterns depending from the ceiling gave false gayety to the gloom, and, in a single shaft of light streaming through the half-drawn shade of a rear window, a plump man sat behind a spread newspaper. Nearby another sloshed about in an icebox back of an oilcloth-covered counter and lifted a hatchet face to stare at the intruder.

"Where's the boss?" Tucket repeated. The other elevated thin shoulders towards flaring ears and mumbled.

"Well," Dip suggested. "Find out. I want to see him."

"Yeh!" the other asked. "And who are you?"

"Look," Tucket returned with a crackle of impatience, "I'll tell him who I am. You find Izzy and say I got a message for him."

The hatchet-faced man continued to stare, but the paper rustled and fell, revealing a darkly plump youth, sleek of hair, smooth of visage, with the blue tint of closely shaved beard on his chubby cheeks, and black eyes, still as two holes in a lopsided forehead, set by their unevenness in a permanent, insolent inquiry. He folded the newspaper carefully on the table before him and said, "Spill it."

"I want to see you private," Tucket announced. "I got a message for you."

Izzy McGrogan's lacquered head jerked a trifle. The hatchet-faced man withdrew. Unbidden, Tucket took a chair from a table-top and seated himself, facing the proprietor of The Hole in the Wall.

"Look," he said abruptly, "I come from the Works himself. I'm Tucket. You've heard of me. What the hell's all this about?"

"Who wants to know?" McGrogan countered at length. His companion's face twitched with exasperation.

"I've told you," he returned. "The syndicate. I'm their trouble shooter. You know that. Now come across."

The sleek man's fingers drummed on the table. His eyes were abstracted.

"Go ask Meister," he suggested at length. Tucket seized on the name with terrier eagerness.

"Why," he reproved, "can't your mob act nice? You (*Continued on page 42*)

She softly closed the portal as they watched and listened beside it for an instant, terror-smitten

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High-Handed and Hell-Bent

Ambitious political machinists should observe these successful methods of conducting the affairs of a county where the tartness of the native grapefruit vies with the bitter feeling in the hearts of the taxpayers. This advanced course in vote-switching, jail-dodging, plain and fancy grafting is offered free of charge and very little home study is necessary

The Texas Tammany boys not only

AS a native-born Texan I am naturally quite modest, but when I think of the poor clay some of my fellow Longhorns have had to work with, and compare their glittering achievements with the feeble results obtained by such famous pikers as Boss Tweed, Matt Quay, Bill Thompson and the recently regretted Sewer Pipe King of Brooklyn, N. Y., I just can't help feeling a bit superior.

Take a look at the map of Texas; put your finger down on its far southeast corner; jerk it away quickly before you get a blister on it, and now maybe you'll know what I'm talking about. That hot spot is Hidalgo County, and it's right there, where you had your finger, that our two most stylish American breakfast foods, GRAFT and GRAPEFRUIT, the one served à la carte and the other à la daily press, have been brought to their very highest and juiciest state of perfection.

Interesting and Educational

The story of how this happy combination was effected, and of how it has been made to yield handsome pickings, both from the pockets of the taxpayers and from the citrus trees, is inspiring, interesting and educational. At least I found it so, because even though I have lived for forty years on the Rio Grande, and have always thought I knew a little about the beautiful technique involved in the profitable herding and handling of voters, I was still able to learn a lot of new wrinkles from the boys in Hidalgo County. These wrinkles are really worth while, and therefore, for the special instruction of many of our poor officeholders, who are having a hard time getting along with eight or ten servants and five automobiles, I pass the following tale along.

It is a true Success Story. Read it and prosper, because even if you can't raise grapefruit in your district there's nothing to prevent you from harvesting a few bond issues. Taxpayers grow anywhere; scientific cultivation is all that is needed to make them profitable, and the following paragraphs tell you how.

Twenty years ago Hidalgo County, now generally spoken of as the Free State of Hidalgo, was about as worthless and unhappy a chunk of territory as ever lay out and suffered under a blistering sun. It was a vast, mesquite-covered wilderness wherein dwelt many rattlesnakes, quite a number of Mexicans, a few goats, a few tick-laden cattle, and an occasional white man.

One white man, however, back in those days, was not occasional. He was perennial. His name was Yancy Baker, and every year just prior to the voting season, with his star on his bosom and his gun on his hip, Yancy would mount his pistol-tailed pony, ride forth into the brush and hold gentle but persuasive converse in their own language (which is not English) with the voters (?) of Hidalgo County.

The result of these annual visitations was that Yancy Baker, assisted by a hand-picked bunch of county officials, became a perpetual sheriff and in due course of time he also became an excellent shot. I was reliably informed that it was in recognition of this accomplishment that his duly impressed admirers got together, chipped in a few bucks apiece and presented him with his first flivver. It was donated, I think, in the year 1915. In just about that same year everything in Hidalgo County, except the identity of the sheriff and his "Cabinet," of course, which is the same yesterday, today and forever, began to undergo a remarkable change.

The Pioneers Get an Eyeful

Run down to that country now, bear in mind what it was like years ago, gaze at it as it is today, and you will at once come to the conclusion that a miracle has been wrought. But it hasn't. The thousands of acres of citrus trees, which this season will produce 4,500 carloads of fruit; the vast areas of land, level as billiard tables, devoted to the raising of summer vegetables in the winter time; and the great irrigation systems which carry water all over a county larger than the state of Rhode Island, did not come into existence just because somebody waved a wand over the land, or rubbed a lamp. Not a bit of it.

These things which have jumped the taxable values of Hidalgo County from nothing at all to more than $56,000,000 in a little over a decade and have caused half a dozen clean, flourishing, modern cities, *whose inhabitants speak the English language*, to spring up in the valley, are not the result of any miraculous interference. On the contrary it was money, energy and brains that pushed Hidalgo County up into a class with California at its best. But—and this to you as an ambitious officeholder is highly important—it was not necessary that any of that money, any of that energy or any of those brains be contributed by the true and tried voters (?) who year after year insisted on turning over the management of their county's affairs to the same old gang, of which Sheriff Baker is the self-admitted "Leader" or "Superior Chief."

Of course the men who undertook the Herculean task of turning Hidalgo County into a garden were outsiders with money, who moved in, shucked their coats, rolled up their sleeves and went to work. They are also the people who are now paying a terrifically high tax rate on the huge valuations referred to in the preceding paragraph. Therefore it was only natural for them to look around to try to find out what was going on. They straightened their backs, craned their necks and at once their eyes bulged out. What did they see? Well, they saw plenty.

They saw, for instance, that Yancy Baker (now reverentially spoken of as Mr. A. Y.) had become the president of a bank and the resident owner of a red and yellow palace about as big as a country club and whose rear extension is designed for the accommodation of a large number of large cars—the offspring, maybe, of the first free flivver.

Across the street from this monument the taxpayers saw the town home of the county auditor. The county auditor, of course, according to law, draws a small salary. But he lives in a big house. His home, with an expensive, separate garage for his large fleet of automobiles, is a real credit to the landscape. It looks like a Long Island mansion, and stands out in pleasing contrast to the glaring edifice which confronts it.

Looking further, these men and women took a slant at their county roads and their schoolhouses.

Education Takes to the Woods

I did the same thing. I went to Hidalgo County; with the aid of smoked glasses I was able to look at the Palace of the King; and in awe-struck amazement I stood before the castles of his various retainers, but when it comes to the discussion of schoolhouses in Hidalgo County I feel that maybe, out of sheer modesty, I ought to pass. But I won't. This is an educational article and therefore why shouldn't I, in my own feeble way, express my unbounded admiration for the handsome manner in which the Texas Tammany Gang has provided for the requirements of public instruction—a couple of centuries hence?

For example, one morning as I was driving along through the mesquite bushes, miles outside of the irrigated area and with not five dwellings in sight in every direction, a huge, red structure suddenly loomed up at the side of the road.

"What's that?" I inquired of my companion.

"The Tabasco schoolhouse," he answered.

"But isn't it lost," I said, "out here

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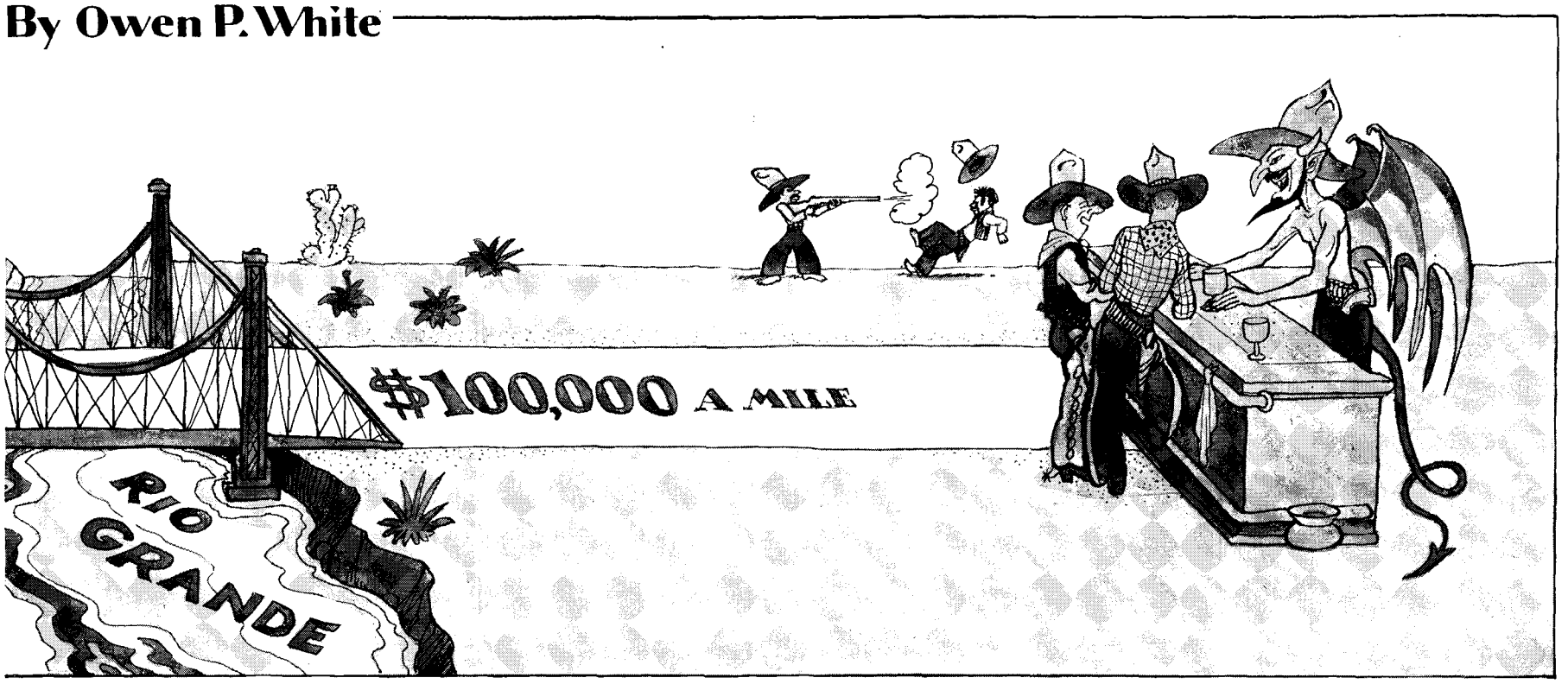
By Owen P. White



tell the taxpayers to go to hell but provide a handy, heavily bonded highway and an expensive toll bridge which lands them at the very door of the place

in this wilderness? Stop—I want to go in and investigate."

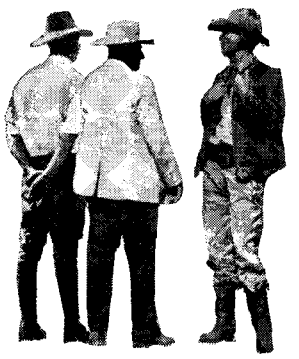
I entered, rounded up the principal and he took me over the plant. It's a wonder. It cost (I mean it cost the taxpayers) $400,000; it sits out in the middle of a vast area of loneliness; it is equipped with costly apparatus (which has been lying there crated for three years) for teaching domestic science, manual arts, the Einstein theory, horse-shoeing, bag-punching and political oratory, and enrolled in that school is a mere handful of kids.

To be exact there are just 129 of them and out of that number ONLY ONE, WHEN I WAS THERE, WAS THE CHILD OF AMERICAN, TAX-PAYING PARENTS.

Now for far-flung generosity (with the taxpayers' money) in thus providing schoolhouses which will then be obsolete, for the third and fourth generation, can you beat that? Of course we can. Down in Hidalgo County, where the boys are constantly struggling upward and onward, each separate effort eclipses the one preceding it. Just to prove it I will now write a short chapter on the history of the schools of the Imperial City of Edinburg.

The "Superior Chief" lives there and so do most of his loyal assistants. Hence it is only proper that the town, which has a total population of about 6,000 souls (mostly unhappy) should have some sort of schoolhouse. But it doesn't need, as you and I might hastily say, anything like THREE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SCHOOL-HOUSE, and neither, as we might view the situation, is it essential to the proper teaching of readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic for the window draperies to have cost (the taxpayers) $12 a yard.

However, what you think, what I think or what the taxpayers think, cuts no ice. Taxpayers are not altruistic, open-handed gentlemen. On the contrary, they are hard-boiled birds whose concern is for the present prosperity of their own children, not their children's grandchildren, and hence, in the uncensored words of a leader of the Texas Tammany, these taxpayers who are kicking about this sort of thing "can all go to hell. WE are running this county."



And "we" are running it, too. This, according to a pile of documents which I now have before me, is how "we" ran it in connection with the Edinburg schools.

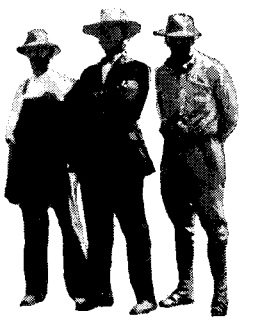
"We" Score a Great Victory

The bonded indebtedness of the Edinburg school district already amounted to $1,250,000, which, according to estimates recently made by independent contractors and architects, is about what the entire school properties, including buildings, equipment and everything, actually cost. Actual cost, however, as "we" and all other practical Texas politicians know, and cost to the taxpayers, are two entirely different things. Between the two there is a very wide spread, and "we" therefore, in order to cover that spread, decided to accommodate the Edinburg school district by plastering it with another bond issue of $1,700,000. Being modest people though, and not wanting to have our philanthropic plans talked about, "we" proceeded to carry them out in a quiet way.

"We" went out in the woods, nailed a couple of bond election notices on a pair of lonely tree trunks; tacked one on the back door of the Court House, where it wouldn't show when the door was open, and then sat back and waited for election day.

It came. "We" rounded up our Mexican friends, many of whom we regret to say cannot read and write—but just the same "we" pay their poll taxes for 'em—herded them to the polls and when it was all over "we" counted the votes. "We" had scored a magnificent victory: "we" had carried a bond election for $1,700,000, and what difference did it make to us that the next day, right here in our town where *500* of our MEXICAN friends had voted for the bond issue, *800* AMERICAN TAX-PAYERS signed a statement asserting that they hadn't known anything about the holding of any bond election? It's a good joke, because those AMERICANS are the people who are going to pay off that $1,700,000.

Now as to roads. Down in the Free State of Hidalgo they have good roads. They ought to, they cost enough, and besides doesn't the "Superior Chief" have to ride over 'em once in a while?



One road in particular, tearfully referred to by AMERICAN TAXPAYERS as the "Nickel Plated Highway to Hell," is the most appropriately named thoroughfare I ever saw in my life. By dividing its bonded indebtedness by its length I found that this road, across an almost perfectly level country, cost (the taxpayers) something like ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A MILE. And by riding over it I learned that, after crossing the Rio Grande on a sixty-cent toll bridge, which I was told, belongs almost exclusively to the "Superior Chief," the road comes to a full stop at a saloon and dance hall which is the property of one of Hidalgo County's up-and-coming public officials.

Thus everything is all jake. The Texas Tammany boys not only tell the taxpayers to go to hell, but, out of the goodness of their hearts, provide them with a handy route in the shape of a heavily bonded highway and a costly toll bridge which lands them right at the very door of the place.

There is another road down there in regard to which I recall some glittering details. The American taxpayers in a certain district needed a highway and were perfectly willing to vote the bonds to build it, but, being suspicious souls, before they did so they insisted on having an understanding with the Imperial Financial Wizard up at the seat of government. They had it. According to this understanding, the taxpayers were to name a committee of their own bankers and business men to sell the bonds, and thereafter the money was to be deposited in, and disbursed from, banks in the district.

The election was held and the bonds, to the paltry sum of $800,000, were voted, the transcript was approved, the bonds were printed, and then came the day of sale. Accompanied by a bond buyer who had a certified check with him and who was willing to pay 103 and accrued interest for the bonds, the committee journeyed to Edinburg, went to the office of the proper official and made their bid.

But the official wasn't feeling well that day. He had an earache or something and so he adjourned the meeting. "You boys come back in a couple of weeks," he said, "and we'll close this thing up." The boys went back in a couple of weeks and found that it was *already closed.* In fact one of the bankers who was on the committee told me that—as he found out later—the deal had been closed before they went there the first time. These bonds sold for 97; the banker and his committee were prepared to pay 103, and—figure it out for yourself. The taxpayers of that district LOST $48,000. Who got the gravy?

This was not all, though. When the committee asked that the rest of the agreement be carried out and that the funds be sent to banks in the district for disbursement, they were told not to be silly but to run along and attend to their own business.

Safe, Quiet and Profitable

Nor is this system of bond handling the only thing that we as students of political thrift can learn from perusing the records of Hidalgo County. How about county warrants?

Now maybe if you are merely a practical Chicago or Philadelphia politician you don't know anything about the warrant game. Well, for the sake of your suffering family, you ought to learn it.

Here's how they play it in the Free State of Hidalgo. Down there a county warrant is an interest-bearing certificate of indebtedness, payable in so many years, which the County Commissioners issue whenever and in whatever amounts they see fit.

Let us assume then that "we" want to decorate our seat of government with a new hospital. "We" proceed as follows: "We" ask the taxpayers to vote the modest sum of, say, $30,000 for the purpose. They (*Continued on page 47*)

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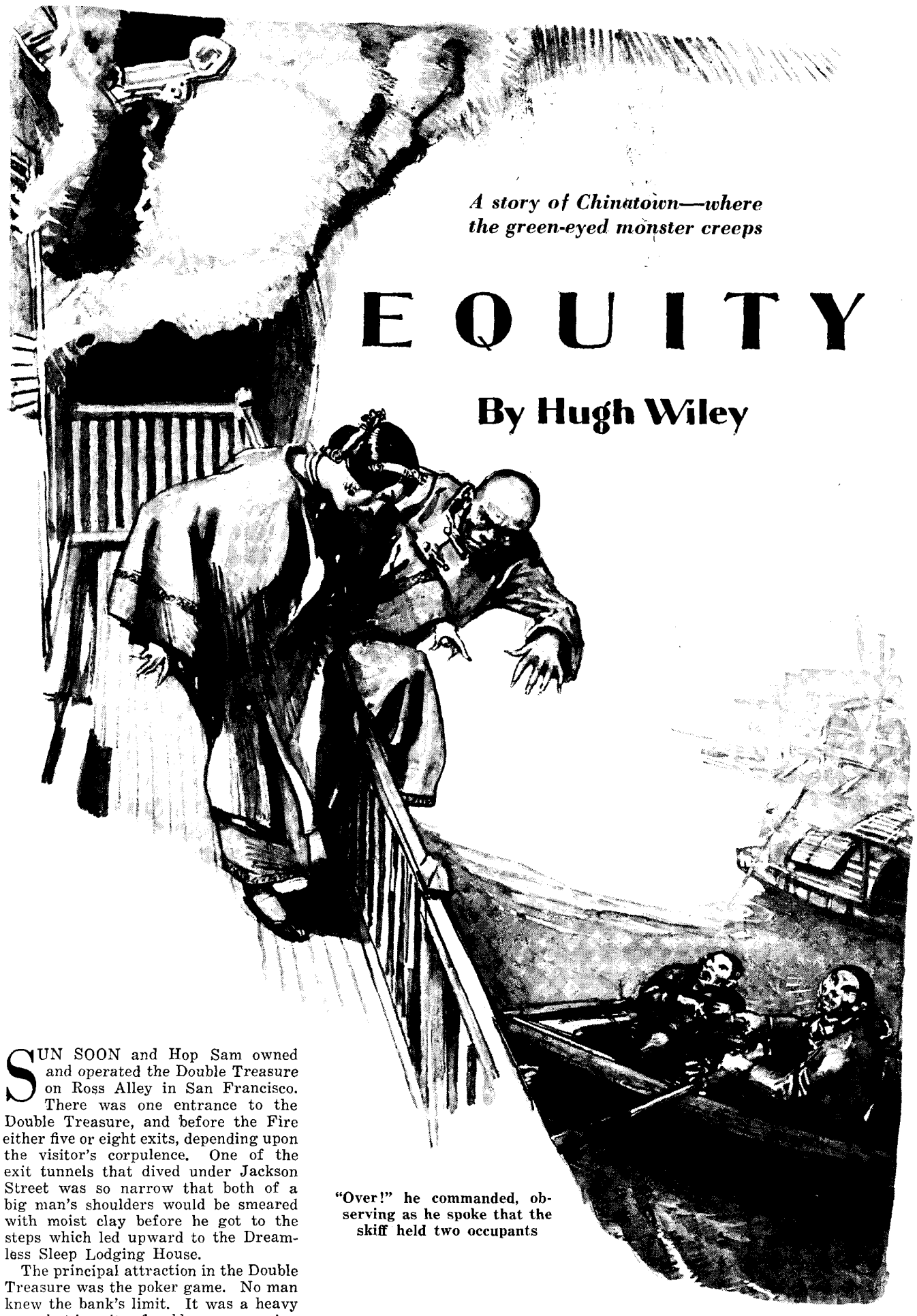
A story of Chinatown—where the green-eyed monster creeps

EQUITY

By Hugh Wiley



"Over!" he commanded, observing as he spoke that the skiff held two occupants

SUN SOON and Hop Sam owned and operated the Double Treasure on Ross Alley in San Francisco. There was one entrance to the Double Treasure, and before the Fire either five or eight exits, depending upon the visitor's corpulence. One of the exit tunnels that dived under Jackson Street was so narrow that both of a big man's shoulders would be smeared with moist clay before he got to the steps which led upward to the Dreamless Sleep Lodging House.

The principal attraction in the Double Treasure was the poker game. No man knew the bank's limit. It was a heavy game but in spite of sudden emergencies, no matter which way luck might run, Hop Sam and Sun Soon had always met their obligations. There was, no doubt, a limit to the play in the Double Treasure, but to the best of Grant Avenue's knowledge the limit had never been reached.

Men knew that Sun Soon played a straight game. Three or four times each month, at night, one or more of San Francisco's most prominent white citizens might be found at the table where Sun Soon ran the game.

The game was straight, but a knife-swinging loser had questioned this fact, and Hop Sam carried a triangular white scar on the back of his hand where the bad loser had pinned the hand to the poker table with a knife, seeking to discover a cuff ace.

In some degree the game varied with the seasons. Crop money from the Chinese ranchers meant big play. As a general thing business boomed at the Double Treasure from September to January.

A potato king from the San Joaquin Delta contributed eighty thousand dollars to a run of cards held by Sun Soon one night. Next day, to his partner, "I shall buy the fairest woman in Suchow," Sun Soon declared. "She shall be my Number One wife."

Presently the celebration of the wedding of Sun Soon and his bride brought to Grant Avenue a three-day period of feasting. When the tumult had died, and when the lovely Lily Sun, laden with gold and pearls and silks and jade, had awakened to the luxuries which luck and her beauty had brought her, Sun Soon returned again to the night play at the poker table in the Double Treasure.

During the day Hop Sam, somewhat more skillful with the cards than his partner, met all comers who were equipped with enough cash to make it worth his while.

After Sun Soon had been married a year, balancing the books on New Year's Day, "The God of Fortune seems to be seeking another residence," Hop Sam complained. "The year brought less than half the profits the preceding one did."

"It would be unkind to remind you of the Seattle merchant," Sun Soon returned. "The man who required a suitcase to carry away the money he won from you."

"Aye—and equally in bad taste to remind you of the night you played four jacks against a pat hand held by the American cattleman from Texas."

"These are surface flaws on the white jade tablets of perfection. Why recall them?" Sun Soon protested. "We have nothing to desire. Tomorrow's cards lie face downward still, but can you doubt them?"

"NO MAN has read the future," Hop Sam replied with some acid quality in his voice. "Your lady, Lily Sun, enjoys health?"

"Health and happiness, and her beauty is a lamp that lights the path to Paradise."

"Eyes have been blinded by bright light," Hop Sam suggested.

"And a grain of sand can hide a mountain," Sun Soon returned with deliberate brevity.

To himself, "How true that is," Hop Sam reflected. "Heaven plans for a fool." Then, changing the subject, "The American lawyer suggests that we confine our play to our countrymen. The two white men from Colorado told the Police Department about their losses."

"Complaining, no doubt, because I stopped the game when they got drunk. The game is straight. We have nothing to fear from the police." Sun Soon picked up a cup of black wine that stood near his right hand. "I drink your health. May you enjoy riches and long life."

Hop Sam lifted his cup of wine. "And may the New Year include with its gifts to you a son who shall be the first of seven."

Sun Soon lifted the cup of black wine to his lips. He looked at his partner and bowed. Then suddenly he noted that the white scar in the center of Hop Sam's right hand was livid with suffused blood. "This is an instant of torture for this man," he decided. "Over the gates of hell it is written that awakening came too late. Remembering that only a dead snake is straight, and that a wise man understands a nod, I will watch Hop Sam. Conscience is heavier than gold, and at this moment he is breaking under his load."

WITHIN the week, "At noon today Hop Sam became ill," one of the servants in the Double Treasure informed Sun Soon. "He retired to his apartment. The American doctor says that his mind has been visited by the spirits of evil. The doctor has employed two strong men to guard Hop Sam. He permits no one to see him."

"Get the doctor on the telephone," Sun Soon directed. "I wish to speak with him."

When the doctor had answered, "I wish to see Hop Sam, my partner," Sun Soon said.

"No one can see him," the doctor answered. "He is dangerously ill."

Sun Soon hung up the telephone and walked to the safe which stood in a room behind the one where the poker game was conducted. He opened the safe. "Twenty-two thousand and sixteen thousand," he whispered to himself. "Thirty-eight thousand—and the reserve fund of fifty is eighty-eight thousand. There should be nearly that much in the safe at this moment."

The safe was empty.

Sun Soon locked the empty safe. He put on his hat and walked out of the establishment into Ross Alley. He made his way to Jackson Street and from there to Grant Avenue, where he entered

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a taxicab. "Drive me down to Post Street," he said. "Turn to the right on Post Street. I want to go to the Medical Building."

In a doctor's reception room on the Seventh floor of the Medical Building he waited for ten minutes and was admitted to the office of the surgeon who had isolated Hop Sam. "It is necessary that I see my partner," he said to the doctor.

"It is impossible for you to see him. He is crazy. He has brain fever."

"What caused it, do you think?"

"He was raving about having lost all of his money when I was summoned."

"So far everything is a fabric of lies," Sun Soon reflected. "There was no big play." Then, aloud, "Is Hop Sam in serious danger?"

The doctor's eyes narrowed and he looked straight at Sun Soon. "He has no chance to live," the doctor said.

Sun Soon bowed. "If money will save him, spare no expense," he directed. "If he should die I will appreciate being notified instantly."

Leaving the doctor's office, Sun Soon returned to his residence on Grant Avenue. A servant at the door handed Sun Soon a red envelope. "Here is a note from Hop Sam," he said. "It was delayed due to the carelessness of the messenger."

Sun Soon unfolded the sheet of yellow paper contained in the red envelope. "I have lost all of our money. The demons of despair possess me." Hop Sam had signed his name to this.

Sun Soon noted instantly that no unusual tremor marked the brush strokes. He addressed the servant who stood near him. "Announce my arrival to the lady Lily Sun and say that I request the honor of seeing her within the next few minutes."

"THE Lady Sun is visiting at the residence of Madame Wong Sing," the servant announced.

Sun Soon smiled grimly. He walked to a telephone in his bedroom and called the residence of Madame Wong Sing. "The lady your wife has not been here this day," Madame Wong Sing informed him.

From his residence, then, Sun Soon walked to the Double Treasure gambling house. "Close this establishment. Lock the doors. On the front door fix a notice saying that the Double Treasure will be closed during the illness of Hop Sam."

Sun Soon spent the afternoon at the Glowing Mirror Theater. He dined with three of his old friends at the Shanghai Low. After his dinner he returned to the theater. At midnight, in his apartment, "The Lady Lily Sun has returned?" he asked his servant.

"She has not returned."

"Only a fool questions the will of Heaven," Sun Soon observed. Thereafter, with some effort, he attained tranquil sleep.

He spent nearly all of his time during the next four days either in his apartment, whence Lily Sun had departed, or in the dressing-room of the principal impersonator at the Glowing Mirror Theater, where a Shanghai troupe was playing the endless romance of the Three Kingdoms.

On the evening of the fifth day after Sun Soon's wife had disappeared, "Hop Sam died an hour ago," a message informed him.

"Good medicine is bitter to the taste," Sun Soon reflected. "After a storm there are pears to gather." Then, to one of his servants, "We will honor my departed associate with an elaborate funeral. Make all necessary arrangements. Three banquets, two hundred mourners, and on the last day three bands of music."

When the servant had gone Sun Soon permitted himself to smile. "Does a tiger weep for a dead rat? . . . Now I must proceed with care. A small stone can break a large jar."

After the last day of celebrating Hop Sam's funeral, late at night Sun Soon walked out of his house alone. He made his way to the Glowing Mirror Theater. He entered the theater by way of the stage door and disappeared at once into the dressing-room of an actor noted for his ability at impersonation.

Sun Soon had entered the Glowing Mirror wearing an expensive suit of blue serge, clean linen, polished shoes and a twenty-dollar hat. He came out of the place unrecognizable by those who knew him. His florid face was sallow and drawn. His eyes had narrowed; his mouth, normally firm, drooped loosely at the corners, and he wore instead of his expensive costume a cheap blue cotton blouse, a battered black hat, overalls, and cheap black shoes. He carried with him a battered fiber suitcase.

He walked from the Glowing Mirror Theater to Kearny Street, where he boarded a street car which took him to the railway station at Third and Townsend Streets. He bought a ticket to San Jose, and within two hours he was lost in the colony of his countrymen in that city.

In San Jose on a bulletin board in the End of Weariness Club, "Good man wants work as a cook, a house boy or as a farmer."

New friends, meeting the bent old man who sought work, smiled quietly at the idea of his being a cook or a house boy. "He is a farmer bred to the soil. Look at his crooked fingers. Observe how his back is twisted from laboring in the fields."

AFTER he had made a hundred acquaintances, but no friends, and following a long search and long miles of travel in California, Sun Soon hired out to a potato farmer on Swamp Island, in the San Joaquin Delta twenty miles west of Stockton.

Moored in half a hundred channels of the Delta were colonies of flat-bottomed craft that took the place of more substantial structures, serving as stores and sleeping quarters and places of entertainment for the Chinese farmers and their laborers who populated the district.

Much of the swamp land had been reclaimed. All of it was low. Westward from Stockton Sun Soon and his employer rode a train which they left in the middle of the Delta country. From here, through a winding channel, they voyaged for two hours in a stuttering launch which was moored finally alongside of a dilapidated scow on which a cabin had been erected to provide sleeping quarters for twenty Chinese laborers.

Supper was rice and pork. The air in the sleeping cabin was heavier than that in any of the underground hovels along Grant Avenue, and it was sour with the odor of opium. "This is the cost of success," Sun Soon reflected, not complaining. "A stone lion does not fear the rain."

Sun Soon labored steadily through long arduous days. Sundays brought periods of welcome release from labor. On one of these holidays, to one of his fellows, "I know nothing of fan-tan," Sun Soon declared. "When I was in San Jose I heard that a poker game was being conducted on the Friendly Dragon gambling boat. I enjoy playing poker."

"It is a game played by proprietors only. One must have wealth to gain admission to it. The play runs high."

"I would like to observe it," Sun Soon replied. "I would like to watch the play even if I do not participate."

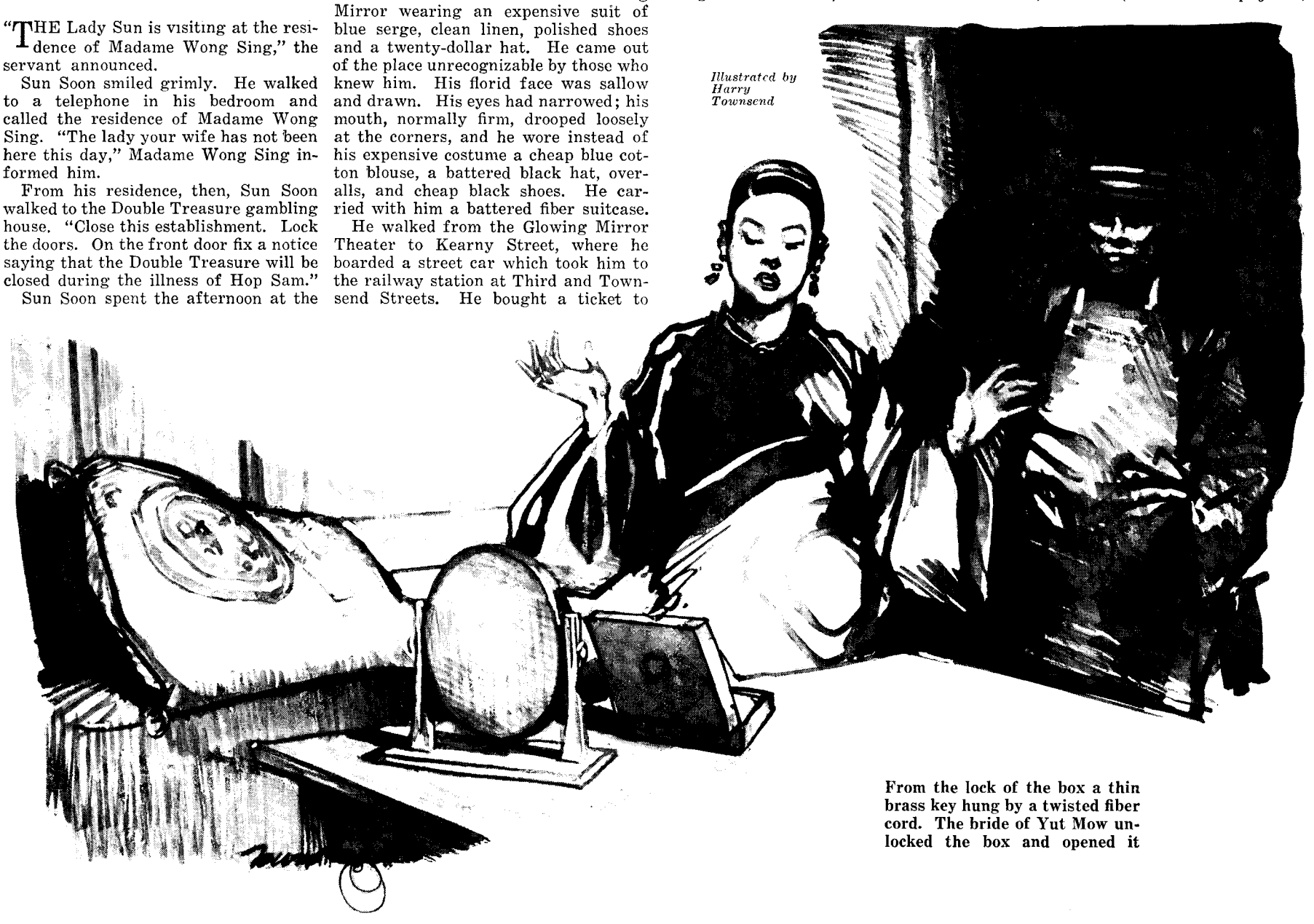
"That is feasible. The game is open. White men come and play. Some of them stay for other amusement after they lose what they have. There are singing girls and wine. I will go with you if you wish."

An hour before noon Sun Soon and his companion rowed to where the Friendly Dragon lay moored in a bend of the widest channel of the Delta. "This is deep water," Sun Soon observed.

"It is the main channel," his friend answered.

On board the gambling boat, Sun Soon inspected his surroundings. A balcony from which opened twenty rooms was the main scheme of the interior, and below this, in a throng of gambling humanity stood a poker table about which, at the time of his arrival, there were five players. Two of these men were white men. Sun Soon recognized in a third a San Francisco merchant. A dice game ran in one corner of the cabin, and two (*Continued on page 56*)

Illustrated by Harry Townsend



From the lock of the box a thin brass key hung by a twisted fiber cord. The bride of Yut Mow unlocked the box and opened it

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Laugh This Off

Like sweet Alice in the ballad, movie audiences are quick to weep, but just try to make 'em smile! Here's the story of those diligent, unnamed artisans who shed bitter tears devising subjects for mirth—the gagmen of Movieland

Charlie enjoys a well-earned laugh at one of his own gags in the filming of The Gold Rush

THE funny-men of the Mammoth Studio sat around the long table like a bunch of undertakers' assistants in a swell mortuary. They were in "story conference" on a Chester Conklin comedy—and they were in trouble. It seems that Chester, in his little-old-man character, hadn't worn "soup-and-fish" in thirty years; now he was going into society. The question was how to get over the time element in a bit of business.

"Well," yawned the continuity writer, "we can always pull the old one of having him go to the closet for his dress-suit and find it covered with cobwebs."

"Outa character!" grouched the director, "a Scotchman will accumulate anything but cobwebs."

"Moths!" exclaimed a new member.

The mention of that classical but hackneyed prop was received in contemptuous silence.

A deep gloom settled upon the conference.

"I have it!" blurted a voice from the corner, and everybody turned to look at the little fellow tilted back in his chair, the light of victory in his eyes.

"I have it!" he repeated. "Conklin goes to the closet, opens the door, and there hangs his suit, carefully covered with newspapers. He lifts the hanger from the rod, looks at the bundle with affectionate memories, and then, as he turns the coat around and reveals the back, the audience reads the headlines of the newspaper:

DEWEY CAPTURES MANILA!"

That gag—worth probably $50,000 to the picture—was one of the best laughs of 1928. And it won for the little gagman screen credit on the story and a boost of $200 a week on his salary.

Experience, however, has taught the funny-man to be very wary of inspirational gags. However good one seems to be, it is nevertheless subjected, as was this one, to a thoughtful series of negative tests.

"But how about the illiterates who can't read?" asked the title writer after the first enthusiasm had subsided.

"And a whole generation of kids, many of whom know nothing about the capture of Manila or when it happened?" added one of the story-hounds.

"And the foreigners both at home and abroad?" questioned still a third doubter.

These were definite "audience problems" that had to be met. They were solved by adding a few moths "for protection."

It will be noted that the gag under discussion was built around evening clothes, a newspaper, and moths—visible props. It is true there are gags of situation, gags of characterization, and title gags; but nine tenths of the gags of motion pictures are built out of things. When Stevenson wrote: "This world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!" he must have been thinking of gagmen, for their world is just one blessed thing after another. The pioneer gagmen worked with only those things that were intrinsically funny—skunks and paste and custard pie, onions, goats and fire-hoses—things of bad odor and cataclysmic consequences. As his horizon widened, however, his artistry began to include everything from pickles to porous plasters, from slot machines to icebergs. In the mind of the present-day gagman all things are props, and within every prop there lurks a laugh. It is his job to find the laugh.

It's a Habit

In "situations" the gagman invariably "looks for the prop."

Paderewski was playing to a huge audience in the Philharmonic Auditorium. Charlie Chaplin sat appreciatively enthralled until the great moment when the flaming master reached the heights. Suddenly he turned to me and whispered: "What if somebody pulled the piano stool from under him!"

Harold Lloyd sat two pews ahead of me at a recent film wedding. As the procession walked solemnly up the aisle to the stately organ music I saw a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. Afterwards I accused him of figuring what would happen should the bridegroom burst his suspender buttons. "No," he said, "I was thinking, 'Suppose the village cut-up should have wired a ten-ton-truck to the end of the long carpet and then jerked the whole wedding party out into the street!'"

Outside I met Raymond Cannon contemplating a passing double-decked bus. "Would this be funny?" he asked. "A fire engine sidewipes it, tipping those topside passengers onto the sidewalk. Instantly a lot of pedestrians jump into the mess, bloody up their own noses, and notwithstanding the fact that the top held only twenty passengers, 382 'cripples' make ready to sue the company for $5,000 apiece."

All gagmen, however, are not so original. Most of them simply have marvelous memories for gags they have read in comic papers or seen on the stage and screen. They are known as "barbers," who take old gags and give them a new "hair-cut." Years ago a Sennett gagman invented the one of the leaking automobile and the bystander throwing his cigarette into the gasoline; as the flame chased the auto over the top of the hill there was a big explosion, and when the smoke cleared the blackened driver sat in the middle of the road holding the steering wheel in his hand—all that was left of the car. In the last haircut received by that gag the gagman substituted a ten-ton truck loaded with dynamite which headed right into a street dense with traffic. When the smoke cleared, automobiles were draped from the façade of office buildings and hanging from the church spires.

Realizing that the gag had been done to death, another gagman thought he would fool the audience by having a steam roller run over the flame and blot it out just before the explosion. The gag died. For purposes of suspense you may delay the big "blow," but if you promise an audience a smash, you've got to give it to them.

Basic gags, like plots, are very few, so that even the great comics milk them dry. In The Immigrant, Chaplin leaned over the rail of the boat apparently ill. He wasn't; he was fishing. He repeated the basic idea in another picture where he was standing with his back to the camera apparently sobbing with emotion over the picture of his ladylove. He was shaking up a cocktail. That gag has since been haircut twenty times. In one case the comic was playing a drum, in another he was polishing his nails, in another he was exercising with a vibrating machine, and in a fourth he was blowing on a lung-tester.

When Chaplin and Lloyd were each making twelve pictures a year, their previews were packed by the barbers, who after the performance raced right off to their respective studios and haircut all the new gags. Now that these great comics are making but one picture a year, the poor barbers are starving. Nor is the limited output of the masters the only cause of tonsorial distress. After a fifteen-year deluge of comedies, about every possible situation and basic gag has been worked to death. Then along comes a young chap and proves that there can be genius in haircutting.

The Rolling Snowball Motif

Normal camera cranking is sixteen pictures to a single turn in one second's time. If one cranks at eight the action will be twice as fast. The old comedies were often cranked at six, and at four, in the chase stuff. Leo McCarey took two old-time comics and all the old Sennett gags, and haircut them by playing his actors straight and shooting to normal dramatic tempo. Instead of the usual chase finish, McCarey substituted the rolling snowball motif, such as having two comics throw pies. As both pies, of course, hit the wrong persons, the victims begin to throw pies, until finally the picture ends with everybody throwing pies. The Laurel-Hardy Comedies have been a sensation.

The first gagmen were recruited from vaudeville, reaching their apogee on the comedy lots, where for many years they functioned in high-paid obscurity. A few years ago, however, other studios, feeling the need of laughter, began dragging these fellows from their cus-

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By Rob Wagner

Harold Lloyd is still puzzling over the failure of the expensive and elaborate dentist gag in Speedy

tard to punctuate "drama" with laughs. The result was not entirely successful, for the gagmen, trained to the simple formula of merely getting laughs, howsoever irregular or extraneous, began interpolating business in the carefully wrought super-productions that was funny enough in itself, but in many cases ruinous to the story or entirely out of key with the characterizations. In the shakedown that followed, there emerged from among the few original and creative chaps, a new kind of gagman, one whose gags actually helped to develop character and to advance the story. These rare birds were given the dignified name of "comedy constructionists." Graduating from soup to supergagmen they have gone beyond their comic formula and have provided some of the best dramatic business of the past few years.

In The Sea Beast, Jack Barrymore's leg was bitten off by a whale, and, with the primitive surgery of those rough days, the sailors, wishing to head off infection, seared the stump with a hot iron. Later in the story Jack is supposed to register renunciation, and get over the fact that he is all off the girl and wishes to forget her. The story fellows were puzzled. It was a comedy gagman who solved the situation.

"In the sequence, we've established the horrible pain of burning flesh," he said. "Now suppose we plant that the girl's initials have been tattooed on his arm; then when he comes to the 'renunciation stuff,' he heats up a harpoon and deliberately burns off the offending initials. It's a bit rough, but it will put Jack over as a he-man!"

That gag was one of the high dramatic spots of a great drama, and it became a sensation among the sensation hounds who enjoyed the squirm of their lives.

Dramas, however, are not merely a series of gags. They are first of all stories, punctuated with laughter, thrills or tears. Reading the "story treatment," the gagman learns the limits within which he may function and acquaints himself with the characters. There is, for instance, a flat-footed detective with a non-removable hat. Good! Next, a snippy dowager wearing a diamond stomacher. There's a laugh lurking beneath that stomacher—somewhere! A Negro servant. Wow! A dinge is always good for a "scare sequence," and so on throughout the cast.

Buster Keaton shot long, costly gag sequences which were never used in The Cameraman

A Gag Worth a Fortune

It will be noted that the gagman "lays off" the hero and the heroine, for it is generally conceded that "love" may not be kidded. If, however, a gag will advance the romance, it is considered a technical triumph. In The Big Parade, for instance, the lovers were brought charmingly together by Jack Gilbert teaching Renee Adoree to chew gum. This well-known gag was wonderfully "topped" in White Shadows of the South Seas, when Monte Blue taught Raquel Torres how to whistle, for as the little native girl looked wonderingly into Monte's puckered lips and then tried to imitate the pucker, the lovers were both set for the inevitable kiss that followed.

In Lady Be Good, the lovers, Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackail, were a vaudeville team. The hero, a prestidigitator was always teasing the girl by palming an engagement ring. "Now you see it! Now you don't!" Each time she would grab for it. "No," he would say, "not until we play the Palace." At last the big break comes and the hero goes to see the manager of the Palace, the girl happily awaiting the verdict that means so much to them both. He returns and kiddingly begins to palm a small card. "Now you see it! Now you don't!" She grabs for it and gets it. *It is a pawn ticket for the ring.*

That famous "running gag" (a running gag is one that is repeated through the picture) was worth a fortune, for it characterized the lovers, told a story and registered laughter, pathos and drama!

Unlike the author of the story, whose work is finished when the final results of conference are crystallized in the script, the gagman carries on throughout the shooting of the picture. He now becomes the constant companion of the director, sitting beside him on the set, lunching with him, and often at night going over the next day's work with him. It is in this intimate relationship that the gagman must practice the difficult art of self-effacement. The director of a picture is like the captain of a ship, and for the sake of discipline, and respect for his exalted position, it must never appear that he is receiving assistance from a subordinate. Therefore the gagman must surreptitiously whisper his suggestions as he sits beside the director, or casually meet him at the back of the set during camera setups.

There is a further reason for the gagman's self-effacement. Directors, as a rule, are proud fellows who wish to think themselves absolutely responsible for the success of their pictures. It is therefore the job of the smart gagman to flatter the vanity of his boss and suggest his gags so that the director will really think they are his own brain-children. I know one director who has a personal "secretary" to whom he pays $300 a week. Not even the executives know that the fellow is a gagman and is largely responsible for the director's success.

Nor is it only as a director's "ghost" that the gagman must exercise tact. The same quality must be exhibited when suggesting comedy business between two actors. Actors are also proud fellows, and no actor wishes to be a "feeder" to a "taker" who will get the laugh in a bit of comedy business. Therefore it is up to the gagman to suggest a way that the "delivery" may be shot at a different time from the "take," so that the actor, feeding the taker, will never know the amusing consequences of his action until he sees it on the screen. Some of the best laughs of the films have been shot when both parties to the jokes were utterly ignorant of what they were doing.

I was directing Will Rogers in a two-reel political comedy and, learning that a Kansas state picnic was to be held in Sycamore Grove, I saw a chance to "steal" a crowd that otherwise would have cost us fifteen thousand dollars. As there are always speeches at these state picnics I secured a permit from the secretary to shoot some scenes from the grandstand. This crowd—like all crowds—was delighted to be filmed.

I had written the story and was gagging my own script and, though I could easily program Will's political opponent in the scheduled debate, I never knew what Will himself would be likely to say. I was pretty sure in this case, however, that he would be amusingly insulting. Obviously, therefore, I had to "cheat" on the crowd's reactions, for had they known to what they would be reacting they would not have done it the way I wished.

Something for Nothing

Addressing them I said: "Folks, you are supposed to be listening to Will Rogers and another fellow in a political debate. Will, unfortunately, cannot be here, so I will make his speech. Listen attentively and cheer when I tell you to." They thought it great fun. They were going to see themselves in a real movie!

When everything was set I stood beside the cameras and began a flamboyant speech about the flag. At each period I would wave my arms and megaphone: "Cheer!" They yelled their heads off. Then, as a matter of "protection"—Will's uncertainty again supplying the motive—I also had them boo and hiss. Several real speakers, bursting with pleasant things they hoped to say about Kansas, champed at their bits while I shot five hundred feet of the best crowd-stuff I could have hoped for. All the time Will was playing polo over at Midwick. A few days later in the same location I shot scenes of my famous star addressing five thousand empty seats.

I often wondered what those five thousand corn-fed, patriotic Americans thought when they saw the picture, for they cheered the most absurd statement and booed and hissed at the loftiest sentiments.

The gagman (*Continued on page 52*)

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The Invitation

By John B. Kennedy

A gentleman of the old school tries an experiment with a couple of young hearts

Illustrated by John Reynolds

The Colonel sat quite late holding Miss Maybury's hand while she sobbed

THE Colonel always looked forward to supper. Not for the meal, for that was typically brownstone-boarding-house—two thin slices of lamb, potatoes, succotash and a wedge of pale pie—but because Miss Maybury, who occupied the hall-room directly below his, was usually at supper.

Sometimes Miss Maybury wasn't there. Sometimes a big car hummed to a standstill at the boarding-house stoop just before supper time and, fresh-faced and eyes brilliant, she went out with a gay good-by to the Colonel who sat awaiting the supper gong in a dingy parlor. On these occasions the meal was dull and uneventful.

When Miss Maybury sat beside him at the long center table, the Colonel felt that they were islanded from the chatter of the fat dressmaker, the dull North Ireland bookkeeper and the bony-templed young woman of slender and mysterious resources who sang contralto to unknown audiences and spoke intimately of well-known impresarios.

This night Miss Maybury was not at supper—and the big car did not appear. The Colonel finished his meal, went for his stroll about the margin of the park, smoked one of the miniature cigars that came at five for a quarter in a colored carton, and returned to rest, if not to sleep.

Climbing slowly to his room he heard sobs. Miss Maybury's door was ajar. The Colonel knocked with his knuckles, without interrupting the sobs. He peeped inside and saw a slim figure sprawled on a narrow bed, hair burnished and dishevelled under the rays of an arc-light beating in from the street.

Sitting on a chair by the bed the Colonel patted Miss Maybury's head and when she lifted her white face and wept convulsively he took her hand and patted that. Slowly, between sobs, she told him why the big car had not called that night.

Clara Maybury came from Virginia and her voice, in sorrow, held a slow, heart-clutching drawl. She explained to the Colonel because he appeared so eager to learn and so ready to sympathize.

THE big car belonged to Christy Barham, son of Barham, the railroad supply man, in whose enormous office she worked. Christy was a bright, energetic young man who liked her—very much. Then his mother, an aggressive, formidable mother, had found out about those nights in the big car and abruptly stopped them. Deeper sobs manifested that Miss Maybury liked Christy Barham—very much.

Christy had engaged to take her out in the big car that night; but he was absent from the office all day. And shortly before five o'clock the plump, bald-headed office manager had summoned Miss Maybury, passed her a little envelope containing two weeks' salary and coldly remarked that the Barham Railroad Supply Company had no fault to find with her work, but for purposes of economy. . . . In the cloakroom other girls had welcomed the opportunity to salt her tears by proclaiming the rumor that Christy Barham's engagement to a girl with a well-known name, socially, was soon to be announced.

The Colonel sat quite late holding Miss Maybury's hand, patting her hair while she sobbed. Looking out into the tired street, where a trolley grated and a taxi whizzed by, where a policeman's rapping night-stick sent echoes up the wall of a dingy church, he heard Miss Maybury's resolve to return to Virginia. The drab silhouette of roofs fell away into emptiness.

The Colonel tugged at his mustache, cleared his throat and blinked his eyes, then sniffled to explain the dampness in their corners. He kissed Miss Maybury's hand. With a final pat at her straying locks he climbed another flight to his room. But the Colonel slept little. He sat for a long time, thinking, until the groaning of the trolleys seemed hours apart and the policeman's night-stick echoed in the distances of night.

He missed Clara Maybury the next evening. Her door was shut. Mrs. Waart, the stiff-lipped boarding-house mistress, replied to his shy inquiry, opining that Miss Maybury had been out all day looking for work; at breakfast she had scanned the "Female Help Wanted" advertisements. Mrs. Waart never missed evidence of impaired credit.

BUT the evening after that Miss Maybury was at supper. She was gay. When the Colonel passed her a plate of bread she selected a slice daintily with one hand while the other unmistakably clasped one of his for a moment. He almost spilled the plate; but the gesture thrilled him. Later, on his way to his room, he paused by Miss Maybury's open door. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, a gilt-edged card in her hand. Clearly she welcomed his intrusion. The card was an invitation—to an engagement party at a hotel everybody knew, and it announced that a Mr. and Mrs. Waters, whom, also, everybody knew, had the pleasure of announcing the forthcoming marriage of their daughter Esmee to Christopher Barham, Jr.

The Colonel might have thought that such conclusive dismissal of her hopes would make Miss Maybury sad. Girls, however, were unaccountable. There she was, a stranger in a hard city, out of a job, but radiant because a piece of pasteboard gave (*Continued on page 51*)

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The Price of Prestige

By Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte

Many impecunious members of real society—pre-war brand—make tidy sums by aiding climbers to ascend. But if friendship can be put on the auction block, there's the end of decency, says Mrs. Bonaparte. There are worse things than climbers, however, she points out in this revealing discussion of society—what society is, the toll it takes and why we must have it

IT WAS at Palm Beach, and the height of a season that fluttered—as modern seasons do—between gayety and gaudiness. I was busy enough, goodness knows. Morning parties, noon parties, afternoon, dinner, supper, with not a night off in sight. Why, then, did anybody professing to be my friend send this woman to me?

She was pleasant, fairly well educated, although there was an obvious flavor of the climber about her that vast wealth had not subdued.

I was asked to be nice to her and her husband. You know what that means? Somebody gives a dinner or a beach party. You accept with the reservation that you have interesting friends visiting you. As a rule the invitation is promptly extended to include the friends. Thus, they go sponsored to a few events, after which customary exchange of hospitalities establishes them or demonstrates that they do not belong.

I soon realized this couple would not be able to pass muster. Their wealth was new; but that wasn't the trouble. They were patently climbers. They lacked tact and personality—two indispensable requisites of social success.

In a painful interview I told them that much as I appreciated their acquaintance I could not undertake to guide them through the social maze of Palm Beach. The gentleman's reply shocked me; but I shall always credit him with utter frankness.

"I'll pay ten thousand dollars for sponsoring," he said.

Not being in the habit of marketing invitations from myself or from my friends, I declined the offer, without thanks. The pair departed, and I forgot all about them until I returned to New York. Then one night at a dinner they came with a woman who bears an old and honored name. The couple under her wing were triumphant protégés; they hardly favored me with a word, but their glances were eloquent with the satisfaction of those who can buy in one place what is not for sale in another. That dinner was not the only place I encountered them under the same sponsorship. They survived an entire season; yet it was evident towards the end that their sponsor was weary of the job. If she was paid, the poor woman earned it. I have seen her many times since that season ended. She sponsors no more.

Wide World

Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, prominent society matron, in a Napoleonic chair from the Rodman Wanamaker collection

I'm told that many impecunious members of real society—the pre-war brand—make profit out of climbers by aiding them to ascend. Many things may be justifiable to produce legitimate revenue in a day when old family fortunes have been hard hit. But sale of acquaintance and of social entrée is bad. For, if friendship can be put on an auction block, there's the end of decency in society.

Those Thoroughly Objectionable

Professional sponsorship is a major evil of society. It threatens the standards of acceptability and undermines confidence. One always has an uneasy feeling on meeting strangers in good company that they may have wedged themselves in by paying somebody.

There has been more of this since the war than before. Millionaires have multiplied, and with wealth, of course, comes the impulse to display it in the best circles.

Yet, I prefer the socially impossibles who pay to be made possible, to the brazen who flaunt their pasts in the very act of building a social future. I have in mind a woman who knew her husband much too well before she married him. At a time when she was a topic of furious under-cover discussion, she boldly invited group after group to her house. Some went—most of them did not. It was a delicate and dangerous problem to know what to do, for she had power and used it skilfully. No sooner was the lady acknowledged than she became quickly transformed from a climber to a condescending grand-dame. Now many matrons who, at least, have always had the legal qualification of a marriage license, suffer social slights at her hands. That is always the way: the biggest snobs in society are the most recent arrivals.

Wholesale invasion of the best circles by the *nouveau riche* and hordes of hangers-on is making places like Palm Beach no more exclusive than Coney Island. Newport, the last stronghold of the élite, has the moneyed intruder at its gates. At least one gentleman whose revenues are derived from the new and profitable industry of bootlegging has pushed the social football to the one-yard line. He may get through. Undesirables are penetrating everywhere.

What is meant by undesirable? Not those handicapped by lowly origin, but the man or woman, rich or poor, who strives for social recognition and uses it to mask some ulterior motive. Anybody can understand a man who has won his way from small beginnings and made a fortune, if he desires to have his wife and family accepted as social equals by what are called the best people. I know one very rich man who married his stenographer—and that fact was urged against her in more ballrooms than she will ever know about. He is cultured; (*Continued on page 36*)

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The Author: Arthur Somers Roche, distinguished novelist, and Mrs. Roche, an able writer in her own right, whose works bear the name of E. Pettit, take a stroll between chapters. A new serial by Mr. Roche, The Age of Youth, will start in Collier's this fall

The Look of the Month

It's pretty difficult to keep posted on everything these days, but we'll help you this much, anyway

Wide World

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The Screen: A tense moment in the trial scene from Madame X, favorite of twenty years ago and just revived in a talkie with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett in the leading rôles

Mortimer Offner

The Stage: An early summer hit, The Love Duel, boasts the charming Ethel, daughter of a family named Barrymore that you may have heard of occasionally in connection with the theater. Ethel's admirers in this scene are, left to right: Ferdinand Gottschalk, Martin Burten, Leslie Barrie and Henry Stephenson

P. & A. Photo

The Sport: Miss Poker Face awaiting a new deal. The alert Helen Wills, queen of the tennis courts, paid tribute to royalty during her recent European tour when she was presented to Queen Mary at the Court of St. James

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The Fashion: The summer girl is going in seriously for tanning this season with this new tennis frock of flat crêpe with the square suntan back and bows that tie on the shoulders

Best & Co.

Pictorial Press

The informal hat shown above is bright in color but cool to the head. Designed for afternoon or semi-sports wear by the house of Marcelle Roze from a red and white rough-weave straw

Pictorial Press

The Bride: A beach snapshot of the former Miss Jean Moore, daughter of Edward S. Moore, of Roslyn, Long Island, who was married June first to the Hon. Oliver Malcolm Wallop, son of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth

Society: The annual invasion of vacation places frequented by members of the smart set has started. Miss Frances W. Gillmore, a Park Avenue resident, is one of the invaders

Pictorial Press

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The Imperfect Alibi

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Sir Jasper Slane, amateur sleuth extraordinary, follows a devious trail to a most surprising end

A sinister suspicion formed itself in Slane's mind, making its poisonous way into the brain of the woman

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"INSPECTOR STIMPSON to see you, sir."

Sir Jasper Slane removed the pipe from his mouth, dropped the Times, and looked over his shoulder toward the door. It seemed an odd time for Stimpson to have traveled up to Hampstead—only a little after half-past nine—and an odd morning for anyone to be about except of necessity, for the windowpanes were streaming with rain. Slane scented urgency.

"Show him in, Parkins," he enjoined.

The butler, in discreet silence, ushered in this unexpected visitor, and retired, closing the door behind him. Slane half rose to his feet, and pointed to a chair.

"Good morning, Stimpson," he greeted him. "You're by way of being an early bird, aren't you?"

"I am indeed, Sir Jasper, and a wet one."

Slane waved his hand toward the table.

"Had breakfast?"

"Two hours ago, thanks. Sorry to disturb you so early, but I looked in to ask you if by any chance you know anyone of the name of Frostland?"

"Never heard the name in my life," was the confident reply. "Sit down and help yourself to a cigarette, and tell me why you should think that I had."

THE Inspector accepted a chair, but declined the cigarette.

"Well, the fact of the matter is," he confided, "that the Frostlands—Mr. and Mrs., I understand—live only a hundred yards or so from here, and your card is adorning their hall table."

Slane shook his head.

"Never heard of the people, Stimpson," he reiterated. "I haven't the faintest idea how they got hold of a visiting card of mine."

The detective scratched his chin thoughtfully. "You don't call on newcomers to the neighborhood, or anything of that sort?" he ventured.

"Don't be an idiot," was the good-natured retort. "As you know very well, I'm a bachelor, Stimpson. It isn't likely I should waste my time going round paying visits upon people who come to live in Hampstead."

"If you care to put on your coat and hat," Stimpson suggested, "I might be able to show you something rather interesting. It doesn't matter about the weather. I have a taxicab outside."

"I'm with you," Slane assented promptly, rising to his feet. "I was just wondering how to get through the morning. I'm an all-weather golfer, but this is a little too thick even for me."

He rang for his hat and mackintosh, and in less than five minutes the taxicab deposited the two men before a small house at the end of a side street in the immediate neighborhood. The front door stood ajar. The Inspector pushed it open and then closed it behind them. An agitated charlady was seated upon the stairs, shivering.

"No one been here?" Stimpson inquired curtly.

"No one been near the place, sir," the woman replied, "and the sooner I can get out of it the better I'll be pleased. Mysteries is the things I 'ate."

The detective unlocked the door of the sitting-room. Before he opened it, however, he turned to his companion.

"Better take a brace, sir," he advised. "It's an ugly sight."

Slane nodded, but, prepared though he was, an exclamation of horror escaped from his lips as the two men entered.

"Nice sort of hullabaloo here last night," Stimpson continued. "I haven't touched anything more than I could help, but you can see for yourself that it was more than an ordinary rough-house. What do you think about it, Sir Jasper?"

It was several moments before Slane replied. The sitting-room had all the appearance of having been the scene of a cataclysmic and bloodthirsty struggle. The table was overturned, and there were broken glasses and stains upon the floor. There were other stains, too, of a more terrifying character—a smear of blood upon the back of an easy-chair, a little pool upon the carpet, big drops across the strip of linoleum. Most of the ornaments were smashed, and there was scarcely a chair left whole or standing upright. Across the gilt-framed mirror was a great crack, and even here there were more spots of congealed blood.

"Whom did you find here?" Slane asked.

"Nobody."

Slane turned incredulously toward his companion.

"Do you mean to say you found a room like this and no one lying hurt?"

"Not a soul."

"Who's upstairs?"

"Nobody."

"Kitchen?"

"Not a soul."

SLANE became every second more alert. This somewhat tawdry apartment, which had seemed like the ordinary shambles of a sordid fight, had suddenly changed its character. An empty house! The thing was unbelievable!

"Tell me what you know about it," he begged.

"It seems that the house is in the occupation of a Mr. and Mrs. Frostland," Stimpson recounted. "Frostland is a commercial traveler, it appears, and is away somewhere in the west of England at the present moment. Mrs. Frostland, according to the charwoman, announced her intention of spending last night with her sister, and went off at four o'clock. The charwoman locked up at five, and left behind her what she is sure was an empty house. This morning she arrives, unlocks the kitchen door, lights a fire, puts a kettle on, comes in here to do her morning's cleaning, and—"

"I 'ates mysteries," broke in a mournful voice from the door. "I come in and down in a 'eap I went. I just shuts the door, and runs down the avenue until I finds a cop. I ain't coming any further inside this room. Blood—that's what them stains are. I knows. I've 'ad to wash 'em out before now. I wouldn't be the one to tidy this up—not if you was to offer me anything on earth."

"It appears that the policeman she found came and had a look," Stimpson continued, "and telephoned at once to the Yard. I came along in a taxi, and as soon as I realized that something serious must (*Continued on page 20*)

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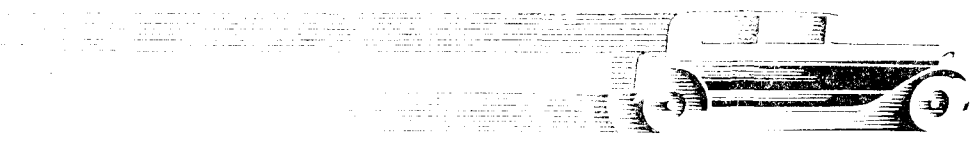
Down hill.. a railroad.. a screech of brakes.. ten tons of fury thrown on your tires.. *regrets then won't give you this better tire*



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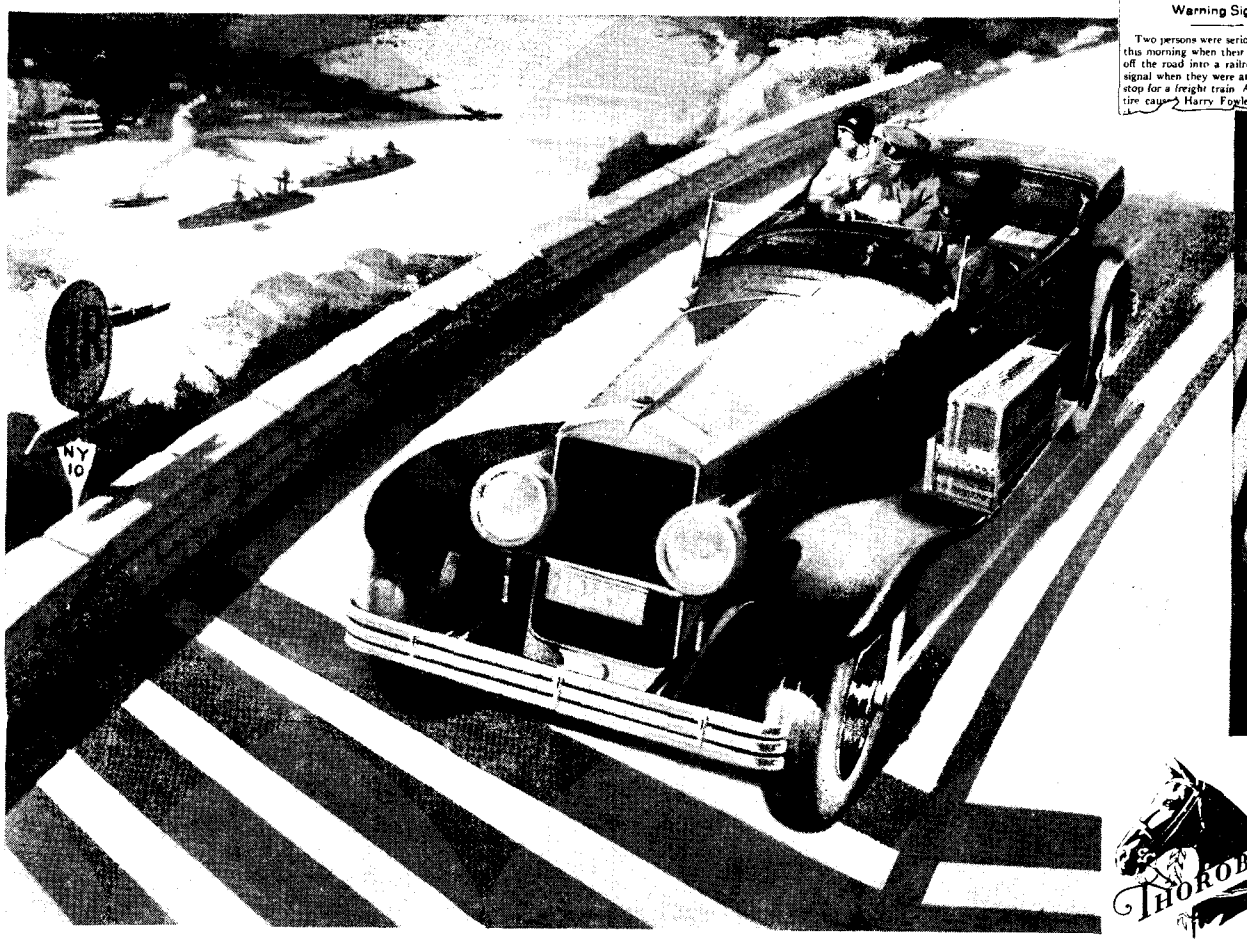
AUTO MISSES TRAIN, HITS SIGNAL POST

Tire Blows, Sends Car Off Road into Warning Sign

Two persons were seriously injured this morning when their car swerved off the road into a railroad crossing signal when they were attempting to stop for a freight train. An exploding tire caused Harry Fowler, driver of



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have happened, I did as I often do when I don't know anything about the people of the house—glanced through their card plate, and found yours the top one. I knew you lived just round the corner, so that's as far as I've gone for the present."

"I never heard the name in my life, nor can I imagine how these people got hold of my card," Slane insisted. "Have you done anything about Mrs. Frostland?"

"I've sent a policeman to fetch her from the address at Highgate the charwoman gave me. I don't know that I'm in a hurry to see her just yet, though. What do you make of the room, Sir Jasper?"

"THERE'S been a fierce fight here, that's certain," Slane pronounced meditatively. "One man probably got the best of it, for you can see that the furniture down this end is much more knocked about than at the other. What puzzles me, though, is how two men who had fought as desperately as they must have done were both able to get away afterward, and what they were doing here at all if Mrs. Frostland was away for the night, and Frostland was in the west of England."

The detective made no definite reply. His interest just then seemed centered upon local objects.

"There's no sign of any weapon," he pointed out, "and curiously enough no blood stains or anything of that sort in the hall or on the handle of the door, or on the little tiled walk down to the gate. I've tied the handle of the door up for fingerprints, of course, but I had a good look at it first."

Slane moved toward the window.

"It's easy enough to step out from here," he reflected.

"That's what they did, I expect," the other agreed. "I've had a casual look around, but the rain has played the dickens with the whole place."

"I wish you'd open the window," Slane begged.

The detective put on a pair of gloves, and pushed up the sash. Slane stepped out into the garden, absolutely oblivious of the driving rain. He searched the gravel path and little box border closely, without any particular result.

The front gate was barely half a dozen yards away. Slane traveled the distance backward and forward several times.

"I'm afraid the rains have queered us," he said. "I can't see a thing here worth taking serious notice of."

Which was perhaps not quite honest of Sir Jasper Slane.

The policeman who had departed in search of Mrs. Frostland returned alone. He shook his head in response to Stimpson's quick glance of inquiry.

"I found Burton Street all right, sir," he announced, "but there's no one of the name of Martin living in Number Twelve. Two maiden ladies there, name of Sinclair. They haven't got a sister—never heard of the name of Frostland. I got a directory at the pub and looked it through. No one named Martin in the street. I made a few inquiries here and there whilst I was about it. No one had ever heard of the name of Frostland."

Stimpson called out to the charwoman, who made her unwilling appearance from the back regions.

"I'm off 'ome," she declared. "That's what I'm doing. I ain't going to tidy up that mess. I wasn't hired to do jobs like that. And who's going to pay me my five shillings, that's what I should like to know? And there's four shillings owing from yesterday."

"I dare say we may be able to arrange that for you," Stimpson promised soothingly. "Look here, Mrs. —"

"Mrs. Oates, my name is," the lady vouchsafed. "'Arriet Oates."

"Very well, Mrs. Oates. This young man has been up to No. 12 Burton Street. There's no one of the name of Martin living there. No one of the name of Martin in the whole street, as a matter of fact. You are sure that you had the name and address right?"

"Sure as I'm standing 'ere, sir," the woman answered confidently. "Mrs. Frostland—a nice madam she is—came down the stairs carrying a small bag. 'Mrs. Oates,' she said, 'I'm kind of lonely, my 'usband being away, and I'm going to spend the night with my sister. If so be that there's a telegraph comes, if you'll bring it up there'll be half a crown extra for you. The address is No. 12 Burton Street, and the name's Martin.'"

"SHE didn't write it down?" the detective inquired.

"She did not. Not having a defective memory, I didn't ask her so to do."

"Then she gave you a wrong address."

"Nothing wouldn't surprise me about that lady," Mrs. Oates declared. "She probably wanted to make extra sure that I'd believe the story about her sister, knowing well enough that no telegraph was likely to come. I've my own ideas about that lady, and her goings on, though. I'd lay a quart of gin she knows more about Piccadilly than 'Ighgate."

"Tell us what you know about these people," Stimpson suggested pleasantly. "You see, the whole affair is very mysterious, isn't it, Mrs. Oates? Empty house—master away—mistress gone by four o'clock—you leave at five—you arrive this morning as usual—and then this! Someone was here last night after you both left—two people, in fact."

"Don't speak of it, sir," the charlady begged, turning her head away from the room. "It turns me stummick right over—the sight of blood does. As for Mrs. Frostland, I can't bear her, and never could. There never was a yellerhaired woman that took my fancy. Her 'usband's a nice, quiet bit of a gentleman—generally spent Fridays until Mondays here—goes traveling the rest of the week."

"Do you know whom he travels for, Mrs. Oates? The name of the firm, I mean?"

"I do not," the lady replied. "You could put all that I know about the two of them on the top of a sixpence and not notice it. Fond of keeping their mouths shut, they were. One month they've been here, and nine shillings there's owing to me, at this present."

The detective produced a pound note.

"Well, that's that, Mrs. Oates," he said, "and a trifle over for your information. Now tell me about Mrs. Frostland's habits when her husband was away."

"How do you suppose I knows anything about them," the woman retorted. "Five o'clock was my hour for going, and at five o'clock I went."

"Who prepared the evening meal?"

"She went out to restaurants most generally, I should say. It was very seldom I had anything to clear up in the way of cooking in the morning. If you was to see all the dresses in her wardrobe you'd think she was flaunting about all the time."

"Any signs of visitors when you cleaned the room out in the mornings?"

"Sometimes an odd tumbler or two," Mrs. Oates acknowledged, "but what had been drunk out of them I couldn't say, except by the smell I should think it was whisky. Mrs. Frostland kept what she had to drink in that cupboard, and close enough she was about it, too. Locked, you'll find it, as it always 'as been since I've been 'ere."

Stimpson's fingers played with the fastening of the tall, deal cupboard built out from the wall. He produced a little instrument from his pocket and turned it deftly. The cupboard door stood ajar. For the first time, Mrs. Oates seemed to realize that she was in the presence of a master of his craft.

"That's a trick I'd like to learn," she admitted frankly. "Ain't you going to look inside, guv'nor?"

Stimpson's behavior was certainly singular. He suddenly thrust his shoulder against the cupboard door, slammed it to, and once more, with the help of his little instrument, apparently secured the lock. Then he stood away—breathless.

"Anything wrong there, Inspector?" Slane demanded.

The former opened his lips and closed them again. His trembling fingers had evidently missed (*Continued on page 49*)

Stimpson suddenly thrust his shoulder against the door. "Anything wrong in there?" Slane demanded

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THE PROMISE OF BUICK'S FUTURE VIES WITH THE RICHNESS OF BUICK'S PAST

A golden record of achievement lies back of the builders of Buick and Marquette automobiles. And before them lies the promise of still greater accomplishment.

They have built truly fine motor cars, year after year, for a quarter of a century. They have never once marred the Buick record by making an unsound or unreliable car. They have held everlastingly true to their pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

The results of this record, in terms of public demand for Buick products, are the admiration of the motor world.

Not only do more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200 . . . not only do Buick owners alone purchase more Buicks than the total production of any other individual car in its field . . . but buyers of moderate-price automobiles are rapidly according the new Marquette a like measure of preference.

The builders of Buick and Marquette are more than proud . . . more than appreciative . . . of this favor. They are mindful of the obligation it imposes. They know that from those to whom much is given, much is expected.

They look about them and see giant plants —superb equipment—almost unlimited resources—all made possible by public good will. They look into their own minds and find a sincere determination to repay this good will with still greater achievements.

And, with the facilities they have at their disposal, it is inevitable that they should succeed . . . that the promise of Buick's future should vie with the richness of Buick's past.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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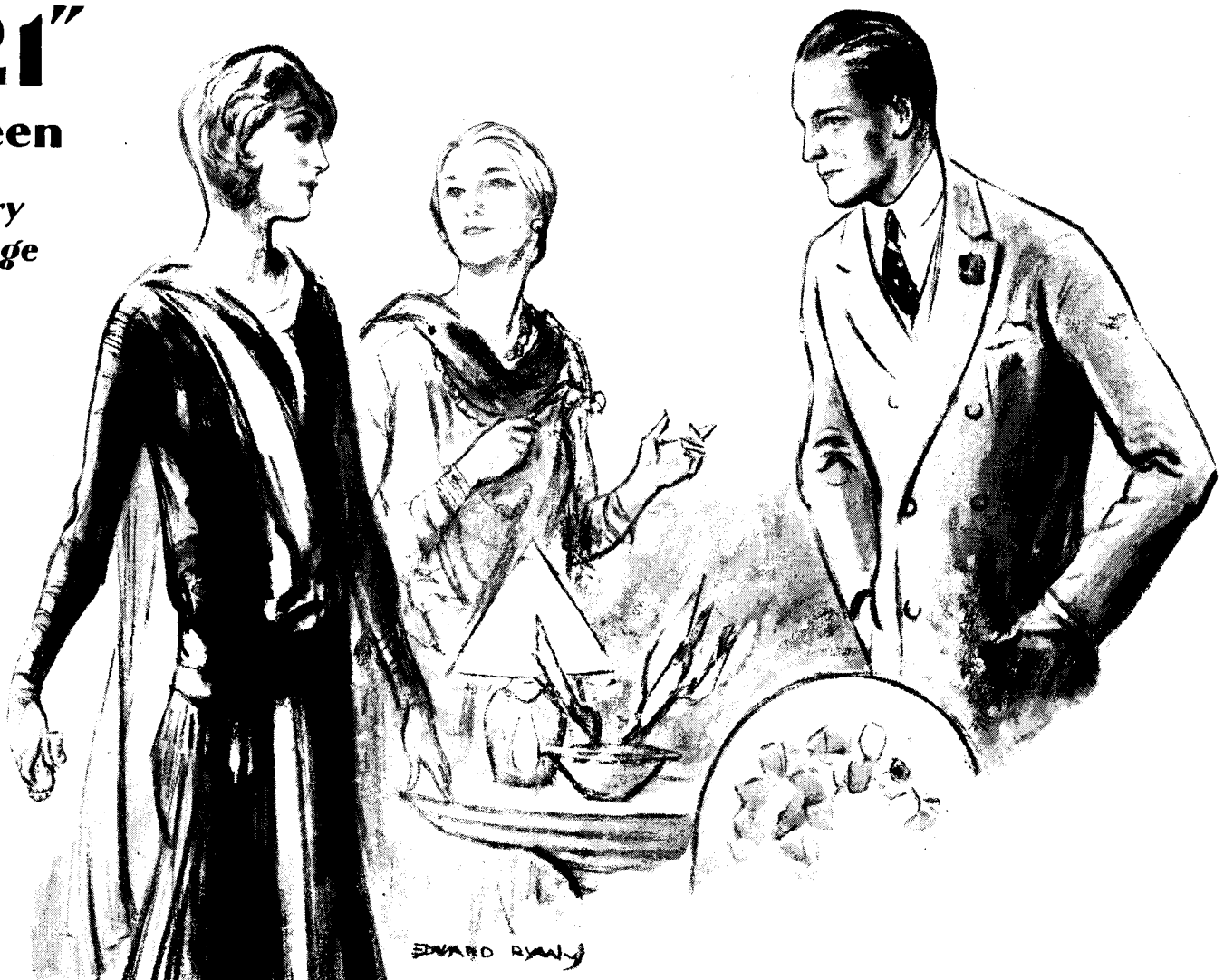
"June 21"

By Walton Green

A Short Short Story complete on this page



"A pleasant surprise for you, Felicia dear," murmured Aunt Emily. "How very nice," said Felicia icily, trying to look daggers at him

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

THE sleeper from Washington drew out of Newark, and headed across the Jersey flats. In her stateroom, little Felicia du Peyn regarded herself in her mirror, touched up her lips once more, and wished for a cigarette; also she wished she had been able to stay longer at the embassy the night before. There had been the tall, exciting-looking man from the State Department—Archer, they had said—who had watched her so coolly, but had not danced with her or even asked to be introduced. Vaguely she found herself wishing she could have snubbed him.

There was a knock at her door and the porter came to collect the luggage. Felicia, moving into the narrow corridor, caught a tantalizing whiff of cigarette ahead of her. Then—as the smoker turned half towards her—she felt herself flushing. So she frowned to cover the flush. The tall man caught the frown.

"Sorry," he said easily and dropped his cigarette, "not so good before breakfast, eh?"

Clearly this was Felicia's chance to snub him.

"Good morning, Mr. Archer," she said demurely. "Please don't throw it away—I've been wanting one myself."

"Hello," said the tall one noncommittally, as he peered close. "Oh, yes, I know now—you're Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Mrs. du Peyn—Felicia du Peyn—don't try to pretend to remember."

"I'm not," Archer said hastily. "But I tried several times last night—I, er—can't I take you to a taxi?"

"Thank you," answered Felicia, aware that it was now or never on the snubbing, "but I shall do very nicely by myself."

Archer's eyes looked amused.

"As you wish. I shall look forward to my next snubbing."

Three minutes later Felicia tried to enter the last cab on the line.

"I suppose this is the second snubbing," drawled Archer from inside the cab. "Very well—I'll get out and wait."

"Don't be an idiot," snapped Felicia, following her hat-box into the cab. "Tell the man to drop me at the Gotham."

At the Gotham, Felicia turned and held out her hand.

"Thank you so much," she began uneasily. Archer was paying off the driver.

"Not at all," said he coldly. "Curiously enough I'm breakfasting here too. I'll match you for the check."

They drank a lot of coffee and he told her that he was in New York on State Department business and she told him that she lived with her aunt in New York, and came rarely to Washington. And each knew that the other was married, and it was left at that. And then they really did separate and go their ways.

THE next time that Felicia du Peyn met Morgan Archer she was walking south across City Hall Square. Archer, top-hatted and obviously on a diplomatic mission, greeted her without formality.

"Knew you at once this time," he began casually, "even with a different hat and dress."

"Sometimes I change half a dozen times a day," laughed Felicia, and then was angry for feeling so pleasant towards him.

"You would," observed Archer tonelessly. "What are you doing way down here? Want to come uptown and have lunch and get another coffee jag on?"

Felicia felt herself flushing again.

"That breakfast was a crazy thing. Suppose someone had seen us—with all that luggage too."

"Yes," agreed Archer tonelessly. "Let's go and have some more."

"I—I can't," said Felicia faintly. "I'm lunching at home with Aunt Emily." Then she decided to tell him.

"I've been divorced since I saw you last," she said quietly. "I've just come from the courthouse."

"Fine!" said Archer smoothly, but there was a hint of color in his cheeks too. "Then half the reason against our lunching together has disappeared."

"Oh, no," said Felicia firmly.

"Very well. But one of these times I'm going to get your Aunt Emily to ask me. She's known my people for years."

The next time they met was indeed at the luncheon table of Felicia's aunt.

"A pleasant surprise for you, Felicia, dear," murmured Aunt Emily, introducing Archer to the pink and startled girl. "Mary Bowers told me he was in town and I was fortunate enough to get him at his club. Son of one of your dear father's oldest friends."

"How very nice," said Felicia icily, trying to look daggers at the imperturbable young man. But it was no use—he only leaned over and whispered to her that it was bewitching and please to do it again.

Then she began to fear herself. The other meetings had been chance. This was sheer and ruthless contrivance on his part. He must be put in his place.

After luncheon she talked with every one except Archer. And the instant he had gone, she wanted him back.

WHEN they next met it was by chance again. Felicia was walking up Park Avenue. Archer, in straw hat and lounge suit this time, accosted her with his customary casualness.

"Got something to tell you, Felicia," he said, and she didn't even notice the use of her first name, "got something to tell you. I've been divorced since I saw you last. What d'you say to that?"

"Nothing," answered Felicia faintly. There was a lump in her throat and she felt herself going white.

"Are you going to the McHoyt's studio party?" he asked.

"Perhaps—if—if you don't try to see me again before then. I—I must have time."

"I promise," he said seriously.

He kept his promise. Nor did he attempt to communicate with her in any way. At one moment Felicia found herself thankful—at the next enraged at his male literalness. It was with a strangely mixed heart and mind that Felicia went to the party. She did not want to go—stay away she could not.

After the early buffet supper, Archer led her to the hallway—and deliberately began to put on his coat.

"Felicia," he said almost roughly, "I wish you'd get your things and come along. I've got to go back to Washington tonight, and heaven knows when I'll be over again. I want you to marry me and come back. I've got the license right here—we've three hours left."

Felicia went white—and two funny big tears—ridiculously and pleasantly—shone in her eyes.

"But—I can't—it's too absurdly short—I—"

"Nonsense," he said coolly. "It's not how long—it's how well we've known one another. Here—put your right arm in first"—he tucked her into her coat and opened the door.

"I haven't said good-by to Mrs. McHoyt," said Felicia weakly.

"We'll telephone later," observed Archer with finality.

THE midnight sleeper for Washington plunged into the Jersey marshes. Little Felicia Archer's eyes were dreamy with wonder, and the delicate nostrils were wide with excitement.

"It's too utterly—madly ridiculous."

"Not at all," said Archer stoutly.

"But I never spoke to you in my life until in the sleeping car this morning!"

"What of it? Today's the longest day in the year—if that's any comfort to you."

Morgan Archer gathered his small wife in his very long arms—"Anyway, my dear, it's not how long—it's how often and how much."

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"Mighty Monarch of the Air"

NEW HEIGHTS

The finest radio receiver in the world cannot perform at its best unless it is equipped with the best tubes it is possible to manufacture. That, in a few words, is the story of why Grigsby-Grunow Company now announce Majestic radio tubes.

WHEN Wm. C. Grunow, genius of radio builders, decided to go into the tube business, it was his determination that nothing short of the finest radio tubes in the world could carry the trade name Majestic. After building a radio set universally acknowledged the leader of all radio sets in sales and satisfactory service, an entire year has passed before Grigsby-Grunow Company are ready to say that Majestic tubes have arrived and that they are *as good as Majestic radio sets*—the finest tribute that could possibly be paid to them.

Building the best radio tubes the world has yet seen was no easy undertaking. Grigsby-Grunow Company have unusual facilities, yes—tremendous financial stability, organization, plants, intricate machinery of the latest type—*but building better and finer tubes required more than that.* A search was made for brilliant minds whose undivided thoughts, whose sole concern might be concentrated upon the development of a tube so outstanding that the world would pause and say "Here is a good job well done—as perfect as human hands and brains can make it." These great scientists, drawn from the finest laboratories in the world, laboring by day and by night—testing, measuring, experimenting, leaving nothing unturned of the secrets of scientific tube building, have at last produced in the Majestic radio tube a new contribution to finer radio reception.

Month after month, week after week, day after day, all night long for hundreds of nights Majestic tubes have burned at twice the load they would normally carry to prove that Majestic was not only a well built tube but a long life tube, fulfilling to the highest degree the purpose for which it was designed.

When you buy your Majestic tubes, when you put them in your set—when you marvel at their performance, their smoothness, their long life—remember that back of them is infinite patience, the finest brains, the finest machines, rigid testing of every step in production—but above all, the same indomitable will to do something better for the world which has made Majestic the greatest name in radio.

Majestic
RADIO TUBES

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY · CHICAGO

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume I — *Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers* — Number 4

THIRTEEN SALES TIPS THAT WILL SELL FOR YOU, TOO

Red Rooster

Mount Joy, Pa., and the surrounding country woke up one morning and found tacked on telephone poles a 5" by 8" card printed in red, saying, "WATCH FOR THE"—and underneath was a picture of a big red rooster. For two weeks people wondered. More of the mysterious cards appeared in town and out along country roads. Then came a newspaper announcement by Eshleman Bros. that the following Saturday a hungry Rhode Island Red rooster would appear in their window to be fed—and that the person guessing nearest to the number of grains of corn he would eat that day would win a prize. Clyde Eshleman says they had more farm trade in the store at one time that Saturday than ever before. Guesses ranged from 24 to 1630. The rooster "guessed" 230.

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Selling Fertilizer

Orin McClendon, Lanett, Ala., tells how his store increased its fertilizer sales. On a large vacant lot next to the store two plots of cotton were planted last year. Fertilizer was applied to one plot and compost to the other. Signs were put up and each Saturday farmers coming in to trade noted the progress of growth in the two plots. At the end of the season the cotton was picked and weighed in the presence of a group of farmers. The plot on which fertilizer was used produced 45 per cent more cotton — an increase that more than twice paid for the fertilizer. The store's fertilizer sales increased 50 per cent this year.

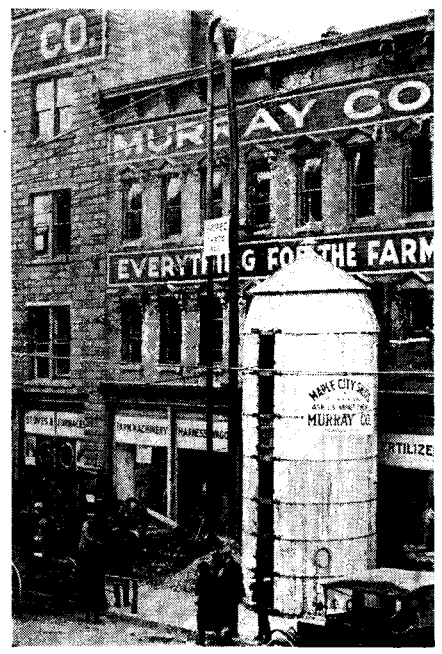
PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

"Surprise" Sampling

A. W. Burnquist, general merchant of Waubeka, Wis., wanted to introduce his store and merchandise to new farm customers. So he wrote to manufacturers and asked for quantities of nationally advertised samples, telling them of his plan. They were glad to help. When the samples arrived he arranged them in individual assortments and packed each assortment in a neat shopping bag with customer's name attached. Then he sent out postcards to customers announcing the following Saturday would be Surprise-Package Day — and would they call for the interesting package that was waiting for them? *They came!*

Picks His Trades

Earl O. Pursley, successful Tennessee car dealer, gets quick turnover on used cars that are traded in to him—because he actually selects them before they are traded. In *Motor* he tells how he always keeps on the lookout for the type of cars that are most in demand by used-car buyers. He takes their license numbers, checks up on their ownership, makes out prospect cards, and sends his salesmen around. He averages one new-car sale for every ten such prospects!



Murray "Farms" On Main Street

Robert J. Murray, successful hardware and implement dealer of Honesdale, Pa., believes in action displays to sell farm machinery. His implement department is equipped with motor driven line shafting, and on a moment's notice he can throw a switch and start the grindstone, saw, or mowing machine working. The above picture shows one of his spectacular demonstrations. With the silo built on the sidewalk right in front of the store, a power unit and blower make it a better "show" by blowing the corn out over the roof three stories above ground. Farmers for fifty miles around attend Murray's demonstrations.

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

Trademark Contest

W. J. Dunmire of Latrobe, Pa., tells of a "Trademark Contest" idea that increased business in the store he works in. Fifty nationally advertised trademarks (labels from packages, cans and boxes) were mounted on cardboard and numbered, and slightly disfigured to make identification somewhat difficult. They were then displayed in the window, and two $10 prizes were offered — a woman's prize and a man's prize—for the largest number of trademarks correctly identified, accompanied by the best letter telling the store how it could improve its sales service to its customers. This contest stirred up a lot of interest and resulted in increased sales in practically all lines.

Picture Contest

An amateur picture-taking contest for farmers put on by a group of merchants in an Illinois town not only increased sales of cameras and films, but also led to large aggregate purchases of paint, cement, shrubs, yard and garden furniture, fencing, lawn mowers, and many other items of merchandise, says L. B. Lyons, Washington, Ill. The contest began April 1st and closed October 1st. Prizes of cash and merchandise were offered. Only farmers were eligible. The pictures of farm homes and their surroundings were all of the "before-and-after" type — illustrating how appearances could be improved with little expense. The whole community, as well as the merchants, benefited.

STOCK NATIONALLY KNOWN LINES

Cent-a-Mile Service

Robert Poulson, Hutchinson, Minn., tells of an electrical dealer who wins farm trade by running a shopping and delivery service for farmers' convenience. If a busy farm wife wants a roast of meat or a sack of flour she phones this dealer and he buys and delivers it at once, charging her 1 cent a mile for delivery. As he specializes in selling gas-power washing machines and farm lighting plants, this friendly contact through service wins him many farm sales.

Stork List

A woman pharmacist in Ohio keeps a mailing list of babies up to three years of age, checking it weekly for new arrivals. To the mothers she suggests baby equipment and prescription items of seasonable interest. In case of a death an appropriate card is sent.

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Weekly Phone Ad

At exactly 7 o'clock every Friday evening every telephone in Des Moines, N. M., and in the surrounding country, rings. The Palace drug store is on the wire with a 3-minute broadcast of Saturday specials which go on sale the following day. The town has no newspaper and this novel method of advertising was resorted to through the cooperation of the local telephone company. The cost is reasonable and sales results have been excellent.

—*Hudson Davis, Des Moines, N. M.*

"It"

F. Demers, successful grocer of Saco, Maine, arouses customers' *curiosity* over a special article he offers each week. As customers enter his store a large sign on the door questions "Have you seen IT?" On the wrapping counter beside the scale is another sign with one word "IT" printed on it, and under this sign is the special which is being introduced. The special is changed from week to week, and now many customers have the habit of looking into Demers' store to see what "IT" is for the week.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

DISPLAY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS

A Clock Sells

Dan Rennick says that early last winter, during the bad weather, Cohen Bros., of Washington, N. J., featured a large grandfather's clock in their window. Although it was regularly wound up and kept time correctly, a sign above the clock said: "THIS IS NOT THE RIGHT TIME." Many passersby stopped to make sure. On looking more closely they saw a smaller sign underneath which read "—TO BE WITHOUT OVERSHOES!" And many a sale followed this gently humorous reminder.

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Getting Ads Read

A Pennsylvania hardware dealer pays $3 in trade each week to get his newspaper advertisements read more widely throughout the county. In each of his three ads each week he inserts the following—"*If Mrs. B——k of R.F.D. No.* 1 *will call at the store within one week we will give her one dollar in merchandise, FREE.*" The prize is always offered to women, who, he says, are the biggest factors in hardware store sales today.

$10 For Your Tip

We pay $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. Send in your idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. We may use them all. You do not have to be an experienced writer. It's the idea that counts. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods. Be sure and give all details—what you did—how you did it—and what the results were in increased sales. Send your idea to *Farm & Fireside*, Department C-4, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Farm Trade Tips" appears regularly in Collier's and The American Magazine as part of *Farm & Fireside's* service to national advertisers and their small-city dealers.

Farm & Fireside
The National Farm Magazine

READ · IN · MORE · THAN · 1,300,000 · FARM · HOMES

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The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate a report about giant bats. A bodiless voice warns him to leave.

He joins forces with John Lonergan of the United States Secret Service and Gaston Max of the Paris Sûreté, both of whom are trailing a Madame Yburg. The Voice pronounces the Last Warning: "You have until tomorrow midnight."

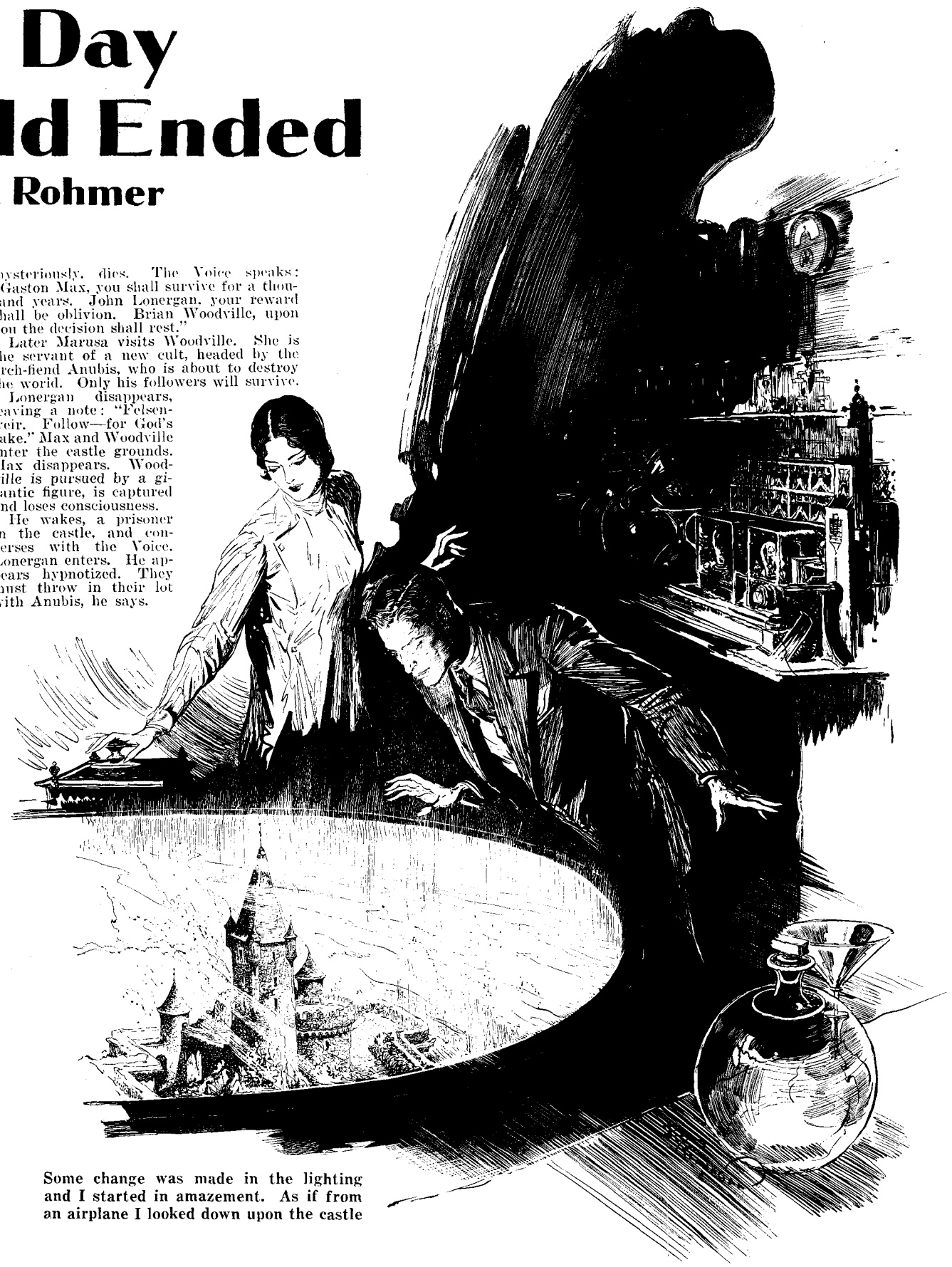
At a fancy-dress ball next evening Woodville speaks to a mysterious but enchanting girl, learns that her name is Marusa and sees her drive off with Madame Yburg. He and Lonergan rush to the cemetery. There they find Max. He has just seen the two women disappear near the Felsenweir mausoleum. A moment later two gigantic bats issue from the vault.

The three men speed to Castle Felsenweir. Woodville and Lonergan are trapped between two invisible death zones, but escape by capturing a servant of the castle, who, mysteriously, dies. The Voice speaks: "Gaston Max, you shall survive for a thousand years. John Lonergan, your reward shall be oblivion. Brian Woodville, upon you the decision shall rest."

Later Marusa visits Woodville. She is the servant of a new cult, headed by the arch-fiend Anubis, who is about to destroy the world. Only his followers will survive.

Lonergan disappears, leaving a note: "Felsenweir. Follow—for God's sake." Max and Woodville enter the castle grounds. Max disappears. Woodville is pursued by a gigantic figure, is captured and loses consciousness.

He wakes, a prisoner in the castle, and converses with the Voice. Lonergan enters. He appears hypnotized. They must throw in their lot with Anubis, he says.



Some change was made in the lighting and I started in amazement. As if from an airplane I looked down upon the castle

VIII

TIME had no existence in Felsenweir.

Endless sunshine and silence created an impression of eternity utterly beyond my powers to describe. That it was morning I had many reasons for supposing. But so far as other evidence went it might equally well have been midnight. (As a matter of fact, it was neither.)

Lonergan's visit had appalled me. Behind those glassy eyes I had glimpsed a soul in torment.

Was he bewitched—or under the influence of a drug? A *drug!* Here lay a possible explanation!

I stared about my prison with a new apprehension. Lonergan's curious evasion of the point which I considered of paramount interest—namely, under what circumstances he had left the Regal—now presented itself in a new light.

Hazily, I started to formulate a theory. Purpose began to appear in what had seemed purposeless, and I saw that Max and I had walked into a cunningly laid trap.

I too had been drugged! The nude horror from which I had fled, only at last to fall a captive, had contrived in some way to drug me. . . .

Even now, was I really master of my own will?

Suspecting myself to be constantly watched from some hidden spy-hole, I recognized the uselessness of any exploration. This idea of sleepless espionage was definitely horrible.

I dropped in the armchair and lighted a cigarette. Come what might, I must not lose my nerve. As I did so, the Voice addressed me!

"Woodville," came those cold tones in which I now seemed to detect a mocking note, "as I am anxious that you should understand the facts of your position, I have asked Marusa to come and talk to you."

My heart leapt. But I succeeded in retaining immobility.

"Since you are interested in her, she can possibly make you see reason. We are a friendly company, Woodville. When you have had a chat, I shall be ready to receive you."

Silence again!

Between horror of this proof, if proof were necessary, that Marusa was indeed a member of the shadowy group surrounding the Voice, and joy of knowing I was about to meet her again, I found myself in a chaotic frame of mind. Forces outside my knowledge and beyond my control stormed and tossed about me. Why I had been spared and what I was expected to do, I could only surmise. But that cunning coercion would be brought to bear to influence that "decision" for which the Voice had made me responsible I could not doubt.

I was to be offered apparently some alternative to death. Except that his behavior was not that of one strictly *compos mentis*, it would seem that Lonergan had already made this decision.

What of Gaston Max?

THE world was to be destroyed. This, frankly, I didn't believe. It might be possible for that terror behind the Voice to decimate a village in the Pyrénées, to strike down one of his unhappy creatures whose evidence threatened to be dangerous. But the whole of the world presented a vastly bigger proposition.

Nevertheless, my life was certainly at stake, however great or small might be the peril of the general population.

And Marusa was coming to see me. . . .

Abruptly I stood up. I had heard that dim whine heralding the elevator's approach. A section of the wall slid silently upward. In the car, which was only large enough to accommodate one passenger, Marusa stood. She wore a smart walking suit and a little green hat crushed down upon her coppery hair.

Her attitude surprised me.

She held a white handkerchief outstretched against her breast. Her glance was eloquent—urgent!

My stupidity, looking back, amazes me. Thank heaven! The meaning of her pantomime at last, and in time, dawned upon me!

Written in red, probably with lipstick, upon the cambric were these words:

ALL WE SAY IS HEARD
ALL WE DO IS SEEN

MARUSA, realizing that I had read and understood, crumpled up the handkerchief in her hand and stepped out of the elevator. The panel dropped down behind her.

We were alone.

"Your personal ideas of right and wrong are of no importance," Marusa explained.

As I bent over her, lighting a cigarette which she had taken from the packet on my tray, her blue eyes were wells of unspoken eloquence.

"It's just a question whether you prefer to survive with the few, or pass out with the many. It's really quite simple, isn't it?"

"Painfully simple."

I extinguished the match and dropped

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She held the disk up before me. "You will receive one of these very soon," she said. "I haven't time to explain it, but I can show you how it works"

Illustrated by J. R. Flanagan

it into the teacup that was before me.

"You see, the Master is a sort of Higher Power. One might as well disagree with the behavior of a volcano as disagree with Anubis."

She smiled up at me. And insane wonderment came.

MARUSA was a figure of virginal womanhood to which I should have been prepared humbly to offer all I had. That conspiracy, anarchy, assassination, could be acceptable to her as part of her creed of life I found it impossible to believe. Yet what else could I believe?

I thought of Lonergan! Not the truculent, self-sufficient Lonergan I had known, but a subdued Lonergan, servant of The Master. This was comforting. I stared eagerly, perhaps hungrily, into the charming face of my visitor. Then came a second idea. . . .

Those figures in black armor—that remorseless, soulless thing possessed of the strength of ten men which had captured me! Were *these* human?

Either the magical beliefs of the past had a firmer foundation than modern science is prepared to grant, vampires and werewolves had actual existence outside medieval fables, or I was dreaming, had dreamed since that hour when the Voice first addressed me, since the moment I had seen a giant bat alight upon the Felsenweir tomb. . . .

In blue eyes raised to mine there was none of that queer, oblique evasion, no sense of a focus beyond one, which had disturbed me in Lonergan's glance. Marusa's regard was passionately intense, as though she hoped to communicate thought to which she dared not give utterance.

I turned aside for a moment. I was trying to reject but knew myself helpless to dispel the idea that this girl was not entirely human. . . . Like other horrors I had met, she was the successful experiment of some mighty modern magician—a perfected laboratory product, a creature responsive to every whim of her creator; but having neither heart nor soul: a shell, a mockery, an allurement to drag me down. . . .

"It's so hopelessly unavoidable."

I turned to her.

Gratefully reassuring, that English schoolgirl accent. But the odd hint of foreign parentage in her intonation touched a note of unreality, deep enough to keep my doubts alive.

"Quite!" I admitted. "What in the name of heaven you're doing in this galley defeats me. But I suppose it wouldn't be sane to ask?"

"Well!" Marusa flicked ash from her cigarette. "It's only natural after all that you *should* ask. I think I told you I came here straight from school? And I sort of accepted it all. I've never known anything different. Do please realize you're not in the hands of a madman with absurd theories. It's true, it's a fact that life on the globe is going to end very shortly. Only those who know will survive. It doesn't matter whether you think it's right or wrong. The *fact* remains, doesn't it?"

"It would seem to."

"Of course, I don't expect you to understand or to believe. But very shortly you'll know what I say is true. If you think it's any use dying, nobody can prevent you, I suppose. Frankly I can't see that it would serve any purpose."

My heart turned cold. She spoke of wholesale assassination as she might have spoken of an invitation to a dance. Evidently I showed my feelings, for:

"It sounds awful to you, I realize," she confessed. "Once it would have seemed awful to me. But when it's all been explained to you, when you grasp that it's inevitable, necessary, part of the scheme of things, you won't feel like that."

She glanced aside and made a little *moue* which filled me with a mad desire to kiss her.

"I like you very much and I should hate you to die!"

"But by what right does this Anubis impose the death penalty?"

"BY RIGHT of his greater knowledge. Try to imagine what would happen if the masses got to know about their coming destruction! All the same I must admit I used to think as you do. But there's an inevitableness about the whole thing which smashes down our poor little laws. I can't expect you to understand. You see, the world is a sort of schoolroom. And just now it's overcrowded. Nobody can learn his proper lesson. A clearance is called for. The big war helped quite a lot, but we should need earthquakes and plagues and a score of big wars to put things right."

She detected my smile and returned it with a charming smile of her own.

"Do you think I'm mad?" she asked naïvely.

"No!"

I had ceased smiling and I suppose I spoke the word rather grimly.

"Are you furious with me?"

"Not at all."

"Then don't look at me like that! Because presently you'll find all your established ideas upset. I can see you don't believe me. But before judging what you have heard, at least wait a while."

"Am I allowed to ask questions?"

"No! Please don't."

She was watching me in an earnest way which served as a reminder of her warning:

All we say is heard—all we do is seen.

Her beauty, her composed manner, the modern carelessness of her speech, combined to make me forget the true facts of my situation. Moreover, I understood, or thought I understood, her place in this bloody saturnalia. And now, Marusa stood up, with a little wry smile.

"You surely don't mean you're going?"

"I'm afraid so."

"But," I said, claimed by a sudden and material curiosity, "How do you notify the mysterious elevator that you desire its presence?"

SHE laughed lightly. Her youth and gayety were amazing in that place where artificial sunlight dispelled a gloom which should have been black as that of the Pit. For surely the Thing which I knew as the Voice had arisen straight from Hell.

Another possibility regarding the girl, not quite so dreadful as the first, suddenly presented itself. I thought again of Lonergan. Might it not be that all creatures in Felsenweir, human and otherwise, were *controlled* in some way?

"It's stupidly simple!"

Marusa spoke the words in so easily natural a manner that my half-formulated theory was swept aside.

From a small handbag which she carried she took out a sort of disk, mounted in what appeared to be dull gold. It vaguely resembled a compass, but in place of a compass needle possessed a movable indicator. She held it up before me.

"You'll receive one of these," she said, "very soon . . . at least, I hope so. I haven't time to explain it now, but I can show you how it works."

She moved the indicator to a number and twisted a small knob like that of a watch. The result was that a succession of hieroglyphics appeared in a space immediately below the center of the dial. Ceasing to turn when a figure resembling the Arab letter "alif" occupied the space, she glanced at me smiling with schoolgirlish mischief.

"There!"

She replaced the disk and closed her bag. I heard the whine of a rising elevator.

"Please say you won't be obstinate! I couldn't bear it, now. . . ."

Throughout ten minutes of sunlit silence after Marusa's departure, I sat staring at that wall which masked the elevator shaft. I smoked without knowing I was smoking. I recalled every word she had said during our all-too-brief interview. By which tokens, if I had paused to consider my condition, I must have known myself in love.

So I was seated when the now familiar whine brought me sharply to my feet. The panel slid upward. The elevator appeared.

"Will you be good enough to enter, Woodville," the Voice ordered. "When you arrive at your destination, you will be directed."

Since plainly I had no alternative, I stepped into the narrow car.

Immediately it began to descend—in absolute darkness. I still had a half-smoked cigarette between my fingers when light came blindingly.

Before me I saw a vast, luxuriously furnished apartment, not resembling any place that I had hitherto seen. Despite its air of luxury it possessed a sort of simplicity. Growing roses in square stone pots were used as decorations. The walls and (*Continued on page 38*)

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Three generations of pipe smokers have said—
DILL'S BEST is America's Best

Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15¢ pocket-size tins; and can be obtained also in half pound and full pound humidor cans.

FOR eighty-one years Dill's Best has been a favorite among pipe smokers. To this day many contend that no other pipe tobacco—regardless of price—gives the fine, distinctive, natural-tobacco taste and fragrance they get from smoking Dill's Best.

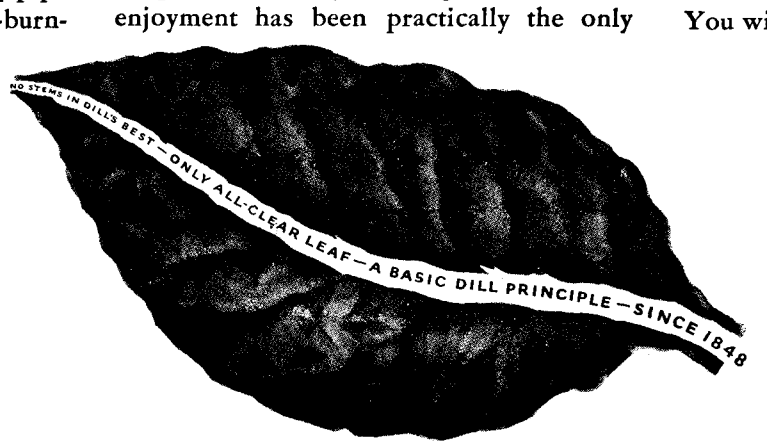
These discriminating pipe lovers smoke only the all-clear, choice leaves of the tobacco plant as they smoke Dill's Best.

In making this good, superior-quality pipe tobacco we take the harsh, bitter, fast-burning stem out of the leaf.

We do *not* then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back to cheapen the tobacco and destroy the most delicate natural flavors. All stems are taken out and *kept out.*

In no other way can you get all that the best tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance. This part of the Dill process makes the cost of manufacturing Dill's Best one-third more than ordinary pipe tobacco, since the discarded stems represent about one out of every three pounds of tobacco leaf bought from the planters.

Dill's Best has always been America's best to smokers who want honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco flavor and fragrance. Higher prices or lower prices have not tempted them away. Their genuine tobacco enjoyment has been practically the only advertising Dill's Best tobacco has had these eighty-one years.



Perhaps you who read this started smoking Dill's Best tobacco because your father or a friend recommended it. If not, you will be well repaid if you start today. We believe *you,* too, will find Dill's Best is America's best.

You will find the full natural-tobacco flavor and fragrance last as long as you smoke. You will find a clean, dust-free tobacco that doesn't clog the pipe, or "bite." Pipeful after pipeful you will smoke all the way to the bottom, and find it sweet and dry.

Dill's Best is also America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco, established in 1848 and better today than ever. You'll now find Dill's Best at almost all dealers. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢
-and a pipeful lasts longer

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NO STEMS IN DILL'S

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Established 1848

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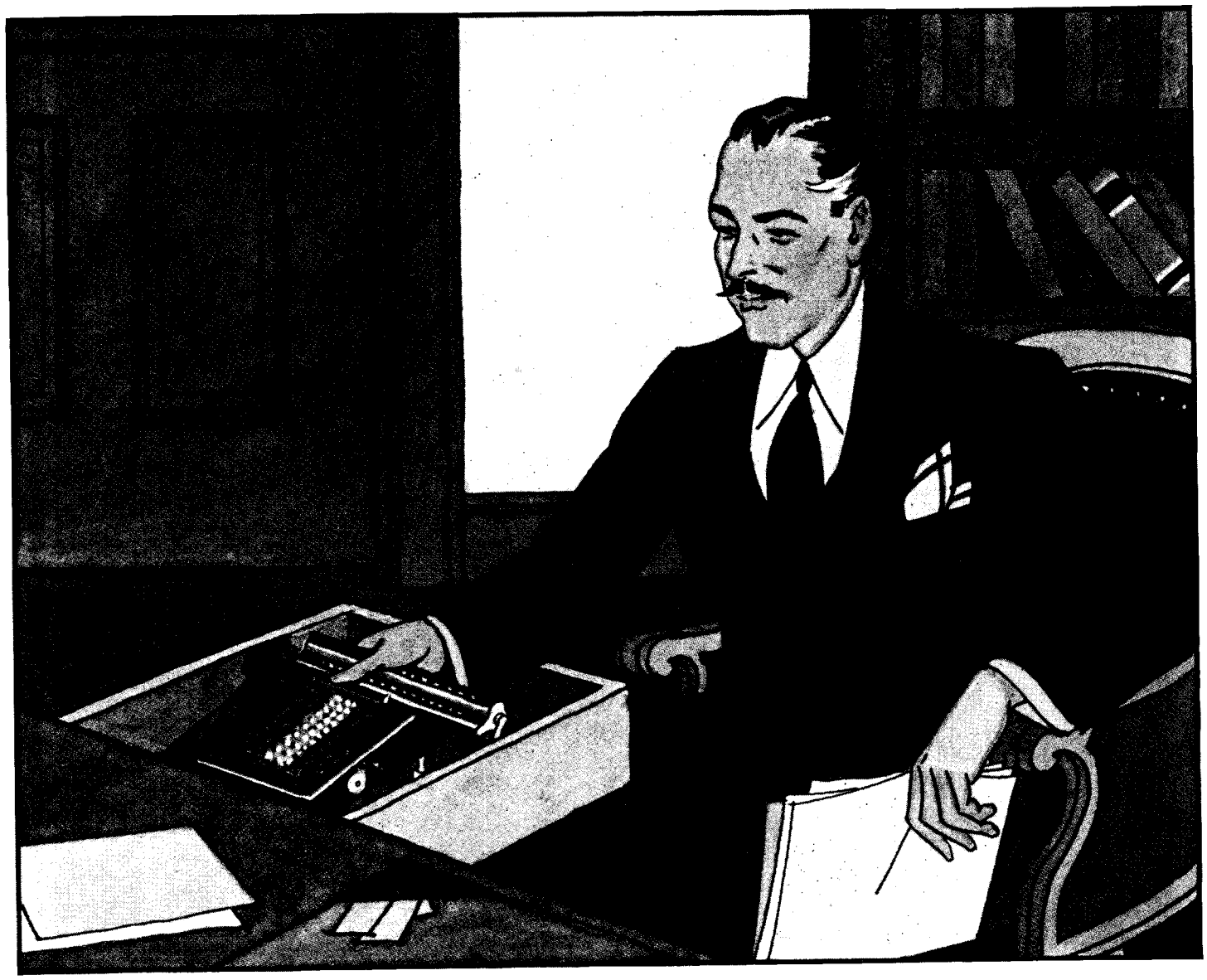

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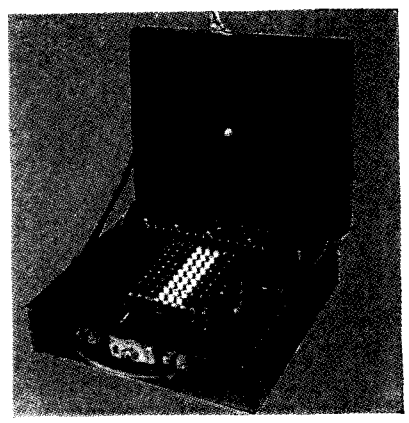

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Wanted: A Champion

By Grantland Rice

This ad has been running for some time. There's been a flock of replies—none very promising. Now comes the question: Is anyone able to wear Tunney's crown? If so, who and where is he? Here's Mr. Rice's opinion

Keystone

Jim Jeffries, whose retirement in 1904 left a situation paralleling today's

ON AUGUST 26, 1904, Mr. James J. Jeffries, then heavyweight champion of the world, polished off Jack Munro, the Butte miner, in less than two rounds. Shortly after that Jeffries decided to retire, and in the scramble that followed a Mr. Noah Brusso, better known as Tommy Burns, a Canadian, fell heir to the crown in 1906. His name is now inscribed upon the Tunney-Muldoon trophy which is awaiting the signature of the next heavyweight champion, who is supposed to pick up where Tunney left off.

After Jack Johnson had caught Tommy Burns in far-away Australia and had brought the famous crown back home there was still something of a shadow cast upon his right to the throne until the big Texas black man stopped Jeffries.

For the better part of nineteen years the heavyweight title has moved along in orderly fashion without any doubt as to its owner. After Johnson there came Willard, Dempsey and Tunney.

The cast has been All-United States since Johnson upset Tommy Burns—in spite of the fact that Tex Rickard introduced an international angle. Carpentier lasted less than four rounds, Firpo two and Heeney twelve.

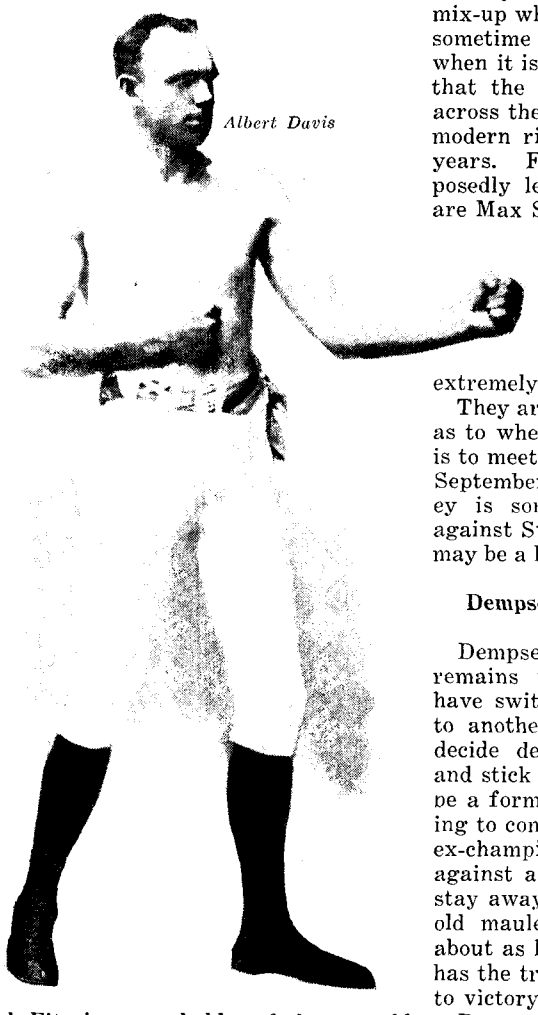
Wide World

Circumstances may bring the heavyweight crown back to our own Dempsey

But the situation has changed more than a little in the last year or so. Mr. Tunney has left behind a complicated mix-up which may or may not be settled sometime this summer or fall. And when it is settled there is a good chance that the ancient crown will be taken across the Atlantic for the first time in modern ring history, dating back fifty years. For the three survivors supposedly left in the heavyweight chase are Max Schmeling, a German; Paulino Uzcudun, a Spaniard, and Jack Sharkey, the Boston gob.

It so happens that Herr Schmeling has an extremely tough and hard right fist and that Señor Uzcudun has an extremely tough and hard chin.

They are supposed to settle the debate as to whether a German or a Spaniard is to meet our Mr. Sharkey sometime in September. And unless our Mr. Sharkey is somewhat better than he was against Stribling at Miami Beach there may be a hurried call for Jack Dempsey.



Albert Davis

Bob Fitzsimmons, holder of three world championships between 1899 and 1907

Dempsey—the Unknown Quantity

Dempsey's place in the final picture remains uncertain because his plans have switched so often from one week to another. In case he should finally decide definitely to reënter the ring, and stick to this decision, he would only be a formidable rival for someone willing to come to him and mix it up. The ex-champion would have little chance against a fast, shifty boxer who could stay away long enough to choke off the old mauler's steam. He can still hit about as hard as ever, but he no longer has the transportation that carried him to victory at Toledo.

Dempsey has been declared in and out of the heavyweight situation so often that most of the fight fans have gone dizzy trying to figure just what his future will be.

It seems a trifle out of place to have two foreigners battling for the challenger's job with so many hundreds of home-bred heavyweights hanging around, or hanging on; but that is the way it has worked out after many eliminations.

Earlier in the campaign the general opinion was that Schmeling, the German, would be the most dangerous entry in the race, provided he could learn enough to get past Sharkey's skill in defense. But it might be suggested that one Paulino Uzcudun is no cream puff. Since invading these shores two years ago he has hung his jaw out as a target for Risko, Godfrey, Heeney, Wills, Renault, Von Porat, Delaney and a number of others—and no one has even jarred it.

Some time ago the good señor consented to have a motion picture made of himself. At his own suggestion he permitted three or four strong men to nail him in the jaw and slam him in the stomach. They hit him hard enough to stop most of the heavyweights now in the game without chasing away his smile.

There is nothing fancy about this Basque axman, sometimes known as the Lion of the Pyrénées. He is tougher than a mixture of rawhide and steel. He can take it anywhere. They have hit him often enough to sink a battle fleet, but no one yet has come even close to dropping him for a count, much less knocking him out. He has a way of walking in, stalking his prey, with hands and arms partially protecting his features. He keeps on walking in and taking it until the other party gets either discouraged or worn out tapping at his head or body.

He isn't a dancer and he isn't a wrestler. For that matter he isn't much of a boxer, but he is dead game and deadly in earnest, and his opponent either has to mix it or back away.

Schmeling has a right hand that carries more than its normal share of destruction. He was the only one who could stop or drop Johnny Risko, who exposed his rubber jaw and rubber stomach to the punches of Gene Tunney, Heeney, Paulino, Sharkey, Delaney, Stribling and most of the others.

Schmeling can hit harder with his right than any heavyweight now in the trade. But he has yet to prove that he can take the pummeling Paulino can absorb. It should be an interesting moment when Schmeling's right fist collides with Paulino's iron chin. There are many who believe that when this happens Paulino will listen to the music of the singing birds while the referee is chanting the somber dirge that ends with Ten. There are others who believe that even Schmeling will grow weary of rapping his right hand against such a set of fortifications and that he will get discouraged before the show is over.

It's Still in the Balance

If Schmeling can stop Paulino he ought to be good enough to stop any other heavyweight hanging around the reservation. For in that case he will have proved that flesh and bone can dent iron, which may turn out to be a valuable scientific discovery. Just what will happen to the discarded coronet of pugilism is still a matter of doubt. It all depends upon how Schmeling and Paulino perform, how the winner looks against Sharkey and what Jack Dempsey may offer.

If the Paulino-Schmeling contest is a non-decisive, unexciting party the result will remove no little steam from the Sharkey engagement later on. The German and the Spaniard are much more aggressive than most of the American heavyweights. But one of them still has to prove his case before the jury. If, later on, the meeting between Sharkey and the survivor is another hey-diddle-diddle, ring-around-the-rosey to a close decision it is hardly possible that any commission will label the ultimate winner a world's champion.

Someone ought to be made to earn a title worth a million or so dollars by actually showing a certain amount of skill, speed, punching power and ability to take what's coming. If there is no heavyweight around with any such combination at hand, or if there is no heavyweight around who is willing to take a few chances, the only move left is to put the old crown back in moth balls for a year or two. It is only a matter of time before some real champion will blow in, if none of the three main headliners now left are able to prove their class. In that case there will undoubtedly be a loud outcry for Dempsey's return just as there was for the reappearance of Jeffries.

There is now an open road ahead for someone who can fight a little, provided his ambition doesn't lean too strongly in the direction of a song-and-dance act.

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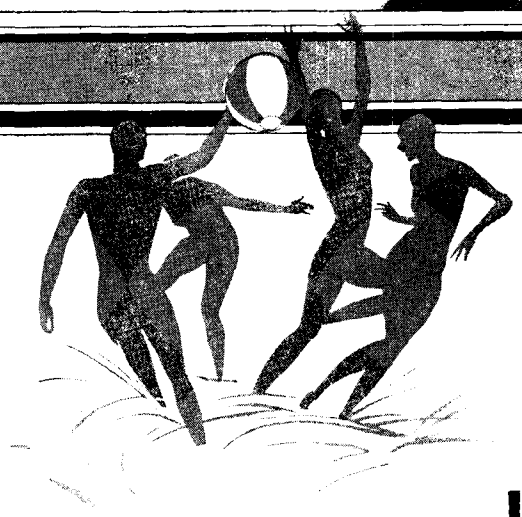

Spaldin

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When there's so little..
it must be right!

If you are the kind of girl who covers a hundred yards of heaving surf while the others are getting their feet wet . . .

If you are the kind of fellow who likes to crash through the breakers out where the bottom is far from the top . . .

Then you'll want a swimming suit that is the merest wisp of garment — a matter of ounces and inches. But remember this — where there's so little, that little simply *must* be right. And if it's a Spalding Swimming Suit, you can be sure that it *is* right.

For there is woven into each Spalding suit all that Spalding has learned in 53 years of fitting the human body at play. Into every stitch—every fractional inch of fabric and every curve of cut, goes Spalding's intimate know-how of things athletic.

Every Spalding suit is a livelier suit because it is made of a superior wool, and knit with special spring needles. It's a suit that yields more eagerly when muscles coil for a dive or when arms and legs are weaving. A suit that gives you four more inches of stretch—but always springs back into shape, with never a sag or wrinkle. A suit that follows every swing and thrust of a swimmer's body like the swimmer's skin itself.

Here's a suit that clothes you snugly, yet without binding, with an easy freedom that is kind even to sunburn. It's a suit that lets you forget you are wearing one. That's how a Spalding is knit—that's how a Spalding is cut—and that's how a Spalding feels!

And because Spalding has specialized for years in every type of athletic garb from polo to aviation, Spalding Swimming Suits have true athletic smartness. Their new figure—revealing designs and their authentic outdoor touch will make you look your best.

Never scant or skimpy — but styled with a touch of tomorrow. New narrow shoulder straps that never curl or twist — new shorter trunks that stay even with the skirt without hitching — new freedom of cut for neck and arms — the latest colors. Free from lumpy seams—trim . . . svelte . . . smart . . . knit of lively wool — the best that can be used in a swimming suit — making a suit that holds its shape and color, season after season.

When as little as $5 or $6 will buy a Spalding suit like this — there's no need to risk the disappointment that is likely to come from a cheap bathing suit. So go to the nearest Spalding store or dealer and buy the Spalding suit you like best. If you can't find a Spalding Dealer in your town, write to A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau Street, New York City, for a free folder of the 1929 styles.

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$6.00

THE LIDO
$6.50

THE SEA SPRITE
$5.50

THE SPEEDSTER
$6.00

THE DEB
$5.00

5 *Swimming Suits*

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Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The flying figure of Pilbeam came into view, taking the steps four at a time. He was plainly in a hurry

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, live Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig; his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent; and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl.

Ronnie, with the aid of Beach, the butler, steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his trustee's gratitude and a share of his own capital. P. Frobisher Pilbeam, detective, is summoned.

Due to a misunderstanding in which Pilbeam is involved, Ronnie breaks his engagement with Sue. She comes to Blandings to see him, masquerading as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl whom Ronnie's mother had invited to Blandings.

Hugo and Millicent discover the Empress and hide her in a more secure place. The Efficient Baxter, Lady Constance's guest at Blandings, tells Lord Emsworth he saw Beach feeding the Empress in the cottage, but they fail to find her there.

Galahad puts in the Reminiscences he plans to publish soon a story about Sir Gregory Parsloe, who offers Pilbeam £500 to steal the manuscript and invites the family to dinner to give him a clear field.

Baxter receives a telegram for Lady Constance from the real Miss Schoonmaker. He goes to Sue's room to recover a letter he had written her about Lord Emsworth. He sees Sue on the balcony and hides under the bed. Ronnie appears and he and Sue make up their differences.

At Sir Gregory's Millicent tells Lord Emsworth Hugo has found the Empress and gains his approval of their engagement.

Conclusion

FROM the moment when it left the door of Matchingham Hall and started on its journey back to Blandings Castle, a silence as of the tomb had reigned in the Antelope car which was bringing Lord Emsworth, his sister, Lady Constance Keeble, and his brother, the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, home from their interrupted dinner party. Not so much as a syllable proceeded from one of them.

The explanation, like all explanations, is simple. It is supplied by that one word Antelope.

OWING to the fact that some trifling internal ailment had removed from the active list the Hispano-Suiza in which Blandings Castle usually went out to dinner, Voules, the chauffeur, had had to fall back upon this secondary and inferior car; and anybody who has ever owned an Antelope is aware that there is no glass partition inside it, shutting off the driver from the cash customers. He is right there in their midst, ready and eager to hear everything that is said and to hand it on in due course to the Servants' Hall.

In these circumstances, though the choice seemed one between speech and spontaneous combustion, the little company kept their thoughts to themselves. They suffered, but they did it. It would be difficult to find a better illustration of all that is implied in the fine old phrase *noblesse oblige*. At Lady Constance we point with particular pride. She was a woman, and silence weighed hardest on her.

There were times during the drive when even the sight of Voule's large, red ears, all pricked up to learn the reason for this sudden and sensational return, was scarcely sufficient to restrain Lady Constance Keeble from telling her brother Clarence just what she thought of him. From boyhood up, he had not once come near to being her ideal man; but never had he sunk so low in her estimation as at the moment when she heard him giving his consent to the union of her niece Millicent with a young man, who, besides being penniless, had always afflicted her with a nervous complaint for which she could find no name, but which is known to scientists as the heeby-jeebies.

NOR had he reëstablished himself in any way by his outspoken remarks on the subject of the Efficient Baxter. He had said things about Baxter which no admirer of that energetic man could forgive. The adjectives mad, crazy, insane, gibbering—and, worse, potty—had played in and out of his conversation like flashes of lightning. And from the look in his eye she gathered that he was still saying them all over again to himself.

The ninth Earl of Emsworth was not a man who was easily disturbed. His was a calm which, as a rule, only his younger son Frederick could shatter. But it was not proof against the sort of thing that had been going on today. No matter how placid you may be, if you find yourself in close juxtaposition with a man who, when he is not hurling himself out of windows, is stealing pigs and trying to make you believe they were stolen by your butler, you begin to think a bit. Lord Emsworth was thoroughly upset. As the car bowled up the drive, he was saying to himself that nothing could surprise him now.

And yet something did. As the car turned the corner by the rhododendrons and wheeled into the broad strip of gravel that faced the front door, he beheld a sight which brought the first sound he had uttered since the journey began bursting from his lips.

"Good God!"

The words were spoken in a high, penetrating tenor and they made Lady Constance jump as if they had been pins running into her. This unexpected breaking of the great silence was agony to her taut nerves.

"What *is* the matter?"

"Matter? Look! Look at that fellow!"

Voules took it upon himself to explain.

"A man is climbing the waterspout, m'lady."

"What! Where? I don't see him."

"He has just got into the balcony outside one of the bedrooms," said the Hon. Galahad.

Lord Emsworth went straight to the heart of the matter.

"It's that fellow Baxter!" he exclaimed.

He reasoned closely. There were, he knew, on the premises of Blandings Castle other male adults beside Rupert Baxter; but none of these would climb up waterspouts and disappear over balconies. To Baxter, on the other hand, such a pursuit would seem the normal, ordinary way of passing an evening. It would be his idea of wholesome relaxation. Soon no (*Continued on page 35*)

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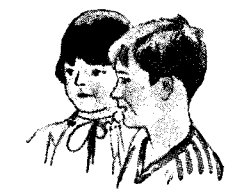
Brownies

the world's most popular cameras . . . now come in five attractive colors

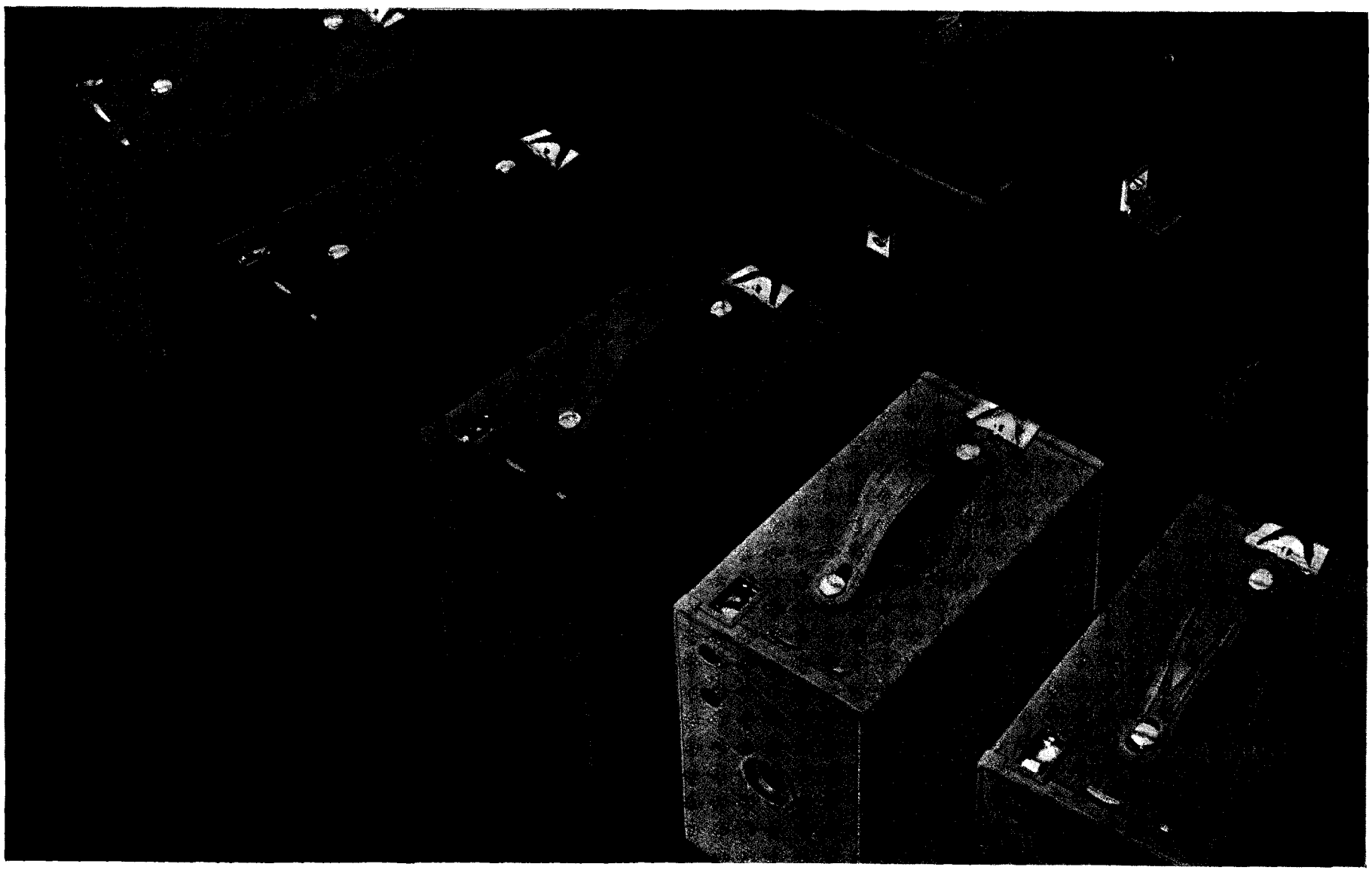


AND now the Brownie—maker of good snapshots for millions the world over—is wearing Joseph's coat.

So save up your best "Ohs" and "Ahs" of admiration. Save them for the moment when you first see these little soldiers of photography in their brilliant new uniforms. Have your appreciation all ready to stand at attention when the Kodak dealer shows you the lovely leather cases supplied to match each color.

From the smallest children to the biggest grown-ups every one capitulates to the new Brownies—they are so good to look at, so smooth and pleasant to the touch, so light and strong and compact, and such efficient picture-makers. There are five colors—each in the most approved shade. The Brownies are Models 2 and 2A, making pictures 2¼ x 3¼ and 2½ x 4¼ respectively. Put down on your list of things to be done today or tomorrow—"See the colored Brownies." Priced as low as $3. Smart cases, including handy shoulder strap, at small extra cost.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.



RED . . *A marvelous shade of it. Never will you have to ask, "Look at the camera, please." A veritable magnet for approving eyes.*

BLUE . . *What color could be more fitting for an outdoor, under-the-clear-sky companion like the Brownie?*

GREEN . . *Part and parcel of summer verdure, the grass of lawn and fairway, the foliage of wooded hills.*

GRAY . . *A warm, friendly tone reminiscent of the first sky-tints of a July dawn. A gray that makes itself agreeable to neighbors of any color.*

BROWN . . *Achieved by cleverly mixing together the deeper tints of the hazelnut with the tan of well-bronzed complexions.*

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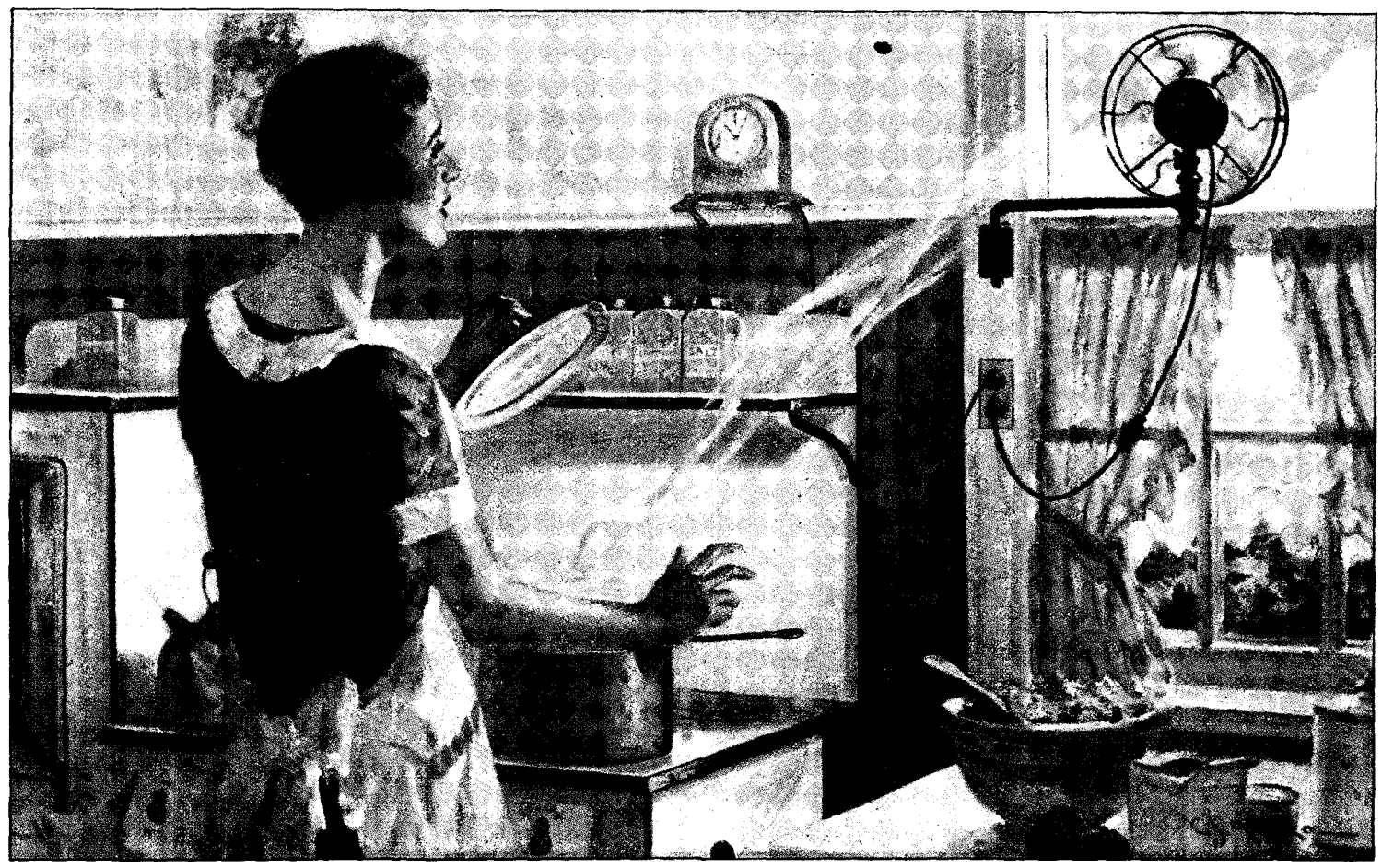

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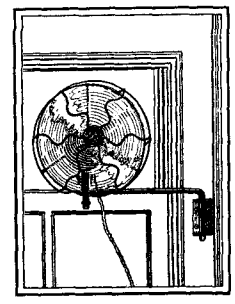

The sign of a G.E. Fan Dealer

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doubt, he would come out onto the balcony again and throw himself to the ground. That was the sort of fellow Baxter was—a man of strange pleasures.

And so, going, as we say, straight to the heart of the matter, Lord Emsworth, jerking the pince-nez off his face in his emotion, exclaimed:

"It's that fellow Baxter!"

The car had drawn up now outside the front door. The front door was open, as always of a summer evening, and the ninth Earl, accompanied by his brother Galahad, hurried up the steps and entered the hall. And, as they did so, there came to their ears the sound of running feet. The next moment, the flying figure of Percy Pilbeam came into view, taking the stairs four at a time.

"God bless my soul!" said Lord Emsworth.

If Pilbeam heard the words or saw the speaker, he gave no sign of having done so. He was plainly in a hurry. He shot through the hall and more like a startled gazelle than a private inquiry agent, vanished down the steps. The next instant, there descended the stairs and flitted past with equal speed the form of Ronnie Fish.

LORD EMSWORTH got an entirely wrong conception of the affair. He had no means of knowing what had taken place in the Garden Room when Pilbeam, inspired by alcohol and flushed with the thought that now was the time to get into that apartment and possess himself of the manuscript of the Hon. Galahad's Reminiscences, had climbed the waterspout to put the plan into operation. He knew nothing of the detective's sharp dismay at finding himself unexpectedly confronted with the menacing form of Ronnie Fish. He was ignorant of the lively and promising mix-up which had been concluded by Pilbeam's tempestuous dash for life. All he saw was two men fleeing madly for the open spaces, and he placed the obvious interpretation upon this phenomenon.

Baxter, he assumed, had run amuck and had done it with such uncompromising thoroughness that strong men ran panic-stricken before him.

Mild though the ninth earl was by nature, a lover of rural peace and the quiet life, he had, like all Britain's aristocracy, the right stuff in him. It so chanced that during the years when he had held his commission in the Shropshire Yeomanry the motherland had not called to him to save her. But, had that call been made, Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, would have answered it with as prompt a "Bless my soul! Of course. Certainly!" as any of his Crusader ancestors. And in his sixtieth year the ancient fire still lingered. The Hon. Galahad, who had returned to watch the procession through the front door with a surprised monocle, turned back and found that he was alone. Lord Emsworth had disappeared. He now beheld him coming back again. On his amiable face was a look of determination. In his hand was a gun.

"Eh? What?" said the Hon. Galahad, blinking.

The head of the family did not reply. He was moving towards the stairs. In just the same silent, purposeful way had an Emsworth advanced on the foe at Agincourt.

A sound as of disturbed hens made the Hon. Galahad turn again.

"Galahad! What is all this? What is happening?"

The Hon. Galahad placed his sister in possession of the facts as known to himself.

"Clarence has just gone upstairs with a gun."

"With a gun!"

"Yes. Looked like mine, too. I hope he takes care of it." He perceived that Lady Constance had also been seized with the urge to climb. She was making excellent time up the broad staircase. So nimbly did she move that she was on the second landing before he came up with her.

And, as they stood there, a voice made itself heard from a room down the corridor.

"Baxter! Come out! Come out, Baxter, my dear fellow, immediately."

IN THE race for the room from which the words had appeared to proceed, Lady Constance, getting off to a good start, beat her brother by a matter of two lengths. She was thus the first to see a sight unusual even at Blandings Castle, though strange things had happened there from time to time.

Her young guest, Miss Schoonmaker, was standing by the window, looking excited and alarmed. Her brother Clarence, pointing a gun expertly from the hip, was staring fixedly at the bed. And from under the bed, a little like a tortoise protruding from its shell, there was coming into view the spectacled head of the Efficient Baxter.

A man who has been lying under a bed for a matter of thirty minutes, and, while there, has been compelled to listen to the sort of dialogue which accompanies a lovers' reconciliation, seldom appears at his best or feels his brightest. There was fluff in Baxter's hair, dust on his clothes, and on Baxter's face a scowl of concentrated hatred of all humanity.

Lord Emsworth, prepared for something pretty wild-looking, found his expectations exceeded. He tightened his grasp on the gun, and to insure a more accurate aim raised the butt of it to his shoulder, closing one eye and allowing the other to gleam along the barrel.

"I have you covered, my dear fellow," he said mildly.

Rupert Baxter had not yet begun to stick straws in his hair, but he seemed on the verge of that final piece of self-expression.

"Don't point that damned thing at me!"

"I shall point it at you," replied Lord Emsworth with spirit. He was not a man to be dictated to in his own house. "And at the slightest sign of violence. . . ."

"Clarence!" It was Lady Constance who spoke. "Put that gun down."

"Certainly not."

"Clarence!"

"Oh, all right."

"And now, Mr. Baxter," said Lady Constance, proceeding to dominate the scene in her masterly way, "I am sure you can explain."

Baxter did not speak. His silence gave Lord Emsworth the opportunity of advancing his own views.

"Explain?" He spoke petulantly, for he resented the way in which his sister had thrust him from the center of the stage. "What on earth is there to explain? The thing's obvious."

"Can't say I've quite got to the bottom of it," murmured the Hon. Galahad. "Fellow under bed. Why? Why under bed? Why here at all?"

Lord Emsworth hesitated. He was a kind-hearted man, and he felt that what he had to say would be better said in Baxter's absence. However, there seemed no way out of it, so he proceeded.

"My dear Galahad, think!"

"Eh?"

"That flower-pot affair. You remember."

"Oh!" Understanding shone in the Hon. Galahad's monocle. "You mean . . . ?"

"Exactly."

"Yes, yes. Of course. Subject to these attacks, you mean?"

"Precisely."

"Clarence!" exclaimed Lady Constance.

"My dear?"

"Kindly stop talking in that offensive way."

"You know yourself he isn't right in the head. Didn't he throw flower-pots at me? Didn't he leap out of a window this very afternoon? Didn't he try to make me think that Beach—"

BAXTER interrupted. There were certain matters on which he considered silence best, but this was one on which he could speak freely.

"Lord Emsworth!"

"Eh?"

"It has now come to my knowledge that Beach was not the prime mover in the theft of your pig. But I have ascertained that he was an accessory."

"A what?"

"He helped," said Baxter, grinding his teeth a little. "The man who committed the actual theft was your nephew, Ronald."

Lord Emsworth turned to his sister with a triumphant gesture, like one who has been vindicated.

"There! Now perhaps you'll say he's not potty? It won't do, Baxter, my dear fellow," he (*Continued on page 53*)

"Come out, Baxter, my dear fellow, come out immediately!" Clarence pointed a gun expertly from the hip

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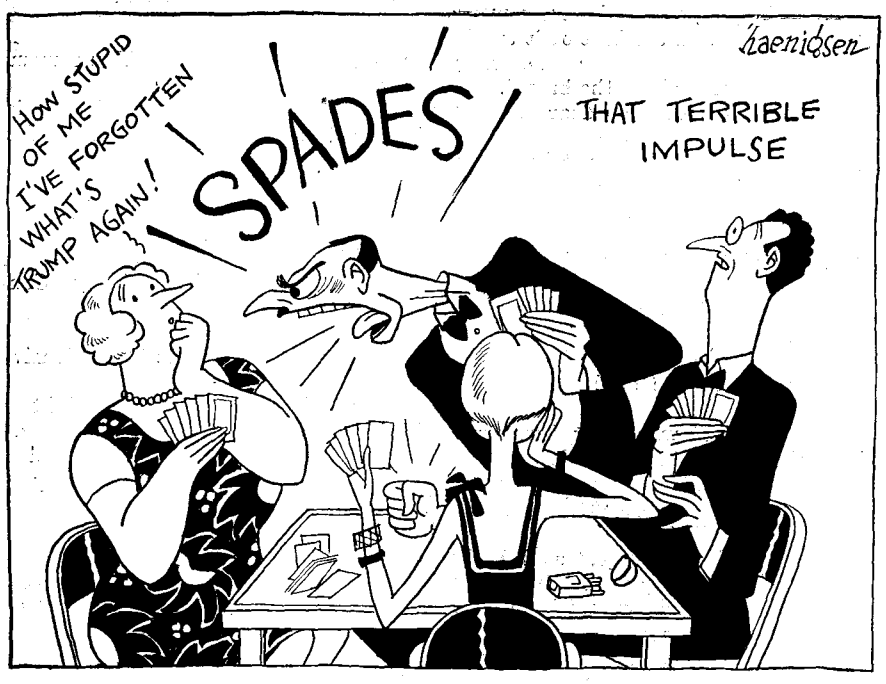

How would You play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North	*East*
♠ 9-7-6	♠ 10-2
♡ 3	♡ 8-6-5-4
◇ 10-7-6-5	◇ A-K-Q-2
♣ Q-10-9-7-6	♣ 8-4-3
South	*West*
♠ 8-4	♠ A-K-Q-J-5-3
♡ K-Q-J-10-9-7	♡ A-2
◇ J-9-8-4	◇ 3
♣ J	♣ A-K-5-2

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction bidding would be: South one Heart, West one Spade, North pass, East two Diamonds, South pass, West two Spades.

The Contract bidding would border on the sensational. The chances are that South would pass in Contract; but no matter what he did, West would bid four Spades. While making the contract is not positively assured, four-odd seems probable even should East's strength be less than enough to justify a raise if West should bid three.

After West's four Spades, East with one trick would pass, but with two tricks should try for a slam by jumping the Spades to five, or by bidding five Diamonds to show his Ace. The latter is better because more informatory.

It must be conceded that it would be conservative for West to pass, but most red-blooded Wests in such cases would take a chance and bid six Spades.

The Play

Whether played at two Spades in Auction Bridge or six Spades in Contract, there would be no difference in the way the hand would work out. North's opening lead would be his singleton Heart. If South had bid one Heart this lead would be obvious, but even if South had passed, the singleton opening would be a sound gamble.

After winning the first trick, Declarer can see that a small slam is assured and a grand slam possible if a squeeze can be worked. Consequently the Declarer does not stop leading trumps as soon as the adverse trumps are exhausted, but continues them for six rounds, knowing that as Dummy readily can part with three Hearts and a Club, discarding from that hand will be easy, but that forced discards may be embarrassing to the adversaries. Both North and South when discarding will appreciate that West must have at least one Diamond. Without a Diamond he would have used East's Ten of Spades as an entry to lead Diamonds and give himself three discards, so both adversaries will wish to keep Diamonds guarded.

On the third Spade, South will discard his King of Hearts to show command of the suit. On the fourth Spade, North can discard one Club safely and South then will be embarrassed; he can part with more Hearts, but that may induce North to unguard Clubs, thinking that South has them stopped. So South discards his Jack of Clubs, figuring that as it is not his first discard North will not take it as a strength signal. After that, North, reading that South is keeping four Diamonds (with only three he would have discarded one), discards two Diamonds and South discards two Hearts. If North had kept his four Diamonds and discarded three Clubs, West's Clubs would all have been winners. After trick 7, North has four Clubs and two Diamonds, South four Diamonds and two Hearts. Declarer, having squeezed the Diamond stopper from North, now turns his attention to South and leads the Ace and King of Clubs to tricks 8 and 9. North of course follows suit; but South, while he can meet the emergency on the first of these tricks by discarding another Heart, is thoroughly squeezed by the lead of the second Club. Should he discard a Diamond, East's Diamonds all will be good; should he choose a Heart, the Deuce—which he can mark as being in the West hand because North would have discarded it if he had had it—will be a thirteener. It matters not which horn of the dilemma he selects to be impaled upon; the Declarer makes his grand slam due to the aid of the double squeeze, each adversary being squeezed in turn.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-K-5-2	S. 7
H. 10-4-3	H. J-9-7-5-2
D. 10-3	D. 8-7-5-2
C. J-10-6-4	C. A-7-3
South	*West*
S. J-9-4-3	S. Q-10-8-6
H. A-Q	H. K-8-6
D. A-Q-J-9	D. K-6-4
C. K-Q-9	C. 8-5-2

The Price of Prestige

Continued from page 15

she is making good. They are among the most charming couples to be met on Long Island. Their grown-up children are equally charming, the sons being particularly hard-working young men who never get into scrapes.

Others I know, of whom the best that can be said is that they would never grace any grade of society; and the worst that can be said is that they menace the society in which they get a chance to move. Take the case of a notorious woman inveigling a man of family to divorce the helpmeet of years, marrying him, then stalking through life with everything to command, including a box at the opera and having the audacity to act as chaperone to sub-debs.

Or consider an adventurer with little to recommend him but a handsome physique, skill at dancing, and a third-rate reputation as a school athlete. His father was a small store-keeper in the West, which is nothing against the man excepting that he disgraced honest parentage. He married into a good family, rich, of course, and treats his wife with such flagrant shamelessness that he could be named co-respondent in half a dozen divorce cases—and probably will before he's through. Yet a creature like that can go everywhere and be received by nearly everybody because of the beautiful wife he is constantly betraying.

The European Way

In European society that could not be—for long. The societies of European capitals do not tolerate men or women of notoriously loose character. In London when a man is known as a "cad" or a "bounder," he's ostracized and wisely departs for some outpost in the colonies. And the woman who, by accident, might get into society with a shady past and a poor equipment of current morals, would quickly find it more comfortable to retire than to face the icy walls of exclusion.

American society is too much a parade. As Irvin Cobb put it, we have no more privacy than a goldfish—and often much less. Woman in society—much more than the man—is parsed and analyzed and criticized, so that wherever she goes or whatever she does, her ears burn.

Appear in unusual shoes or hat—it is immediately made known. Wear a different wave in the hair or a novel lipstick—that, too, is heralded. At first, there is something pleasant in this attention. Afterwards it palls, and after that it becomes persecution.

In the social glare one becomes accustomed to the penalties, but never reconciled to them. You see the tragedy of fruitless lives—women who run hither and yon, headloose, after every passing excitement, pursued by or pursuing men. You observe that almost every large party—a wedding reception, a coming-out dance—is a clearing-house of gossip, tattlers convey tales everywhere, and it is not unheard of for the social spies of the press to pick up and sell tips on impending love, marriage and divorce.

The mere routine of social excitement is like a habit-forming drug. You get through a week or two of intensive gayeties—dinners, bridges, teas, dances, theater-parties, suppers—yearning at every dawn for surcease, for at least the clock-around, to yourself, alone. A brief interval of rest comes when you have a night off, and what do you do? The fever is in your blood so much that unless the doctor positively orders you to stay in, or your husband humanely knocks you unconscious, you wonder what your friends are doing and where they are going. Then you telephone and in an hour or two the whirl begins all over again, without respite.

Season after season and year after year, the pace takes its toll. Débutantes and young matrons can go the pace to dawn after dawn without any perceptible impairment of their looks or stamina—but some day the inevitable crack comes and they are wrecks unless they heed the first warnings of disaster and recuperate their strength.

That is where, I think, the weak have an advantage over the strong. The strong drive themselves to the limit of endurance, to the verge and even beyond the verge of collapse. The weak take warning because warning comes to them and frightens them. That explains why many seemingly delicate women survive a lifetime of social ordeals and many seemingly robust women suddenly succumb.

The secret of one well-known social leader's apparently inexhaustible strength is that she punctuates the New York, Newport and Florida seasons with retreats to primitive country. There she leads an utterly simple life of early to bed and early to rise. She has no servants, actually cooks for her small family, and returns to the social front mentally and physically refreshed.

That is one sensible way to escape, or at least to postpone the penalties of social leadership in its demands upon health and strength.

Other penalties are inescapable. You cannot avoid being a target for envy and malicious gossip mathematically proportioned to your social success; you cannot escape disappointing as many persons as you satisfy in their various demands upon your time and money; you cannot avoid at some time or other dropping the mask you must assume before those you constitutionally dislike and leaving yourself open to counter-attack and the charge that you are a snob. But while your claims to smartness may be ridiculed and your degree of culture mocked, if your character is really decent, your friends will loyally protect you and your enemies can do you no harm.

The Secret of Contentment

Society, some American cynic remarked, is a stamping-ground for snobs who expand from their four hundreds to their four thousands and finally produce social revolution. There is some truth in this. Aristocrats to the manner born or accidentally evolved may breed revolution; but revolution, in turn, breeds other aristocrats. But in all the mutations of society two things truly count—blood and brains. The person of family and the person of talent can be received anywhere. Money can storm and win the heights. It does. But its victory is merely one of satisfied vanity, while those who belong to society by birth or artistic achievement have the greater satisfaction of superior credentials to recognition; and if they live decent lives their position is impregnable.

Society is necessary in our competitive scheme of existence which makes it impossible to escape the human appetite for distinction. But brilliant social success avails nothing when our personal accounts are finally balanced. The measure of real contentment is a sane and decent life.

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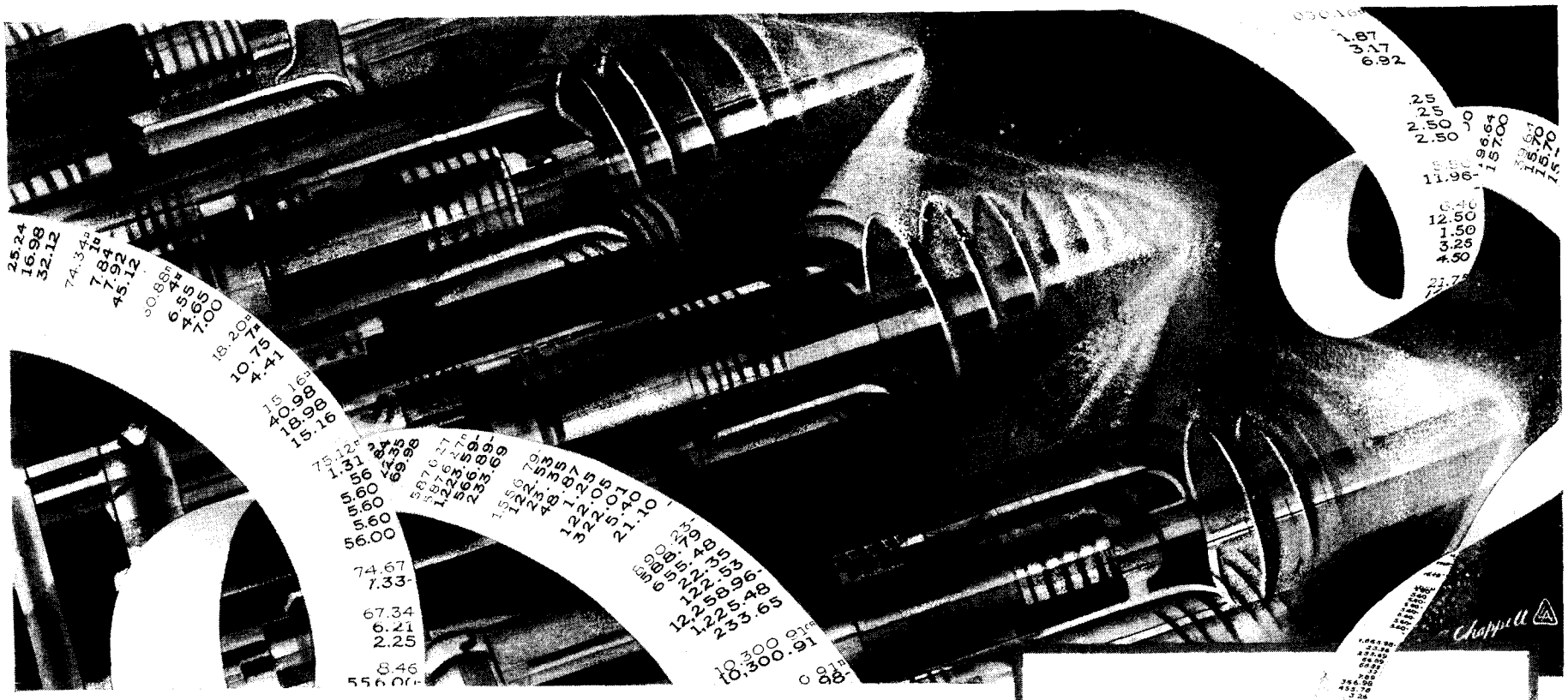

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WITH this machine at your right hand, you can bore into a mass of figures and get the required totals faster than you ever believed it possible. The time it saves . . . its smooth, effortless operation . . . its dependable accuracy—make the Sundstrand the one logical machine for every problem in addition, subtraction or multiplication.

Take a minute to look at the keyboard pictured in the close-up above the coupon. Note that there are only ten numeral keys. They are purposely arranged to be covered with the fingers of one hand, and their location is easily learned. The natural touch operation which results, quickly leads to speed. On this keyboard there is not a bit of wasted motion. A few practice sessions make any operator proficient.

Automatic column selection is a notable Sundstrand feature that increases both speed and accuracy. This improvement enables you to record all numbers without watching to see if the dollars and cents are in the proper vertical columns. You merely touch the keys in the order that you would write the figures with a pencil, and the machine places them in the correct columns.

Not until you see this remarkable machine can you begin to appreciate its possibilities. It subtracts directly without any intermediate steps. It multiplies by converting the problem into an easy series of additions. It furnishes a true credit balance with clear printed proof, whether credits exceed debits, or if you subtract a larger number from a smaller. In every sense of the word the Sundstrand is lightning-fast—the culmination of years of intense study. Machines are priced as low as $100, and their speed and accuracy quickly return the investment. Let us send you detailed information. Use the coupon below.

IMPORTANT—***Only on the Sundstrand will you find all of these time-saving features***

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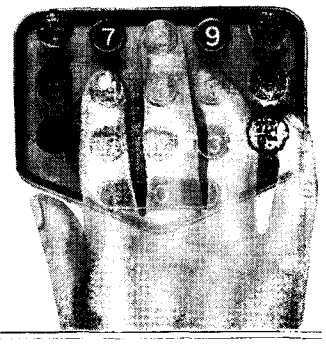

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Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns

Woof! Woof!

SOME Tuesday evening while you are sitting back in the old armchair with your legs propped up, listening to the radio, don't be alarmed if your pet pooch suddenly bristles up and growls at the loud-speaker. The chances are that you may be tuned in to one of the stations that radiate Harry Reser's *Cliquot Eskimos*. The bark out of the loud-speaker and the accompanying sleigh bells constitute the opening theme of the "Eskimos' Hour" and it is one of the oldest regular aerial trademarks on the air.

For some time Harry sought a trained dog with a resonant bark and a cooperative spirit that would actuate his vocal chords in tempo with opening strains of the banjo-featured orchestra. A dog with such an esthetic canine soul apparently does not exist, so Harry had to improvise that which Nature failed to provide.

The next time you hear him, try to visualize smiling Harry, clad in heavy furs, holding a queer-looking tin bucket in one hand, and yanking on a cord with the other. That is how the bark which disturbs your Fido is produced. The bucket has a sheepskin head like a drum, but from its center dangles a well-resined string. A piece of canvas held around the string and yanked vigorously makes the noise that second-story men hate to hear.

It is Still Miraculous

"No familiarity with the subject removes the feeling of vague wonder with which one sees a telegraphic instrument, merely connected with a length of 150 feet of copper wire run up the side of a flagstaff, begin to draw its message out of space and print down in dot and dash on the paper tape the intelligence ferried across thirty miles of water by the mysterious ether."

These words were uttered by Sir Ambrose Fleming in 1899 after he had witnessed a demonstration by Marconi of communication between Wimereaux, in France, and Dover, England. Three years later, Marconi succeeded in telegraphing across the Atlantic, largely because of the work done by Fleming after that first demonstration.

Now, thirty years later, we steer our ships on the seas and in the air; we entertain millions in their homes; we give voice to the moving picture, and we are about to extend man's vision around the world by the instrumentalities that have been developed out of Marconi's first successful demonstration. Somehow familiarity has dulled our appreciation, but the true scientist is as much amazed today at the results attained as was Dr. Fleming in 1899.

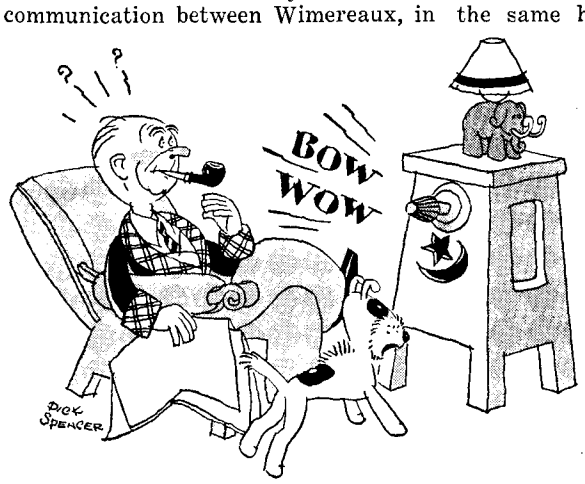
'Twas All Right with Music

For the past two years radio fans in Great Britain have bought a vast quantity of portable radio receivers. They take them everywhere they go—especially in summer when Sunday picnics and week-night "neckings" are the vogue. In fact they have become so universal that it is unkindly suggested in some quarters over there that the things are "a blooming nuisance."

Be that as it may, it looks as though the broadcasting authorities in Britain (which means the government) are beginning to think so too, because they have just announced that a series of debates, each lasting one hour, will feature the summer programs in addition to the regular line of "gab" that already dominates British programs. Can you picture a fellow and his girl contentedly "necking" in some nice country lane to the accompaniment of a discourse on Tariff Reform? The portable radio set appears doomed.

Who Will Be the First?

Should you wander into the editorial offices of a newspaper, you might by chance hear someone ring out an order: "Use this with the standing head." It means the particular story referred to comes in the routine class for which the same heading is used practically every day. I am explaining this because, if you watch the weekly newspaper radio sections, you will undoubtedly run across this headline: "Stations Deviating from Assigned Frequencies to be Deprived of Licenses." Most radio editors keep this headline standing for the statement that comes almost every week from the Federal Radio Commission. It looks as though the biggest part of some considerable little time will elapse before that heading is discarded.



The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 26

floor were of gray stone blocks, the latter being covered with very fine rugs.

Since I was plainly intended to do so, I stepped out of the car.

I paused, looking about me. There was no sound. The hall was silent as a tomb. I thought I was alone—until, standing far along the cloisteresque passage I saw a gigantic armored figure!

The Voice addressed me:

"Come to the door before which you see the Watch standing, Woodville. He will admit you."

I glanced down at my dwindling cigarette, dropped it and set my foot upon it. Resolutely I stepped out, turned left, walked along the cloister and approached that armored thing. Lacking those experiences which had been mine, one could never have supposed this gleaming giant to be animate. One hand, upraised, held a mace which rested upon the mailed right shoulder. This primitive, formidable weapon would, I verily believe, have shattered the skull of an elephant.

SOME three paces I was from the black guardian when, slowly, his gigantic mace was moved from the shoulder and lowered. Its head dropped with a metallic crash upon the stone floor!

The figure lumberingly took a pace to the right. In the patch of wall revealed I saw such a four-foot opening as that from which I had recently come.

This I presumed was another elevator.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings as I passed the "Watch." But I reflected that one sudden death was as good as another, and stepped into the narrow car. Immediately it arose, either mechanically as the result of my stepping into it or because of some signal which I did not observe.

Complete darkness—then, suddenly, light, as the elevator became stationary.

I stepped out on to an ancient stone staircase. . . .

This was part of the former hold of Felsenweir. I looked down to my right. A massive iron grille barred the stair. There were no windows. But sunshine prevailed. Clearly I was meant to go upwards. I began to ascend.

I recalled Felsenweir as I had seen it from the Devil's Elbow. The battlements, the first platform, the keep, and above the keep, jutting up like a minaret, the central watch tower.

This must be the watch tower. I was climbing to the highest point of Felsenweir.

What should I find at the top? Who awaited me there?

Already an age seemed to have elapsed since I had talked with Marusa. I was alone now in this haunted shell of a past tyranny, nearing the heart of that mystery which had brought me to the Black Forest.

Up I went and up. . . . The steps now were much hollowed, the masonry of the walls was crumbling with age.

I paused.

An iron gate checked further progress.

Immediately beyond this gate a section of stairway had collapsed. A black pit of unknown depth yawned before me and a draught of cold, clammy air swept up through the warmth of the passage. On the farther brink of the chasm, and about on a level with my eyes, the steps continued again, disappearing around a bend.

But—and I realized that it was an astounding phenomenon—they disappeared into darkness!

Sharply defined on the first step lay a shadow of the iron grille, an outline of the arched passage. In other words, artificial sunlight ended at the gate. . . .

Clutching the bars, I stared, with a shiver of apprehension, down into the pit. I turned, and looked behind me. What was I expected to do now?

This problem was quickly solved.

A section of seemingly solid wall immediately before me opened silently.

It was a masked door. I saw a short corridor, dimly lighted in contrast to that synthetic sunlight on the staircase. Obviously this corridor was new, composed of, or faced with, the same kind of stonework as the great hall below.

"I wish you to inspect the laboratory, Woodville. Dr. Nestor is expecting you."

The Voice!

I walked in, and found myself looking into a large room in which subdued green light prevailed. It was a wonderfully equipped laboratory.

A man in white overalls awaited me. He was slim and of medium height; pallid. He wore a very small mustache, and jet-black hair grew low upon his cheekbones. Seen through the lenses of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, his dark eyes were very cruel. A Greek, I thought.

"Ah, Mr. Woodville," he said, and smiled unpleasantly. "My name is Nestor. I'm the second chemist here and my instructions are to show you around the laboratory. The Chief Chemist will be along any moment. Please come right in."

The world's greater universities endow their inmates with certain peculiarities of accent sometimes amounting to a dialect. I had no difficulty in placing this man. Dr. Nestor was a graduate of Harvard.

"It would probably interest you," the second chemist continued, "to see one of our more simple devices. It has a certain personal interest."

He spoke perfect Harvard, but my first theory that he was of Greek parentage remained unshaken.

"Please avoid touching things. Some of them are very delicate; some, very dangerous. If you will come this way. . . ."

I FOLLOWED him through such a maze of scientific paraphernalia as surely never before had been assembled. By the farther wall of the place he paused, pointing to a sort of square desk, the top of which was covered with what appeared to be ground glass. A foot or so above it a peculiarly shaped lamp was suspended.

"I can't offer you a cigar," he went on, "as smoking isn't allowed here, but—" he held out a packet of chewing gum—"this is a fair substitute. . . . No? Well, you won't mind if I do?"

He stripped a slip of gum and placed it between his teeth.

"Now, sir, I will explain why you experienced such difficulty in exploring the woods below Felsenweir. This, you see, is a map of the territory."

He touched a button. Upon the glazed surface appeared a delicately outlined map.

"These red dots"—he indicated them—"mark the high road surrounding the grounds of the castle. Of course, you remember the high road? Now these, Mr. Woodville, are the three zones."

He manipulated a switchboard. A shimmering, changing wave of violet light sprang up within the dotted line which marked the highroad.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 38

"These are *sound waves*, Mr. Woodville. The Master if he wishes will give you further particulars. But these barrages consist of zones of sound, tuned to so high a key as to be inaudible but instantly fatal to animal life. If you'll notice"—the second zone disappeared in response to some manipulation—"they can be put down or raised at will. So as you must realize, not all Hindenburg's shock troops could reach us! Felsenweir survived five sieges in medieval times. Today, notwithstanding air power, artillery development and modern tactics, it's impregnable as ever."

The zone disappeared. The map disappeared.

"I'm further instructed," my unpleasant guide continued, "to explain to you the death of the man, Hans Pfal. He died in your friend's car on the way back to Baden. Will you please follow me very carefully. There are several danger spots in this part of the laboratory."

He moved away, chewing industriously; and I followed. The floor was slippery, being composed of what looked like green glass. The walls also were green and glistening; the ceiling was dull gray.

We passed from one end to the other of the lofty, silent room.

Dr. Nestor stopped before a sort of gigantic index which occupied nearly the whole of one wall. It consisted of hundreds of columns of figures, running from tens into thousands, irregularly arranged. In some respects it resembled the time-tables of trains used at railway termini. At its base was set a long, shallow desk.

"HERE," said Dr. Nestor, smiling, "are the Brothers of Anubis—each bearing a number."

He pulled back a white sleeve, revealing a disk chained to his arm. I saw it to be identical with that worn by the man who had died in Max's car.

"Three-sixty-three," he explained, "is my own number."

Reversing the disk, he glanced at me. It bore an Egyptian figure which I recognized.

"Only the first grade of Initiates understand the significance of these amulets, or badges, which every member of the Order must wear—I may add, under penalty of death. As a matter of fact, they're tuned-in to this keyboard. Distance doesn't count. Melbourne's as near as Berlin. I'll show you what I mean and then you can draw your own conclusions as to how Hans Pfal died."

He moved one of many levers upon the desk. A round spot of white light mounted a column of figures. Immediately over a number, it stopped.

"Note!" said the demonstrator—"my own number: 363!"

Again he displayed the disk upon his wrist.

"It's only necessary now, Mr. Woodville, to move a certain switch and I should die instantly and painlessly. Nor would my body bear any mark of violence. This was how Hans Pfal died. And this, you see, is how we assure secrecy."

The queer X-ray light of the place faltered momentarily.

"Chief Chemist!" Nestor exclaimed. "This ends my watch, Mr. Woodville. I now go to change."

I watched Dr. Nestor's white-clad figure receding among mazes of apparatus. He walked silently.

Came an interval. It was ended by a sound which I knew—that of an ascending elevator. I turned. Right at my elbow, beside the huge indicator, a panel opened.

Madame Yburg stepped out!

Moments come in everybody's life which, because they are so numbing, leave no definite impression whatever. This was one of them.

I saw that she wore a long, white jacket of the kind affected by surgeons. Beneath it, her silk-clad legs struck an incongruous note. But I observed, my first shock of amazement over, that she had substituted rubber-soled slippers for the chic shoes which I associated with those slim, delicately arched feet.

"You look frightfully surprised!"

She was regarding me amusedly. The elevator panel had closed, the whine had died away.

"I am!"

"Why? Your brilliant friend, Mr. Lonergan, had told you of my association with the Hartford mystery. And that fascinating Frenchman, Gaston Max, assured you, did he not, that I was in the Pyrénées on a certain occasion? You must surely know I am a woman with a mission!"

She smiled, a red-lipped smile which at once irritated and caressed.

"Well? What are you thinking about? You say nothing."

"I'm thinking about Apollonius of Tyana." She ceased to smile. "That great philosopher declared that 'loquacity has many pitfalls—but silence, none.'"

HER level gaze caught and held my own.

"You are not so clever as John Lonergan," she said quickly, "and you have none of the subtlety of Gaston Max. But although I never liked the English, I think I like *you*. . . ."

"A somewhat equivocal compliment!"

Madame Yburg laughed outright. She then pressed her hand lightly on my shoulder and as lightly withdrew it.

"Anubis never makes mistakes. I understand why, of three, he has selected *you* to make the choice. . . ."

"But I want to know—"

She checked me.

"Kindly ask no questions which I'm unable to answer. Ask any you like about the laboratory."

Her calm eyes held an unspoken warning.

"Sorry," I returned.

I forced myself back to a state of passivity. I washed my hands of speculations, and determined from now on to behave like a visitor being shown around an explosive factory. The feat was one of mental acrobatics. But I achieved it.

"Very well, I've had personal and unpleasant experience of the sound zones. Their principle defeats me. But I'm curious to know how an intruder is spotted. I ask for this reason: Your third barrage or zone wasn't laid down when Lonergan and myself recently penetrated to the woods. You trapped us with it. How did you know we were there?"

Madame Yburg smiled again.

"I can explain very easily, my friend. Follow me closely. Touch nothing. Be careful."

Her solicitude was real. In this it differed from the sentiments of Dr. Nestor. Plainly, the latter disliked me. Yet, whilst I recognized Madame Yburg's friendship, I knew unmistakably that sex had no place in it. All the time she was sizing me up, calmly. I wondered why.

Following her, fearful of stumbling on the slippery floor, of brushing against any one of the strange mechanisms right and left—I watched the lithe, swaying figure and tried in vain to pin down a memory which taunted me. . . .

SHE led me through intricate ways to a place roughly center of the laboratory, where a magnified green lampshade overhung a low, circular table.

Some change was made in the lighting. I gave a start of amazement.

As if from an airplane, I looked down upon the Castle of Felsenweir!

I saw the woods which hemmed it in, the old military road winding through them. Every detail was sharp, clear as if bathed in sunlight. I saw other roads surrounding the crag; the very spot at which I had been captured by that nude inhuman thing! I saw the path down to the abandoned village. . . .

"Whoever is on duty here is responsible, you see. I don't know if Dr. Nestor showed you the insulated path? . . . Well, there *is* such a path through all three barrages. Hans Pfal, returning from the town, meant to use this. But our clever French friend overpowered him. . . .

"This mechanism operates in moonlight also. Dr. Nestor saw John Lonergan and yourself enter the woods. He was on duty at the time. He laid down the second barrage. Then the third.

"Frankly you defeated us on that occasion. Dr. Nestor is frightfully sore! . . . Pfal, by the way, was one of our engine-room staff. By the time communication was established with Anubis, other measures were useless. He ordered the poor Pfal to be silenced. Look! There's a man driving a cart along the high road."

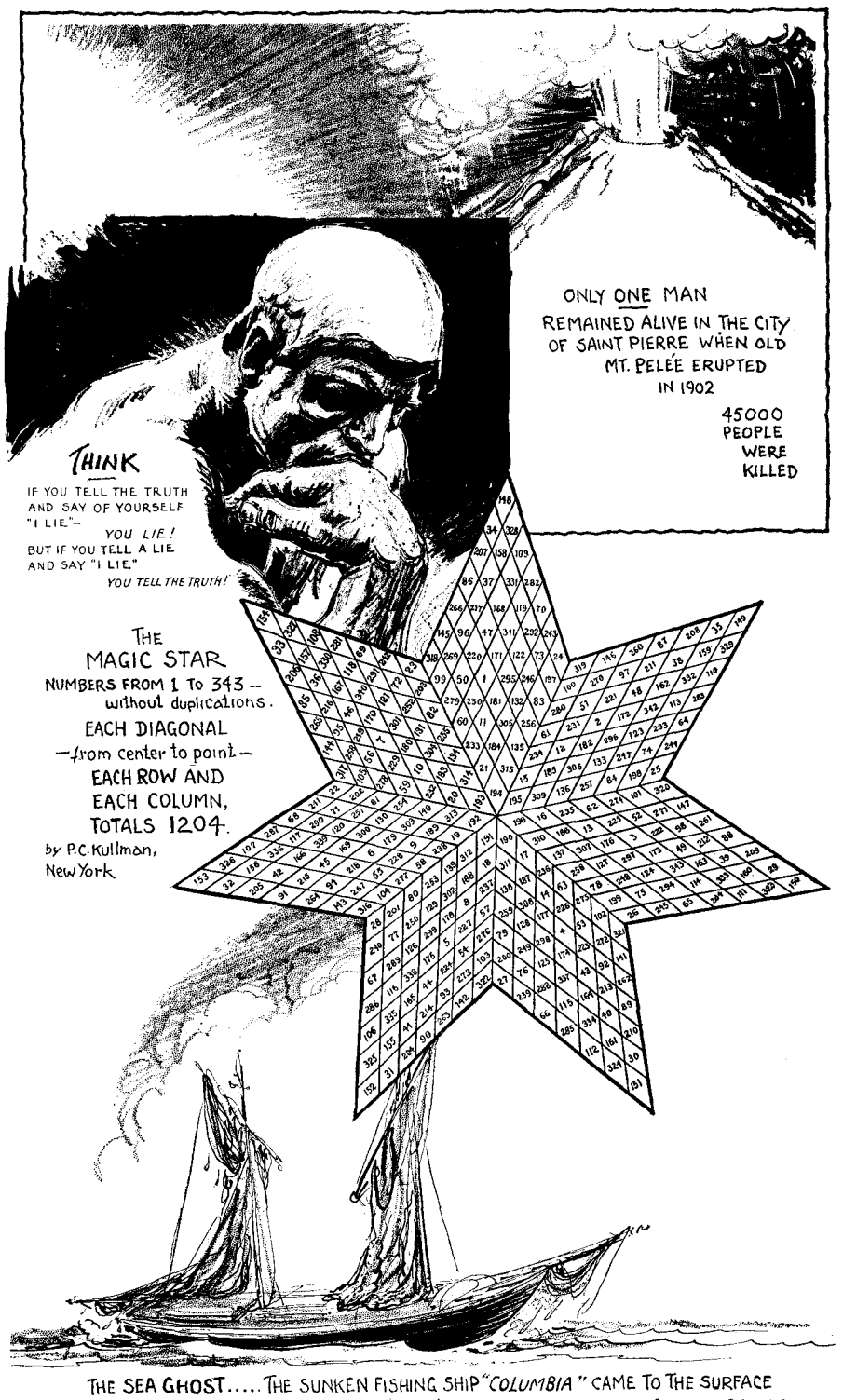
I looked. Crystal clear, I saw the horse, the vehicle, the driver, moving along a road below the castle. I judged it all of a mile distant.

That wondrous panorama vanished. The green light in the laboratory flickered and became steady again.

"Anubis is ready to see you," said Madame Yburg.

(*To be continued next week*)

Believe it or Not! · By RIPLEY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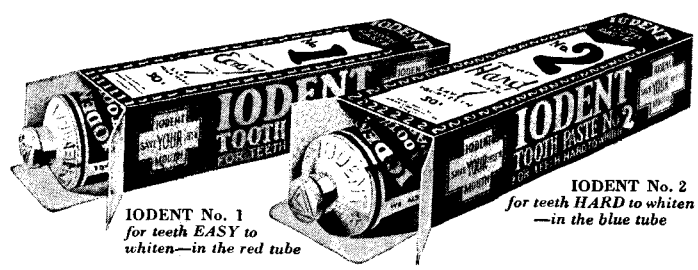

IODENT No. 1 *for teeth EASY to whiten—in the red tube*

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got the sweetest racket there is. You don't need Aristides' ten-cent-store trade. You was to leave that to Meister. That was the lay, an' you know it. This damn' fool gunplay's gonna ditch you, Izzy. Just because you got a tough mob, you can't act like this was Tenth Avenue. You'll have them state troopers down on you if you don't lay off."

McGrogan's gaze was placidly deadly.

"We'll get Meister," he promised. "You go tell him that from me."

Tucket spread his hands in resignation. "All right," he returned. "All right. Meister, hell! I'll tell the Works. You know how long you'll last then, Izzy. Bootleggin' ain't a battle no longer. It's a business."

McGrogan's fat face twitched and again was quiet. His voice hissed sulkily.

"We split the territory, didn't we?" he asked. "All right. Ask Meister who hi-jacked my truck last Thursday night and got away with a load after burnin' down two of my boys. Ask him. I know."

Tucket stared into his dire black eyes.

"Look," he stammered. "They's a mistake here somewheres. I'll bet that's all."

"There is, but it won't be long now," the other returned. "He tries to run a game like that on me. Me, Izzy McGrogan. The syndicate plays my game or his. It can write its own ticket."

TUCKET tipped back his derby with a desperate gesture. The plump man regarded him bleakly.

"A load," he reflected aloud, "of Canada goods, not even cut yet. And he hi-jacks me, the dough-faced, apple-knocking hick. Think I'm gonna set an' take that?"

His companion canted his hat to still another angle and spoke at last with the haste of resolution.

"Lay off," he begged. "Maybe I got an idea where that stuff is. Lemme take this up with the syndicate—"

The smile that twisted the other's red lips did not reach his impassive eyes.

"I know where it is," he returned. "And I'm gettin' it back. I got c'nections in Aristides, well as Meister."

"No," Tucket yelped. "Be nice, willya? Lemme see Meister first. One more break and you're through, Izzy. They won't stand for gunplay out here."

"Yeh, I know," McGrogan granted. "Meister sits pretty in Aristides where the troopers can't touch him, eh? And if I don't take it settin' down, he'll turn me in to them. He's told me that. All right, if he wants to play it that way—"

He blinked insolently. Tucket leaned forward, gripping the edge of the table in his earnestness.

"Will you do this?" he begged. "Will you sit tight till after I've seen Meister? Lemme have a chance to fix this up, willya?"

McGrogan hesitated and at last nodded. Almost as though he regretted the gesture, he added, and the words stumbled over his tongue with a hiss that was almost a lisp, "Let him send back that truckload and five grand each for Lew and Jake and pull out of Aristides himself. An' tell him to decide quick. Get me?"

SOMEONE knocked, and Richard York, seated miserably upon his bed's edge in the gathering twilight, said with faint acrimony: "Get out."

Lucius' voice wheedled: "Mr. Richard, if you feels able, Mr. Yawk like talk with you soon's you dressed, sir."

"Mr. York?" Richard stammered. "When did he get back?"

"Jes b'fo' noon," Lucius reported, cautiously opening the portal. "He's right anxious to see you, Mr. Richard."

"Oh, Lord," the other muttered.

Still Waters

Continued from page 7

"Coffee, Lucius. A pailful, black, hear?"

"Yassa," the Negro acclaimed, "an' mebby a l'il poached aig, Mr. Richard?"

"No," York snarled. The door closed smartly and he began to dress with the deliberation of one who must hold his head level, lest it fall off. A half hour later, he appeared, shaven, spruce, faintly haggard, in the library doorway, and his uncle, looking up from his flat-topped desk, said, "Well, Dick?"

He half rose and dropped back into his chair, surveying his nephew with friendly, concerned eyes. He was one of the spare elderly men whom the years seem only to launder and starch more thoroughly.

"You got back?" Dick said stupidly.

"I did," Adrian returned. "Ahead of time, fortunately. If I'd stayed away another day, I might not have been able to find the town. As it was, there was a person in my bed, with his hat and shoes both on. You were *non compos* and I've spent most of the afternoon trying to placate the police department. Age should have certain privileges, Dick. I'm damned if I'm going to spend my remaining years chaperoning you."

"I don't blame you, Adrian," his nephew said with the wry shadow of a smile. The uncle pressed his hard chin down upon his collar and regarded the younger man through black-ribboned nose glasses.

"You're twenty-eight, you poor goof," he said at last. "You have sense at times, only your chief aim in life seems to be to suppress it. I've sent the foundling you left in my bed to town. Just what was the celebration about?"

UNDER his kindly eyes, his nephew flushed a trifle.

"You're just about God's most prominent white man, Adrian," he began, but the other's gesture checked him.

"Never mind the soft soap. Go ahead with the confession. What was the celebration about?"

Dick rubbed his forehead with a clammy palm.

"It wasn't—exactly a celebration," he said slowly. "It was a—an anodyne, and a farewell rite. I tried to like the job you gave me. But banking isn't my strong point. I've been to New York, Adrian. I'm going back to Yucatan with Allan. I leave today—no," he corrected, consulting his watch, "tomorrow."

The elder York removed his glasses and tapped them against his big nose.

"I see," he said at last. "That is, always supposing Clow doesn't jail you. He says you took his gun away from him and knocked him out with it. That true?"

"Well, it is, in part anyway," Dick stammered. "You see, I'd been drinking—"

"Yes," the other admitted dryly, "that is perceptible. Since you can whip Clow, why Yucatan? Why not the prize ring? Come across, Dick."

The whimsical wrinkles deepened about his eyes and then faded away as he asked in an altered voice:

"Have you told Desire?"

The kindly concern upset the younger man. He turned away, steadying voice and features, before he replied with a bitter travesty of unconcern:

"It was all a mistake. She—she told me so, Adrian. We thrashed it out on the way back from the country club four days ago. I had a few drinks there. Just because I was so damned happy. Until last night I hadn't indulged my gift for liquor since I met her. You know that."

THE old man nodded agreement, his eyes steady upon his nephew's twitching face.

"I'm a dissipated dilettante," the latter continued in a brittle tone. "I'm a spineless waster and—and other things. So—" he shrugged and in the voice of one reading aloud concluded:

"'Henry Witherspoon Minot, district attorney of Gowanda County, New York, has announced that the engagement of his daughter, Miss Desire Minot, to Mr. Richard York has been terminated by mutual consent.' That's all that remains to be done, now. When she meets her father in New York tomorrow, he'll do it right joyously. He never has liked me. And that, Adrian, is that. I've lost her."

He choked, swallowed loudly and turned away again. His uncle spoke in an elaborately bantering voice to cover the silence.

"I get you, son. My cue now is to say in a stern voice, 'You wine-bibbing scoundrel, leave my house. Never let me see your face again. I shall change my will the first thing tomorrow, b'gad, and cut ye off without a penny, sir. Without a penny.'"

Dick turned and there was gratitude on his face. He shook his head, grinned and found his voice.

"You threaten me," he replied in a faintly unsteady burlesque, "'fore God,

(*Continued on page 44*)

Moving Shadows

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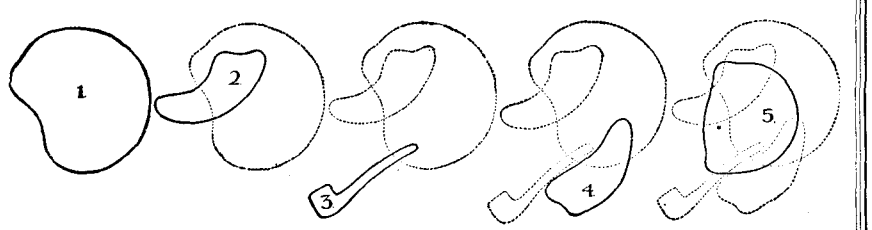
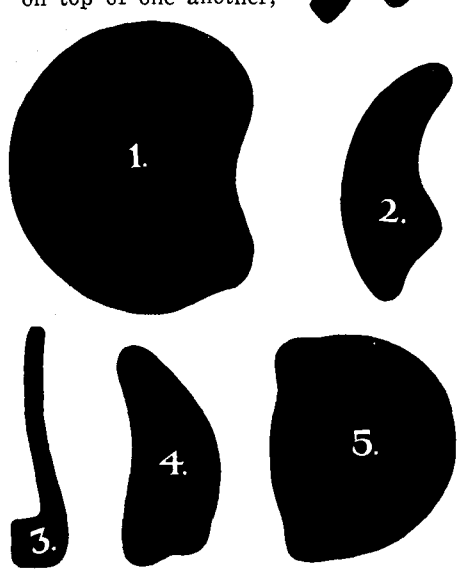


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Then remove pieces and fill in the silhouette.



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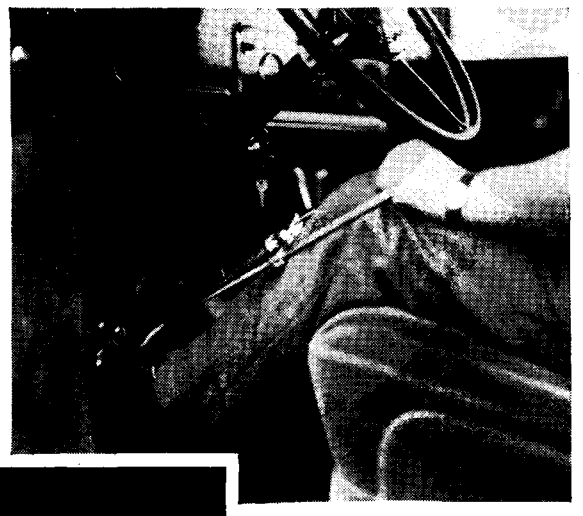
No. 5. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

AT General Motors' 1268-acre Proving Ground in Michigan, automobiles are subjected to tests so rigid that the customary precision instruments were found inadequate. So the engineers have developed special devices and test methods which eliminate variables and measure the details of construction and performance with exactitude. The facts, determined and studied with an Open Mind, are used for the continuous improvement of General Motors cars.

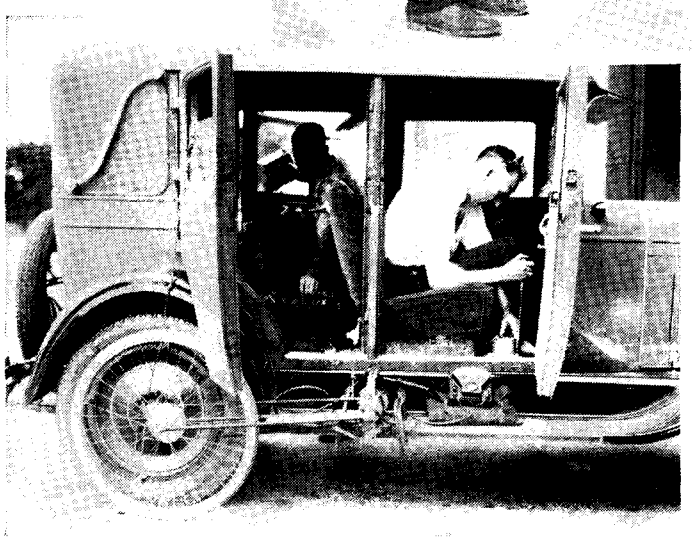
Above. The fuel consumption of a car is important to its owner. The Proving Ground device shown here measures this phase of performance—and so precisely that "miles per gallon" become virtually "drops per foot."



Above. This special instrument, developed by the Proving Ground engineers, measures clutch pedal pressure. Still other devices have been developed to record acceleration and deceleration to a degree of accuracy previously unknown.

Below. This device is a telemeter, which measures vibration electrically and accurately. Another specially developed instrument, based on the principle of the microphone, measures noises within the car.

Below. Steering ease is another big factor in safety and driving comfort. Shown here is a "duplicate" steering wheel which the engineers have developed to measure steering effort.



Above. The large picture shows a group of Proving Ground engineers examining the precision device described at the upper right. The "fifth wheel," shown at the rear wheel of the car, is another specially developed instrument which measures exact speed.

Altogether more than 135 different tests are employed at the Proving Ground in the separation of fact from opinion and the *proving* of General Motors cars.

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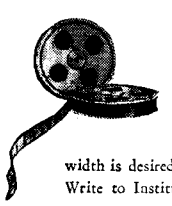

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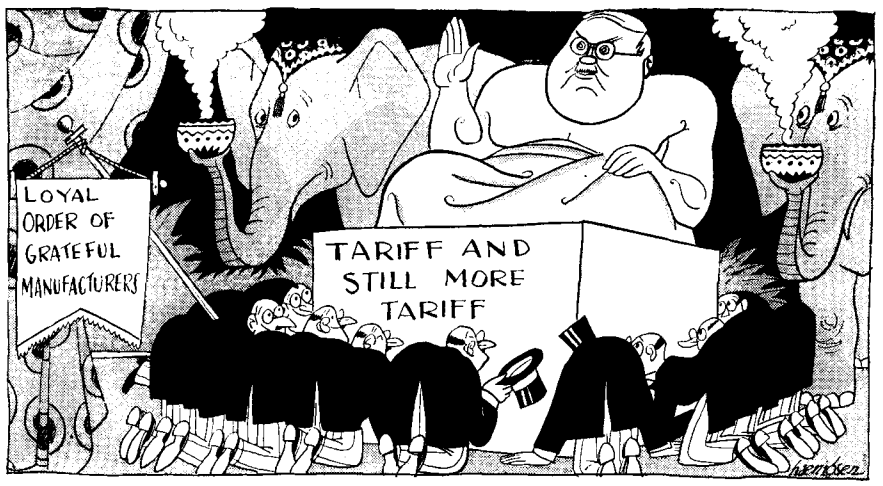

The Perfect Republican

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

FOR this Hall of Fame this week I nominate Mr. Joseph Grundy of Pennsylvania, the perfect Republican.

If anybody thinks that the awarding of this title to the distinguished son of Pennsylvania, the most Republican state of the union, rather than to President Hoover, is a species of lese-majesty, all I can say is that many Republicans now remark privately that the admirable person in the White House has more in common with Woodrow Wilson, in whose war cabinet he used to be, than any Republican that they ever expected to see in the White House.

The two are the protagonists in the struggle over the tariff, upon which the fate of the Republican party may conceivably depend. The advantage in that struggle is with Mr. Hoover. He has the Presidency. The instruments of publicity are mainly on his side. All that Mr. Grundy has is an unassailable belief in the rightness of his opinions. Mr. Grundy is incapable of believing that he is wrong.

There was a railroad president not many years ago who was known as Divine Right Baer. Divine right was long ago yielded up as a prerogative of railroad presidents. Mr. Grundy represents perfectly the divine right of manufacturers, their divine right to make and sell everything that can possibly be bought in this country.

Mr. Hoover is suspected of a slight tolerance for foreign goods which the foreigners may be permitted to exchange over here for American goods. Therefore I say that Mr. Grundy is the perfect Republican. He has raised an outcry over the tariff bill which the House Republicans have prepared more or less to please Mr. Hoover. Under it Mr. Grundy finds that some few foreign goods would sift into this country.

An Admirable Weakness

I think it was George Moore who always insisted that the most sterling quality a man could have was freedom from a sense of shame. Mr. Grundy is singularly devoid of the weakness of looking into the mirror of other men's opinions, of having misgivings of how other men may regard him.

Beside Mr. Grundy, Mark Hanna, who used to be pictured a gross and brutal force in politics, was a philanthropist. Beside Mr. Grundy, Mr. Mellon, who to some is the personification of money in politics, is a patron of the arts. He is not as powerful and important a man as either of these two, perhaps just because he carries his idea that government exists for the benefit of those who have the wit to use it for their personal advantage, to its logical extreme.

This is not a world where logical extremes are profitable, except occasionally to a Mussolini, and Mr. Grundy has not the personal force, or perhaps he has not had the opportunity of a Mussolini. He is, let us say, the Mussolini of the American Manufacturers' Association. The qualification is important. But I know when I write this that I am writing something that Mr. Grundy would be glad to have used as his epitaph by his admirers among the protected industrialists of the United States.

Mr. Grundy, though the most perfect of Republicans, has never become the master of Pennsylvania. Perhaps he was born just too late, or perhaps he is too narrow, too uncompromising, too much a man of a single idea, too full of the belief that "God reigns and the National Manufacturers' Association still lives," ever to grasp in his hands the various forces that make up a modern commonwealth.

The Political Crusader

But at any rate while Penrose lived, Grundy was merely Penrose's collector. And by the time that Penrose died, banking had become more powerful in this country than manufacturing and the banking Mellons attained to more power than the manufacturing Grundys.

Still he is one of the three or four most powerful men in Pennsylvania. He has owned a governor or two, issued his orders to Pennsylvania legislators from the floor or the galleries, been rebuked for doing it, and gloried in the rebuke as one doing God's appointed work of preserving the government for the manufacturers.

I can't explain Mr. Grundy except on the theory that the tariff and its result, this great prosperous and highly civilized country of ours, are a religion with him.

A duty, in the tariff sense, is to him a duty in the religious sense. He is a national figure because he typifies this belief as no one else does. All the manufacturers obey the blast of his bugle horn. He is one of the great collectors of the Republican National party. He has all the ruthlessness of a fanatic. Perhaps he is the last of his kind, for we move forward to a new day, of which there is evidence enough in the terrible split in the Republican party over the tariff.

He might have been a great politician if he had only realized that the medium of politics is men. He has thought of men as mere automatons controlled for money. Still I do not withdraw from this Oliver Twist of the tariff the appellation, the Perfect Republican. Perfection is often achieved by a movement, an idea, a party, only in its autumn, when, perhaps, it is about to enter upon the winter of discontent.

Still Waters

Continued from page 42

sirrah, you go too far. Have a care. I am still your heir and if you drive me to it, I may slit your weasand ere you have a chance to change your will. I am a desperate man. I shall—"

A knock at the door checked him. At Adrian's word, the concerned face of Lucius peered in.

"Chief Clow's on the phone, Mr. Yawk," he reported. "He say—"

His employer interrupted him.

"Tell the Chief Mr. Richard will be in to see him presently," he instructed. "Say I'm busy now." Lucius withdrew and the old man faced his nephew again, fingertips gently chafing each other.

"You better drive in, Dick," he said at last, "and make your peace with Clow. You have his gun? Take it back to him. He'd rather let you go than have the story get out, but a police chief must preserve his dignity. Be humble and he'll let you off. I've seen to that."

"I'm sorry," the younger man said inadequately, in a husky voice. His uncle looked at him with gentle, sympathetic eyes.

"History repeats itself," he mused aloud. "I was drunk once, Dick. Forty years ago. Did you know your mother and I were almost engaged once? When she decided, quite rightly, that your father was the better man, I was going to drink myself to death. It seemed a pleasant end, until I tried it. I felt worse next morning than you look now, son. Life seemed preferable after all. I suppose," he concluded slowly, "that's why you're so dear to me, Dick. You're so much the same sort of an idiot that I was."

Under the light above his desk, the finely drawn face grew wistful. The shadow that lay upon it constricted his nephew's throat. Instinctively, he sought lightness of speech to hide his own emotion and dim recollection supplied a topic.

"Adrian," he said with elaborate gravity, "what are you doing with enough Scotch to float a rowboat? Withdrawing it from circulation?"

The older man stared. "Will you please tell me," he asked, "what you're raving about now?"

"Innocence, Adrian," Dick said gravely, "doesn't impress me. I know you too well. The ice house under the old summerhouse is filled with Scotch. I saw it last night, or early this morning, rather."

"WHAT you saw early this morning wouldn't hold in a law court," the other grunted. "Are you serious, Dick?"

"I saw it," his nephew reflected aloud, "or thought I did. Mr. Ignatius Loyola Tucket, who wears his hat to bed, couldn't, though. He said I was drunk."

"Mr. Tucket," said his uncle dryly, "was an apt diagnostician. There hasn't been a drop of alcohol on this place in nine years, except what you bring inside or outside you. It's late, Dick. You better pacify Clow before he gets out a warrant for you."

He followed his nephew out upon the porch and waited until a car slid past, its headlights boring into the thickening gloom. Adrian York flung up his arm in a benedictive gesture and turned toward the open front door, hesitated an instant and walked forward to the porch steps.

"Young idiot," he muttered, "and I'm an old one even to go look."

He returned to the hall, slipped a flashlight into his pocket and went down the gravel walk.

The night was dark. Across the lake, lightning glowed duskily in a swelling cloud. Presently, the wind, sweeping more swiftly through the darkness, brought the faint, multiplied mutter of thunder.

A louder rumble and the smell of oncoming rain in the breeze drew an exasperated exclamation from Richard York. The low, four-passenger car his uncle had bought for his nephew's use, ground to a halt and its driver, descending, wrestled wrathfully with the top. The first heavy drops spanked upon it before he had raised it completely and, by the time he slipped behind the steering wheel again, rain was landing more quickly through the golden cone of the headlights and bouncing on the road.

DICK sat down painfully on an obstacle and cursed again. Twisting about, he withdrew Clow's pistol from his pocket, laid it on the seat beside him, and drove on slowly, for the swarming drops clouded his windshield more rapidly than the wiper could banish them.

Lightning flared yellow and violet, illuminating for a split second the slick road, tree branches lashing wetly in the wind and, a few rods ahead, a black bulk in the ditch and the white faces of two men. As the thunder bellowed, York tramped on the brake and brought his machine to a skidding halt. The man who had stepped forward into the headlight's glare, with one arm raised, slopped to the side of the car.

"Bud," he whined, "how's chances for a lift?" His voice was nasal, with a faint trace of accent. His companion appeared beside him, shoulders hunched against the lash of the rain.

"Good," York returned, opening the car's rear door. "Smash-up?"

"Skidded," the second man reported, clambering in. "In the ditch and the front axle busted. A hell of a note."

As York eased in the clutch the man who had hailed him spoke, almost in his ear, with a wheedling, urgent strain in the foreign voice:

"Bud, take us far as the Reddickville crossroad, hey? Pay you. We can—catch a lift from there, eh Gus?" His companion mumbled assent.

"I'm going into town," York hesitated.

"That's a couple of miles out of my way. If it's important—"

"Boy," the other said fervently, "I'll say it is."

They drove on into the gust-jostled rain. Woodland gave way and the lightning revealed a house, set back from the road amid wind-bent poplars. York's eyes returned from it to the road and he applied the brake so suddenly that a yelp of alarm rose from the tonneau.

Full in the path of the headlights stood a girl, her blue sou'-wester and slicker shining with rain. Silent, with a heart that hammered painfully, York saw her step from the radiance and come quickly to the side of the car.

"I thought," she said crisply, "that you were never coming, Skeen. Drive me to the station, quick as you can."

DESIRE MINOT surveyed the strait, depersonalized orderliness of her father's living-room—the furniture, funereal in white dust-covers; the floors bare and freshly oiled; the shade-drawn windows, barren of curtains—and nodded satisfaction. She counted bills into the palm of the woman who had stood at her elbow and then hesitated.

"Everything looks all right, Mrs. Michaux," she said. "I'll write. Skeen is going to look out for the garden. Yes, I think that's all. Good-by. The front door, Mrs. Michaux. I've locked the back."

The woman departed and the girl ran

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upstairs to change her dress. Twilight thickened so swiftly as she packed a handbag, that she switched on the lights and looked at her watch with a faint stirring of worry. It was after six. Skeen, who had taken Mrs. Michaux home and a trunk to the station, should be back soon now. He was not always reliable. If he did not come and she should miss her train, that would mean delay in New York, cancellation of her passage and that of her father to Oregon, endless inconvenience—

She suppressed apprehension with a tightening of clear-cut, brilliant lips, straightened from the bag and surveyed her bedroom with the careful estimate she had accorded the chamber downstairs. Thunder grumbled far away as she pulled on her hat before the dressing table, and the mirror reflected her alarmed frown. She pressed an errant strand of copper-hued hair into place and gave her intolerant, high-bridged nose a final touch with the compact pad, then regarded her slim image, alert, suavely habited. Her smile of satisfaction softened her imperious face into loveliness, and lent impatient eyes the tranquil hue of sea water. They could, on provocation, shine like emeralds.

IT WAS silly to worry, she told herself as she rose. Skeen had been delayed at the station. She opened the drawer of the table for a last reassuring glance and continued to stare therein.

Richard York's photograph looked up at her. She recalled now that she had thrust it away there four days ago. Her face hardened and then slowly relaxed. The mouth, momentarily angry, grew warm, almost wistful. With sudden determination, she drew the picture forth, crossed the room, reopened her satchel and thrust it in, starting almost guiltily as rain rattled on the roof. She glanced for reassurance at her watch again. It had stopped and, sardonically, the clock in the lower hall struck eight.

She exchanged her hat for a sou'wester, pulled on her slicker and a moment later hurried, leaning forward against the storm, at once angry and frightened, down the drive toward the highway. It was too late now to summon a taxicab from town. Skeen might yet appear or perhaps some vehicle that could be hired. Once she would have telephoned Richard York. She bit her lip at the thought. She would rather miss the train, now.

She waited agonized minutes in the broken blackness of the storm beside the rain-hammered road, and while she debated at last whether it were not better to surrender and return to the house, lights shone in a hazy glow through the downpour. She caught the familiar sound of the engine. The lamps with their green half-hoods were an added reassurance. It was Skeen. She ran out into the road and halted the car.

"I thought," she repeated resentfully as she clambered in, "that you were never coming."

The automobile moved forward again. The voice at her elbow made her gasp.

"I didn't know," York replied a trifle unsteadily, lifting hand from gear lever to move Clow's revolver out of her way, "that you expected me."

She made out his face, in the reflection of the headlights, gravely observing the road before them. The hot impulse to demand that he stop and let her alight died before it reached her lips.

"If I'd known who it was," she compromised with her anger, "I shouldn't have stopped you. I thought it was Skeen. This car is exactly like ours."

"Yes," he answered. "You've commented on that before."

"Really?" she retorted. "I'd forgotten." For the first time, she was aware of the passengers on the rear seat. He chuckled at her sudden movement.

"I've become a hack driver," he told her. "The gentlemen behind you also want to get somewhere in a hurry. You wish to go to the station?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, worry overwhelming all compunction. "If I miss the 8:39, it means I won't get into New York until tomorrow afternoon. I must make it."

"We've time," he assured her. "I'll step on it."

Excited protest rose from the rear seat. The accent-tainted voice spoke indignantly to York.

"Hey," it appealed, "have a heart, Bud. You was gonna drive us out to the crossroads, wasn't you?"

"Later," York promised briefly over his shoulder. "This lady's got a train to catch."

"Is that so?" the other responded and an edge had crept into his tone. "You said you'd take us to the Reddickville road. Now come through."

"Yeh, dammit," his companion endorsed huskily. "Come through. Let the lady wait."

Ill temper and embarrassment fused in York and flamed up into an almost gleeful anger. Here at least was someone whom he could fight back. Ahead the roads forked. He slammed on the brake, and broke in on the mumbled confidences of the pair on the rear seat.

"Take the left road," he directed, "and get out."

"Say," the husky voice growled, "what sort of a game you running, hey?"

"Get out. You heard me," York snapped. The foreign voice hushed its companion's and spoke more placatingly.

"All right," it said, and its owner fumbled in his pocket as he rose. "What time do you make, mister?"

"Eight-twenty," Dick responded unpleasantly. "And don't waste any more. Out, I said."

"Gus!" the other called loudly. Something lurched in the blackness and brushed York's shoulder. The girl beside him gave a cry, suddenly choked, and her twisting body was flung against his. He saw her face, the hand clapped over her mouth and the bulk of the man hanging above her. Then, an arm was crooked beneath his own chin, shutting off breath, straining his head back. He bruised himself against the steering wheel as he thrashed, while garlic-tainted breath, close to his ear, bubbled obscenity.

FROM the other man who grappled with Desire, came a yelp of pain, the sound of a blow and an exclamation of anguished triumph.

"Bite me, would ya?" the voice said and jumped upward into a screech. "Jerry, watch him!"

York, slowly strangling, had floundered upon Clow's revolver. He had relaxed futilely wrenching hands from his attacker's elbow and had gripped the weapon. He raised it as Gus cried out, but his instant of surrender had enabled Jerry to disengage something from his pocket. This he brought down across York's skull. A shot exploded but Dick did not hear the report. The pages of his consciousness folded in upon themselves as a book closes. The gun dropped to the floorboards. Slowly Jerry withdrew the choking arm.

"Out?" Gus quavered.

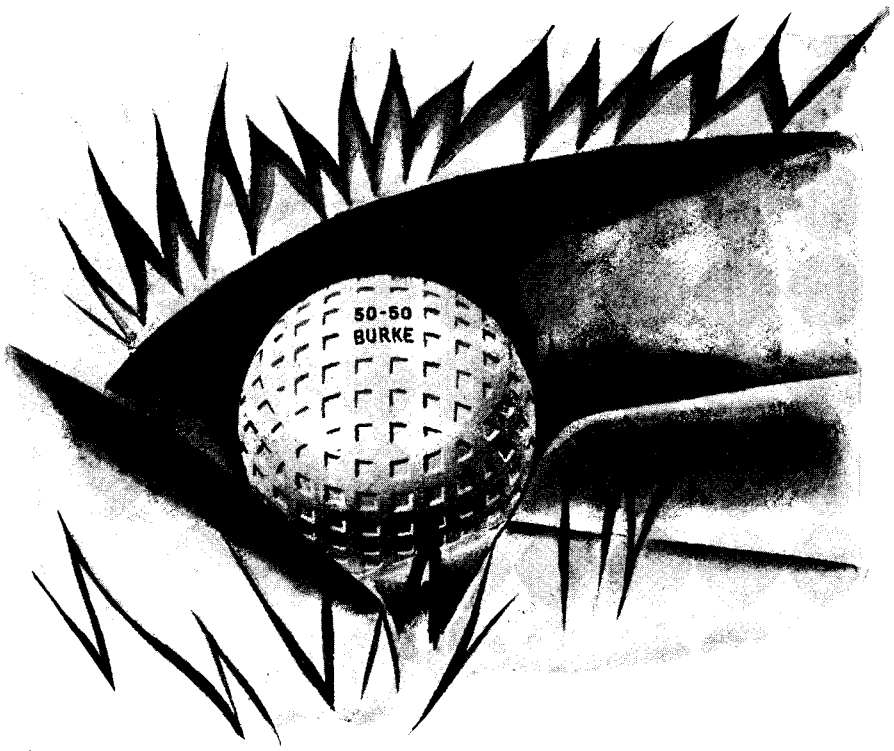
"Like a light," the other affirmed. "That broad?"

Gus tittered uneasily. "She bit me an' I slugged her," he reported. They were both silent an instant, save for their noisy breathing. The rain drummed more mildly on the car's top. Jerry spoke abruptly.

"Haul 'em in back here," he directed. "Let's go."

"Dump 'em," Gus suggested.

(*Continued on page 46*)



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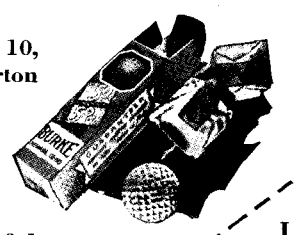

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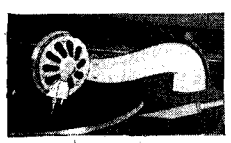
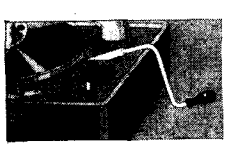


Orthophonic-type Sound Box *insures wonderful depth and realism of tone. Exclusively Victor.*



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LIST PRICE $35.

(*Continued from page 45*)

"An' have somebody pick 'em up an' follow us?"

Presently, with the senseless man and woman on the tonneau floor, the car moved forward again. Jerry, at its wheel, gave a thin mirthless chuckle as he swung it into the left road of the fork.

They drove furiously for ten minutes, tearing through fog banks that crept across the road through slackening rain, then Jerry reduced speed and switched off the lights while Gus, half standing, peered beyond the damp-clouded windshield. At length he muttered to Jerry who applied the brake cautiously. The car slid to a standstill without a squeak, and a figure, materializing from the darkness, stood beside the machine.

"Right?" Jerry snapped at him. The stranger's teeth chattered as he answered:

"The main guys have gone. Where you been?"

For answer Gus swore sulphurously. The questioner pursued:

"Drove back in a roadster a few minutes ago. Truck ain't come out yet. There's been trouble in there. I heard shootin' a while back."

"Yeh," Jerry agreed grimly, clambering out. "So did we. Wait here. Gus an' me'll go on up the road. And listen: if either of them in back stirs, lean on 'em with this." He slipped a blackjack into the third man's hand, spoke hoarsely to Gus and together they breasted the fog, breaking into a dog-trot, when off in the darkness to the left they heard the cough of a laboring motor. They reached a diverging road, a mere track leading away into the gloom of trees, retraced their steps a few paces and crouched in the dripping underbrush.

The laboring engine drew nearer. Now, through its roar they could catch the creak of springs. The motor faltered, dragged heavily and roared in triumph as it hauled up onto the highway. Its voice was thunderous in their ears. The mass of the truck loomed over them.

"Put 'em up," Jerry screeched—and fired. At the squirt of orange flame, the clap of the report, someone grunted shrilly and like a continuation of the sound, rose the squealing of brakes.

"All right, all right," a voice babbled and would not be stilled. Gus' flashlight revealed its author, a peaked little man, erect behind the wheel, his sharp face blank, his raised arms shaking in an ecstasy of terror, and beside him, a bent form, drooping deliberately toward the floorboards.

THE body pitched forward. In the glare of the electric torch, the little man quaked and yammered wordlessly. Jerry swung himself upon the step. "And that's for Jake," he said and shot him through the throat.

"You damned crazy goof," Gus yelped thickly. Jerry twisted about and faced the flashlight's glare.

"Who?" he demanded.

"Nobody," Gus admitted hastily, and in a voice that shook and broke called, "Bill, step on it."

In the darkness that hid York's car an engine churned and started. It raved, faltered and rose again. Lights snapped on and at Jerry's shout, died. Through the car's clamor, Gus cursed steadily. Silence fell and then the sound of one running.

"He's beat it, the yellow—" Jerry snarled, but the footsteps came toward them. A voice spoke from the gloom.

"Car's ditched," it complained. "Hell of a place you left it; both rears in the mud."

"Them two still out?" Jerry snapped.

"Haven't looked, but they haven't stirred," the newcomer panted. Jerry clucked his tongue and said at last, "Leave 'em stuck then. We gotta haul outa here fast."

The quick pulsing of an engine sounded in York's ears. Unconsciously he tried to reach a brake pedal but his legs were immovable. He sat up, gasping at the pain that lanced his skull. All about was blackness in which bright stars of concussion swam and the sound of a motor dwindled and died away.

His shoulders were cramped into a corner, his knees stiff with the weight upon them. His groping hands fastened upon the back of the front seat. The panic of a trapped animal made him heedless of his agonized head and he pulled himself up until he struck the car top. From below, where his legs had been prisoned, came a choking sound and Desire's faint voice crying, "Dick!"

Memory was returning. Clumsily he bent and his finger tips brushed her face, found her shoulders and thrust beneath them. With a groan that he could not quite suppress, he pulled her lax body up upon the rear seat. "It's I," he muttered. "It's Dick, Desire."

He heard her sharp breathing, the creak of the cushions as she tried to sit erect, and saw the faint glimmer of her face against the gloom.

"WHAT—what happened?" she asked languidly.

"I'm not quite sure," he returned. "Something—the men with the smashed car—are you hurt?"

"I—don't think so," she groped for words. "I just feel—far away. Where are we?"

"I don't know that either," he confessed and clambered down into the road.

"We're ditched," he reported. "Almost hub deep in mud. There's concrete to the left, and brush to the right. That's all I know. Desire, you're sure you're not hurt?"

"Quite," she returned with a prim little laugh. Coolness was returning to her voice as her senses revived. "My neck and my jaw are stiff. I think one of your friends hit me."

"I know," he commented dryly, "that one of them hit me. With a beer barrel, I think. They tried to get away with the car and ditched it. That must be it."

"They'll come back?" she asked with the faintest quaver. He swung himself into the front seat and picked something from the floorboards before he answered.

"I've a revolver," he said at last. "Here's your handbag, too. Did they take anything of yours?"

"No," she reported finally. "I still have my purse."

He shrugged with a short laugh and trod on the starter. The car shuddered and mud from the spinning wheels tore through the brush. At last, he cut off the engine.

"We can walk," he suggested.

"Where?"

"I don't know," he confessed.

THE clatter of an engine sounded, faded away and swelled again from the fog ahead. An aura grew in its blankness, spread and contracted into a headlight. York shouted. She heard the dry click of the gun in his hand.

The outline of a motorcycle grew through the murk, a man in slouch hat and glistening raincoat astride it, another similarly habited in its sidecar. The machine rolled abreast of them and scraped to a halt. The rider swung off. His companion clambered after him. In the reflected glow of the car's lamps, York saw violet cords, rain-blackened, on their sodden hat brims and the gleam of spurs at boot heels.

"State troopers?" he called with sudden relief in his voice.

"Right," the rider answered, wiping the wet from narrowly vigilant eyes. "Who are you?"

"Richard York, Adrian York's nephew. We've been shanghaied and ditched. This is Miss Minot. I was taking her to the train."

"Oh," the trooper replied and stared from one to the other. Behind him, his partner surreptitiously unbuttoned his raincoat. "We were looking for you, Mr. York. I'm Corporal Tarleton."

"So?" Dick returned with a wan grin. "I wish you had found us sooner. We'll need another car to haul us out of here. If you'll get to the nearest phone pronto and tell my uncle what has happened, I'll be grateful."

There was silence, so absolute that the faint creak of Tarleton's leather belt as he breathed was clearly audible. When he spoke his voice was dry and formal.

"Mr. Adrian York," he recited, "was murdered—shot to death, an hour ago."

On the rear seat, Desire gave a sharp cry. York only stared at the trooper who stepped to the side of the car.

"I'll trouble you," Tarleton said precisely, "to hand over that gun."

(*To be continued next week*)

You post office people are getting more careless every day! That letter you delivered yesterday was from my husband. He's on a business trip to Boston and you postmarked the letter Atlantic City!

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NEARLY everybody needs a *mild* digestive stimulant after meals. The perfect aid to digestion is Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Beeman's is mild . . . delicious . . . smooth . . . It's so good, that you'll want to hurry through a meal for the after-dinner stick.

Buy a whole box today, so you'll always have it the minute you want it.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

High-Handed and Hell-Bent

Continued from page 9

do it. "We" sell the bonds, put the money in our bank and award the contract for the $30,000 hospital, without competitive bidding, to a dear friend. Our friend builds the hospital, gets it almost finished and then finds out, greatly to his embarrassment and to ours also, of course, that he has failed to take into account the "spread" between what the structure actually cost and what it is actually going to cost the poor taxpayers. "We" must make this up for the taxpayers in some way. "We" do it with a warrant issue. "We" figure for a minute, decide that $60,000 will about fix it right and accordingly "we" issue a mandate that warrants to that amount be drawn to the order of the builder. He sells these warrants for what he can get for them, sixty cents on the dollar, maybe, to another dear friend, who in turn, because, mind you, these are good, interest-bearing evidences of debt, sells them at probably eighty cents to some bank or trust company up in New York.

Neat in the Extreme

Now the beauty about this transaction, as even an amateur can readily see, is that the yelping taxpayers know nothing about it. They can check "us" up on bond issues because they are on record in the State Comptroller's office, but unless "we" choose to tell them how many warrants are outstanding—and down in the Free State of Hidalgo "we" don't do anything foolish like that—they can never find out how much they really owe. The news will be broken to them gradually, on the installment plan, as they take up those warrants, and if the taxpayers don't like it, well—there's that Nickel Plated Highway out there that was built for the purpose!

So much then for the first part of this instructive little tale. In it, up to this point, I have dealt only with constructive effort, but now, because I can see a question mark forming itself in the minds of all practicing politicians, I will endeavor to answer the query: "How do they do it and stay out of jail?"

That's as easy as the rest of it. Own your own jail, boys, along with the keys to it in the shape of the courts, and nobody can lock you up in it.

"But how do we get that way?" you ask. "How do we come to own a jail?" Well, that depends on whose diocese you live in. In some places they do it one way, and in other places they do it another, but down in the border counties of Texas (page R. B. Creager, please) they do it through a system of handling the Mexican voters that is as old as American domination along the Rio Grande.

In its pristine purity this System of Success is based on three things: first, the ignorance of the Mexicans, a large percentage of whom cannot speak English, or even read and write their own language; second, on their consequent tendency to yield easily to intelligent leadership; and, third, on the belligerent ability of the Boss so to handle himself, his artillery and his commissioned army as to instill mortal terror into the hearts of the voters.

According to history that is the way it was done in the Free State of Hidalgo, and until three or four years ago, with the exception, of course, of a few killings necessary to the maintenance of prestige. Such a condition as this, however, could not be perpetual. Something had to happen, and right here is a good place for me to warn all ambitious students of the theory of "Bossism" to beware of the poets. They can wreck you if they start. Voltaire, as you doubtless remember, ran poor old Frederick the Great ragged. Byron almost ruined Greece, and now look at what is going on in the Free State of Hidalgo.

It all started about two years ago when Mrs. Ruth Armstrong, living in the loyal and feudal city of Edinburg, felt the urge to sing and immediately did so. Mrs. Armstrong wrote a poem; it was a dandy, momentous; there have been but few poems like it in history. It began:

"How big is A. Y. Baker, Pa, that people call him great?"—and it started a war.

The timid citizens of Hidalgo County, who for some time had been itching to ask that same question, but were AFRAID to, read the poem, roared with delight.

They became embarrassingly inquisitive. They wanted to see the county books; they begged, besought, implored and even offered to pay out of their own well-picked pockets for an audit of the same, but there was nothing doing. Public records in the Free State of Hidalgo are PRIVATE PROPERTY. That's that, and so the taxpayers had to become specific in their demands.

They asked about this, that and the other thing. They wanted to know all about things I have already spoken of. How much had their bonds sold for; how much money did they have in the banks; how much did they owe on outstanding warrants; who was responsible for a huge shortage in the funds in a certain irrigation district; why couldn't they see the estimates of the actual cost of their school buildings; why was there no competitive bidding, either in letting contracts or selling county securities; why was the Edinburg School District afraid to file a financial report with the State, as required by law; why did one county officeholder pay $800 worth of poll taxes for his Mexican friends; who paid the rest of those poll taxes; why were alien Mexicans allowed to vote anyhow; why did A. Y. Baker, rated as being worth several millions, want to hold on to a measly job as sheriff; how was it that other men to whom they paid small salaries had suddenly taken on the appearances and appurtenances of plutocrats?

To each and every one of their questions the taxpayers got the same answer. But they refused point-blank to go there. Their ire was up; a poet had aroused it. They announced they would fight it out at the polls, and in spite of some heavy handicaps, they finally put over one of the most remarkable battles recorded in the history of Texas politics.

One More Sleeve Ace

In order to do this, though, because the "Superior Chief" and his crowd represented the old-line Democrats, the American taxpayers had to throw in with the Republicans.

They did so; held an enthusiastic convention, nominated a full ticket for the county offices, and were not greatly disturbed when five delegates, two of whom are said to have voted that same day in a *Democratic* primary, got up and announced a bolt and a rump convention.

The bug under this chip appeared later when Hon. R. B. Creager, Republican National Committeeman, who, for

(*Continued on page 48*)

Does your beard grow "every which way" ?

IF it's stiff and wiry in the bargain, then here's a simple operation you'll bless us for telling you about.

Soften that beard, and shaving it clean becomes a much simpler, quicker job. You can, with Hinds Cream. Simply rub it in hard before you lather. Then lather up right over it and shave. As a final touch, rub in a little more Hinds Cream *after* you shave.

Try it—and you'll never leave it out of your shaving kit again. If your wife hasn't a bottle, use the coupon.

HINDS CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Before and After Shaving

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Squibb's helps the razor, makes it glide through the beard with even, keen strokes that take away any twitch or twinge. Try it.

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A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

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(*Continued from page 47*)

reasons best known to himself, has always encouraged the DEFEAT of his own party in Hidalgo County, recognized the five bolters, who made no nominations, as the real Republican organization, and thus deprived the taxpayers of their right to have the names of their candidates printed on the official ballots. But even this clever bit of coöperation between the leaders of the two great parties wasn't enough to stop the taxpayers. The men who were raising the grapefruit were now out to raise something else.

After Creager's decision, which would have left his party's half of the ticket entirely blank, the REPUBLICANS of Hidalgo County had only a few days of work but they put in every minute of the time. They opened schools, hung blackboards and used up thousands of sheets of paper teaching thousands of voters how to write in the names of a whole list of candidates, and get them all letter-perfect: spelling, initials and everything. This all had to be memorized, too, as it is against the law for a voter to carry any reference notes into a booth with him, but none the less, when election day rolled around the taxpaying Republicans went into the fray confident they would win a great victory.

November 7, 1928, was a hectic day in the Free State of Hidalgo. The Texas Rangers were on hand to prevent violence, but their services were not needed as the "Superior Chief" had already attended to the matter of placing large numbers of his own armed deputies in every precinct to prevent the peaceful farmers from starting anything, and the day passed with little trouble. But the night that followed will long be remembered. Before the polls closed the taxpayers knew they had won if they could only GET A SQUARE COUNT, and all night long the men and women both patrolled the neighborhood of the voting booths to keep the enemy from stealing the ballot boxes.

Too Fancy for Them

That, however, was a useless precaution, because, as the said enemy controlled all the election machinery including the Commissioners' Court, which would certify the returns, there was no need to steal the boxes. They had other ways of doing it, but, as you may recall, it was a long time before they made up their minds which method to employ.

Hidalgo County was the last county in the United States to send in its returns; 9,000 votes had been cast; more than 5,000 of those bore the names of the Republican candidates, written in by Republican taxpayers, and yet the Democratic County Commissioners certified it as a sweeping Democratic victory.

Now how did they do it? In order to find out, a committee of Congressmen went to Hidalgo County and studied the technique of Baker, Creager & Co. When they were ready to leave, being fully as dizzy as if they had taken a ride over the Nickel Plated Highway and refreshed themselves at the official hell at the end of it, one of them was heard to remark: "Well, this is all too fancy for us. Philadelphia at its best was never like this."

No, and neither was any other place I ever heard of. After the Congressmen left I did some investigating, and being naturally curious to know by what scheme of higher mathematics it is that 5,000 is not a majority of 9,000, I sat up nearly all of one night going through a batch of affidavits, all of which bear on the subject, and when I got through I was as dizzy as the old men from the Hill Top.

Here are a few helpful pointers on the way they do it in Hidalgo County. Try these on your own taxpayers.

In Box 13, only 207 votes were cast but 228 were certified to. Out of this 228, 19 were cast by men who did not live in the precinct.

In Box 3, according to a list furnished by the Mexican consul at the town of Hidalgo, 38 unnaturalized Mexicans had voted for the "Superior Chief."

In the Edinburg precinct 50 aliens, whose votes all went the same way, had been given the free privilege of American suffrage.

Simple but Effective

In the Jesus Maria precinct, where 59 votes were polled in Box 8, there was not a single resident who could read and write, and so a trusted man from the seat of government (which is, of course, contrary to law) was sent up to conduct the election. At this place, according to the sworn statements of M. D. Jones, W. R. Ballard and C. L. Thomas, armed guards kept the Americans away all day.

ELMER DAVIS

Relates the extraordinary rise, in love and business, of a reticent young man who learned to assert himself by assaulting an alarm clock

The Meek Inherit

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

And now, here comes a dandy. In the Santa Rita precinct, Box 12, six American ex-service men watched all day and this is what they swear to. From the moment the polls opened until they closed the total number of people who entered the booth, including the judges, clerks, and ONE woman, was exactly 52. Therefore, unless some necromancy was going on, 52 ballots was all that could have been in that ballot box, BUT when the Commissioners' Court got through adding it up they certified that they had found in it 118 Democratic votes, THIRTY-SEVEN of which had been placed there by women!

Trifling discrepancies like these, however—and I could go on and note many, many more—were not sufficient to turn the trick. The gang had to pull something big if they wanted to get away with it, because in the Weslaco district alone, where the voters speak the English language, the taxpayers had rolled up a majority of 640 votes, even after a large number of their written-in ballots had been thrown out by the judges.

Something drastic had to be done to this box. In it lay victory for the taxpayers; in it lay exposure for the Texas Tammany boys; in it, possibly, lay the keys to the jail, and therefore, you can bet that something did happen to it. It took the Commissioners' Court a whole week to decide what to do to the Weslaco box, but when they did decide they did plenty. They threw out the *whole* box. Basing their decision on the entirely flimsy, and possibly false, excuse that the envelope containing the returns was not sealed, they deprived the American taxpayers of that entire district of their right to vote and declared the "Superior Chief" and his followers elected.

But will they get by with it? Will the Texas Tammany boys, supported by the illiterate, non-taxpaying Mexican voters, and their loyal Republican friend, Hon. R. B. Creager, be able to hold their jobs and thus continue to dictate the destiny of a huge and ever-increasing tax roll? I don't know the answer to that. All I do know is that there is a fierce fight on and that the taxpayers, after getting a black eye for themselves in the first round, have won the next two on points.

To date I am able to broadcast this much from the ringside. After filing contests in behalf of every one of their candidates, 500 taxpayers in 160 automobiles journeyed to Austin carrying with them a petition signed by 5,700 American voters protesting against seating the Democratic representatives. This delegation got heavily sat on.

Sitting Pretty

In the district court in Travis County, however, where a suit regarding the judgeship in their own county was tried, the taxpayers won out, and right on top of this victory came cheering news from Washington. The Congressional committee, which left feeling so dizzy, reported that the Hidalgo County election was tainted with wholesale fraud; that overwhelming evidence had been uncovered to establish the fact that the "Baker machine" had paid poll taxes for "thousands of MEXICAN CITIZENS or naturalized Mexicans;" that the "facts obviously point to the conclusion that" changes in the official returns were made by the county commissioners, and that the throwing out of the Weslaco box was entirely without justifiable grounds.

This snappy report concluded with the recommendation that the Department of Justice appoint a special assistant attorney-general to investigate the mess, and yet when I called upon Mr. Marshal McIlheney, who is now, and has been for eleven years, chairman of the Democratic County organization of Hidalgo County, and asked him how the Texas Tammany boys were all feeling, he said, "Fine." He also told me that the people who were opposing the "Superior Chief" and his organization, could "all go to hell;" that neither he nor any of the rest of the bunch were worried about any judicial decisions as it would take a long time to get even one case through the Supreme Court of Texas.

Then, as a last line, he boldly declared that the world might just as well know now as at any other time, that, *regardless of party lines, R. B. Creager and the Democratic organization of Hidalgo County ran the show down in their own corner of Texas.*

Can any of you politicians, from anywhere in the country, make a statement equal to that last one? I'll bet you can't, but at any rate, coming from that source, it ought to sound well to the OTHER members of the Republican National Committee.

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IS NOT one that finds you fatigued, mentally and physically. Tired, aching feet will spoil any otherwise perfect day.

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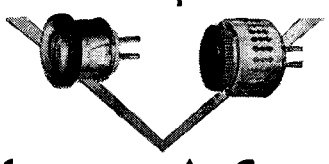

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...and here's a new summer dessert

TRY this new and delicious Marshmallow Date Mousse—notice the delicate and tempting flavor which Mapleine adds. You'll find many summer desserts are enriched by the use of this famous syrup-maker and flavoring.

Marshmallow Date Mousse

Add one teaspoon Mapleine to one cup cream and whip until stiff. Cut up twelve marshmallows and one-half cup dates and add to above. Pour this into a mould and chill thoroughly or pack in ice and salt and freeze.

Alice Bradley's "Mapleine Cookery" sent free upon request.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 33 Seattle, Washington

MAPLEINE

For syrup...for flavoring

The Imperfect Alibi

Continued from page 20

the catch of the lock. Even whilst they stood there, with their eyes riveted upon the cupboard, the door creaked and swung open, and the body of a man, limp, lifeless, and horrible—the body of a man who had been battered to death—fell soggily onto the carpet. The woman's shrieks filled the room. Then she covered her head with her coarse, sackcloth apron, and rushed away, still crying out at the top of her voice. Stimpson caught at the edge of the table, and turned away his head. Slane alone preserved enough presence of mind to snatch at the tablecloth which lay upon the floor, and to fling it over the prostrate form.

AN HOUR or so later, in Slane's sitting-room, the two men found themselves able to compare notes and to talk once more coherently.

"It's a murder right enough," Stimpson declared, "and a brutal one at that. I'll have to get going, Sir Jasper. It's Mrs. Frostland I want. Who was she, I wonder?"

"Who is Frostland, for that matter?" Slane queried.

"We've got a line upon him all right," the detective confided. "A quiet little man of about forty-two years of age—reticent but amiable—employed by Pfeiffer and Company, Leather Merchants in Bermondsey, and now traveling on their account. They'll be ringing me up here directly, and we shall find out what they have to say about him. But Mrs. Frostland—no one seems to know a thing about her."

Slane produced a packet of visiting cards from his pocket.

"Perhaps I may be able to help you so far as regards the lady," he remarked. "Before we left I was rather curious about my card having been found there, and I looked through the plate. There were the cards of at least a dozen people I know well, and every one of them—curiously enough—a member of my club. What's happened, you can see, is simple enough. The woman had been either in service or secretary or something to one of my friends, and when she left she brought the cards away with her—to give her a social start, perhaps, going into a new neighborhood."

"How are these cards going to help?" the detective asked.

"I'll tell you. Curiously enough, there's just one man who is the intimate friend of all these people and whose card isn't there. That looks to me as though it might have been from his house that they came. I'm going to ring him up as soon as you've heard from your people in Bermondsey."

"Great idea!" Stimpson murmured.

"What links the thing up further still," Slane continued gravely, "is that the murdered man, whom I was able to identify, was almost an employee—a business employee—of the man I'm thinking about."

The telephone rang. Stimpson took up the receiver.

"Is that Pfeiffer and Company?" he inquired. . . . "Good. I'm ringing up from Scotland Yard. I want to ask about an employee of yours—a man named Frostland."

There was a moment's silence, during which someone was apparently speaking fluently from the other end. Stimpson listened with interest.

"Glad to hear such a good account of him," he said presently. "Can you tell me where he is now? . . . Bristol? . . . Just telephoned to you, has he? Doing good business, eh? That's excellent. You don't happen to know anything about his wife or family? . . . No? Well, I'm afraid you'll have to telephone to him to come straight back home. We were called to his house this morning and found that someone had apparently met with a bad accident there. Mr. Frostland had better come back at once, and if you would like fuller particulars, I can give them to you, if you call and ask for me—Detective Inspector Stimpson—at Scotland Yard any time after two o'clock this afternoon. Good-by, and thanks."

"Frostland seems to have been out of it all right," the detective reflected, as he hung up the receiver. "Mrs. Frostland, on the other hand—the disappearing lady—seems to have been very much in it. Unless the charlady's made a mistake, she gave a deliberately wrong address. What about this gentleman friend of yours, sir?"

"I'll ring him up directly," Slane promised, drawing the telephone book toward him. "There was no mystery about the dead man's identity. He was Maurice Klein right enough. I recognized him as soon as I could bring myself to look at him. Well, Maurice Klein was engaged in the box office of the Majestic Theater, which belongs to the man from whose house I think Mrs. Frostland must have come."

"Majestic Theater!" Stimpson exclaimed. "You mean Charles Mariote?"

Slane nodded. He shut up the telephone book, and threw it away.

"I don't think this is quite a case for the telephone," he decided. "I'll go and see Mariote, and meet you in the Strangers' Room in the Lavender Club, at one o'clock."

The detective nodded.

"I feel more like tackling the job now," he confided. "I shall spend the rest of the morning at Elm Villa."

Slane was admitted without delay into the very handsome house in Porchester Terrace owned by Charles Mariote.

"The master is out, sir," the butler announced. "But Mrs. Mariote is in."

Slane followed the man into a very luxurious apartment, and settled himself in an easy-chair. In a very few minutes, Mrs. Mariote entered. She was a very beautiful woman, but this morning she was scarcely looking at her best.

"Sir Jasper!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand. "What an unexpected visitor at this hour of the morning!"

SLANE wasted no time on preliminaries.

"Maurice Klein," he said, "has been found dead, evidently murdered, in a house not far from mine."

She looked at him in frank horror.

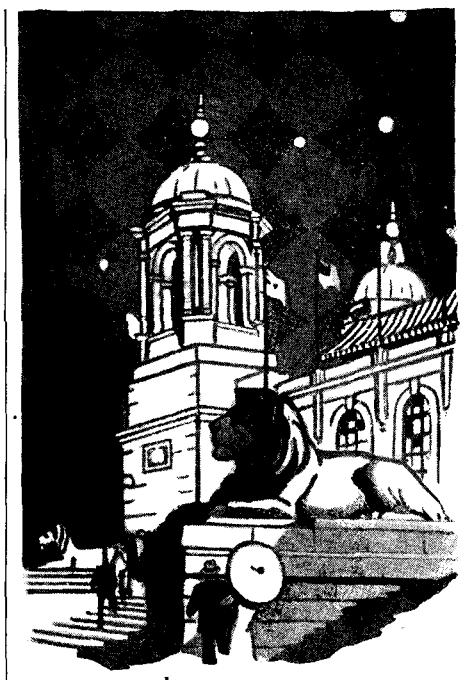
"Dead!" she repeated. "Murdered! Maurice Klein! Where was he found?"

"In a house in Hampstead belonging to a Mr. and Mrs. Frostland. Mr. Frostland is apparently a commercial traveler away on his affairs. Mrs. Frostland, to whom he was recently married, seems to have made a rather strange disappearance. I came to ask you whether by chance you have had anyone in your employ lately, or any protégée of any sort, who might have been known to Klein and who has been recently married to this man Frostland?"

Those wonderful eyes, which photographers had immortalized, and which descriptive writers had eulogized for many years, seemed to become set, almost glazed.

"Why do you ask me that question?" she demanded.

(*Continued on page 50*)



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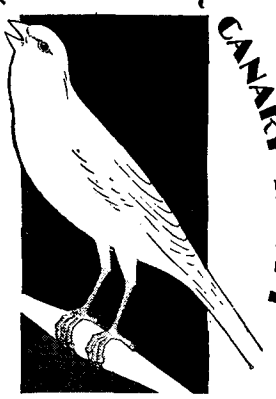

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Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15c to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us 15c (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., N. Y. C.

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

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(*Continued from page 49*)

"Because of a rather singular coincidence," Slane explained. "On the little hall table of this woman's house there was a plateful of cards—nearly all Charles' friends and mine—and yet not one of Charles'. I formed a theory that someone had brought away the cards—spring cleaning, or something of that sort—as mementos, or to use as a little social leg-up in a strange neighborhood."

"You are a very clever man, Sir Jasper," Mrs. Mariote observed, after a brief pause. "Yes, I can tell you about Betty—Betty Frostland, she is now. She came to me two years ago. Charles brought her to be a sort of assistant secretary and housekeeper. She had had a small part in one of his plays, but she was obviously no good upon the stage, though Charles wanted to do something for her. She was very pretty, and attracted a great deal too much attention in the house. I told her some time ago that she would have to leave. She begged to stay on for another month, and at the end of that time she came and told me that she was going to be married to a commercial traveler named Frostland. I was only too glad to hear of it. I even sent her a wedding present."

"You knew that Maurice Klein was one of her admirers?" Slane inquired.

Mrs. Mariote nodded.

"Do you know of any other great admirers she may have had?"

"Dozens—amongst them, I am very sorry to tell you in confidence, Charles. That is the real reason why I was so anxious to get rid of her."

THERE was a silence, natural enough at first, but which became suddenly flagrant with ugly possibilities. A curious and repulsive thought was framing itself in Jasper Slane's mind, and, as though by a sort of psychic intuition, some apprehension of it seemed to be making its poisonous way into the brain of the woman seated opposite to him. Presently she rose to her feet.

"Well, I've told you all that I know," she said, ringing the bell—"perhaps exaggerated a little. Charles' flirtations always did annoy me though—unreasonably in this case, I suppose, for I'm perfectly certain that he hasn't seen the girl since she was married. Is it too early to offer you a cocktail, Sir Jasper?"

"Thank you, no," he answered. "I mustn't stop."

The butler appeared at the door. Slane bowed over Mrs. Mariote's icy fingers. Then he took his leave.

Slane kept his appointment with Inspector Stimpson, and gave him an abridged account of his interview with Mrs. Mariote. Stimpson had news of his own. He produced a telegram.

"This arrived at Elm Villa just after I got back. Handed in at the Strand Post Office, and dated nine o'clock this morning. *'Where were you last night? Waited an hour. Come for cocktail usual place and lunch—Harry.'* Gay little lady, Mrs. Frostland, apparently," the detective reflected, as he folded up the telegram. "Of course it may be a plant."

"Any local news?"

Stimpson shook his head.

"We've had what I call real bad luck there," he confided. "I can't find a soul who saw anyone enter or leave the house during the whole evening."

"Queer thing that!" Slane reflected. "Two men must have entered the house at various times during the evening, and one must have left it even if the lady didn't come back."

"Where shall you be this afternoon?" the detective inquired.

"At home," Sir Jasper replied, looking out at the driving rain. Stimpson, who was obviously worried, took his leave, declining any offer of refreshment. Slane strolled into the little sanctum of sanctums—the bar smoking-room, which had no bar. It was occupied by a single person, who was completely hidden behind an early edition of the Evening News.

"Dry Martini," Slane ordered, as the waiter made his appearance.

The paper suddenly lowered. It was Mariote who sat there—Mariote, looking very much like a man who had been up all night and was engaged in regretting it.

"Hullo!" he greeted Slane. "Bring me a dry Martini, too, waiter," he called out. "You've heard—about poor little Maurice?"

Slane nodded.

"I was there when the poor fellow's body was found."

"What?" Mariote almost shrieked.

SLANE recounted his adventures, concluding with his visit to Mrs. Mariote.

"Of course she couldn't tell me much," he wound up, "except that she helped me to discover the young woman's identity.

The waiter appeared with the cocktails. Mariote almost snatched his from the tray.

"Two more," he ordered.

The usual crowd was beginning to troop in. Conversation, naturally enough, all turned upon the murder.

"Look here, you chaps," Mariote begged, almost hysterically, "chuck it for a bit! I was very fond of Maurice, and this affair's given me a nasty shock."

Everyone was properly sympathetic, but there were one or two who, on their way to the luncheon room, whispered together. Mariote followed them presently, and sat between Slane and a famous criminal lawyer. Then, abruptly, he left the table.

"Poor chap!" the lawyer remarked. "Artistic temperament, of course, and all that. I didn't think he was quite so keen about Maurice these days. The young fellow was too keen on that little girl of his."

Jasper Slane kept his thoughts to himself. He had very little appetite, and soon concluded his lunch. The gossip all around him hung on the fringe of a dangerous topic, and, without entering the smoking-room afterward, he called a taxi, and drove home. From its place upon a small bookstand he drew out a railroad guide and studied it carefully. As he replaced it, the telephone at his elbow rang. He took up the receiver, and recognized Stimpson's voice.

"That you, Sir Jasper? We've found the lady. We may have done her an injustice this time, it seems. She was knocked down by a taxi last night in the Strand—on her way to that rendezvous, I suppose—and they brought her to Charing Cross Hospital. I'm just off to see her. You'll hear from me later."

"Right-o!" Slane replied, as he rang off. . . .

A moment later, his butler opened the door.

"Mr. Mariote, sir."

The man himself followed close upon the announcement.

"Jasper, old chap," he confided, "I'm in the devil of a mess."

"I guessed it, Charles," was the grave reply, "but how deep is the mess?"

"You've seen the missus. She's told you, of course, that I've always been keen on little Betty. I was doing my best to break it off, but I was furious when she got married. Then I met her one day in the Strand. I found out that she was still carrying on with Maurice. She gave me her address and asked me up to see her. She told me that her husband was away all the week. I declared that I wouldn't go near her. She laughed, and said 'I think you'll come one evening when you're lonely.' . . . I chose last night to pay that visit."

"Go on."

"I got there—rang—no answer. I tried the handle of the door, and found it open. I walked in, and called upstairs. No answer. I opened the door of that blasted sitting-room. My God!"

"Anyone there?" Slane asked.

"Not a soul. Pools of blood, broken chairs, broken glass. I never saw anything so ghastly. Out I went on tiptoe, closed the door, closed the front door, closed the gate, stepped into my taxi, and hopped it."

"Taxi?" Slane repeated quickly.

"That's the devil of it," Mariote groaned. "The fellow's been after me this morning. Wants to know what he's to do. Says he's in debt—owes money for his taxicab. He's had fifty pounds out of me already. He'll probably have fifty thousand before he's done, unless—"

"Have you told me the whole truth, Charles?" Slane interrupted.

"Upon my honor," was the fervent reply.

"Then don't be in such an almighty funk. If you're really innocent we'll get you out of this all right. It's a queer business though. Tell me, do you know of anyone else in the old days who was keen on Betty besides yourself and Maurice?"

"Dozens," Mariote acknowledged, "but not one of them as keen as we were. I'd have stood down all right, Jasper—you know that—if Maurice could have married her, but he couldn't. He's got a wife in Australia."

"Did you ever meet the man she did marry?"

Mariote shook his head.

"I sent them a hundred pounds for a wedding present," he said, "but I didn't go to the ceremony."

"Where were you supposed to spend last evening?"

"At the theater. But I couldn't think of anyone except Betty, waiting perhaps for me in her empty house. Then I called a taxi—and I gave the driver her address."

"And what about when you left Hampstead?"

"I went straight home, drank two whiskies-and-sodas, and went to bed."

"Ever had any sort of quarrel or misunderstanding with Maurice Klein before anyone?"

"Nothing to speak of. I daresay I was a little irritable with him lately."

THERE was a ring at the front door-bell. Stimpson, accompanied by a respectable-looking man of medium height, of ordinary but pleasant appearance, who appeared to be slightly lame, was ushered in.

"Come in," Slane invited. "This is Mr. Mariote, Stimpson. Inspector Stimpson, Charles."

Stimpson nodded.

"And this," he announced, "is Mr. Frostland. He has just arrived up from Bristol. He's on his way to see his wife in the hospital."

"Do sit down, all of you," said Slane. "Mr. Frostland, I am afraid this must have been a very great shock."

"A very great shock indeed, sir," was the quiet reply. "If you would excuse me, I would rather not discuss it more than is necessary. My wife is lying ill in the hospital. I wish to go and see her."

"I shan't keep you more than a minute or two," Slane promised. "You've been working down in Bristol, I understand, Mr. Frostland, for a firm of leather merchants."

"All the week, sir."

"Is there a certain firm of boot man-

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ufacturers in Portland Square, Bristol, called May and Mayo?"

"There is," the man replied, looking up in surprise. "A very excellent firm."

"Would they be likely to be users of such commodities as calf kids and glazed kids?"

"Naturally. They are the principal articles used in the manufacture of ladies' shoes. I sold them some yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning?" Slane repeated with some faint emphasis.

"Yesterday morning, at about half past eleven," Mr. Frostland replied, looking a little bewildered.

SLANE rose to his feet. He was standing now between the others and the door.

"Mr. Frostland," he said, "I am sorry, but I am going to make a suggestion to you. You had news in Bristol yesterday afternoon which you didn't like. You went on as usual, though. You pretended that you were tired, and you went to your room soon after you had had your dinner. Instead of going to bed, however, you left the hotel unobserved, and you caught the nine o'clock train to London. You were at your house—Elm Villa—in Brunswick Terrace at half past eleven."

There was complete silence.

"You made there a painful discovery, and you dealt with it after your own fashion. You caught the mail train back to Bristol, and you were in your bed when you were called this morning. In the meantime, however, you had killed Maurice Klein, whom you had discovered to be your wife's lover."

Frostland nodded gravely. He remained, apparently, the least disturbed occupant of the room.

"Quite true, sir," he admitted. "I was hoping I might get to the hospital to see my wife first, after which it was my intention to tell the truth, in case anyone else might be suspected. I received an express letter yesterday afternoon from an old friend who I knew would not deceive me. Afterward I did just about what you have suggested. Forgive me, though, if I ask one question. How did you learn the truth?"

"It was like all these things, far too simple," said Slane. "You left by the window, naturally, and you left very cleverly, for you left no trace behind you except a small, rolled-up business card, which the rain had beaten down into the box border—a card bearing the name of May and Mayo, with the order they had given you that day—yesterday. It was obvious, therefore, that you must have come up from Bristol that evening."

"I thank you very much, sir," Frostland declared. "I have always maintained that it is just these small things which upset one's calculations."

The handcuffs clicked upon his wrists. He looked at them meditatively.

"Perhaps it is better like this," he said. "I have been a quiet-living man all my life, but if I had got to the hospital—well—"

Again there was little emotion in his tone, yet the three men who watched his twitching fingers, and listened to that last monosyllable, shivered.

The Invitation

Continued from page 14

her the opportunity of seeing once again a young man she liked.

The Colonel told her, when he finally became aware that she had dressed herself especially in rehearsal for the engagement party, how attractive she looked. He kissed her hand again and went upstairs to bed elatedly ignorant of Mrs. Waart's sharp eyes watching from a lower landing.

For three whole days thereafter the Colonel ate his meals in something like a trance. Miss Maybury was absent from supper, absent, even, from breakfast. Her room door gaped; but Miss Maybury was not within. The engagement party had been held; she had summoned a cab, vanished.

The Colonel asked Mrs. Waart a few faltering questions, to which her answers were blunt, and suggestive, delivered with shakes of her double chin. Nobody, she speculated, could tell anything about these quiet young women.

When the Colonel heard that, he heard enough, and on the following morning, at seven o'clock breakfast, he was prepared to notify Mrs. Waart that he was making a change of address—to where he didn't know—when the babble from the kitchen invaded the basement eating-room and Mrs. Waart herself thrust the paper before his wrinkled eyes with the headlines that disclosed the elopement of Miss Clara Maybury and Christopher Barham—missing the night of young Barham's engagement party, the escapade hushed up until an enterprising reporter had found the pair married and honeymooning at Niagara Falls, of all places!

Two hours later the Colonel was sitting before a dilapidated desk in a loft whose dinginess was starkly limned by a naked pear of light above his bent head. Other old men sat on either side and behind him, all at mutilated desks, all, like the Colonel, writing, writing.

A woman in bulging silk burst into the place, jaws set, wrath overpowering a barrage of perfume. She fired a volley at the wizened, fox-snouted man pacing between the desks like flagellator in a slave-galley. Sputtering, she demanded to know who had tampered with her list, who had dared to include a name she had never authorized.

The wizened man muttered, awed, and when Mrs. Barham—for it was she—stormed from the place, it was with the grim joy of victory in her breast, for the Colonel left soon after, rubbing his inky forefinger on a handkerchief, and with the wizened man's plaintive sentence of dismissal tingling in his ears.

HIS trunk was packed, and the Colonel sat in the dingy parlor awaiting a receipt from Mrs. Waart for board paid in full when the big car hummed to the stoop. Out sprang a young man, who opened the door for Miss Clara Maybury, no longer a miss. She ran up the steps, her husband at her twinkling heels.

The Colonel, biting a dry cigar from a colored carton containing four exactly like it, jerked back before a charge of bridal loveliness.

When Mrs. Barham showed him a square envelope containing a square card and swore the writing on the envelope was his, the Colonel had nothing to say. He stood, tugging at his mustache and blinking damp eyelids. Outside, Mrs. Waart, bearing the receipt, smiled acidly at Mr. Barham, waiting. Both glanced through the doorway.

"The poor old fellow's out of a job," said Mrs. Waart.

"The poor old fellow isn't," said Mr. Barham.

And the big car hummed away with the Colonel's trunk jogging in the rear.

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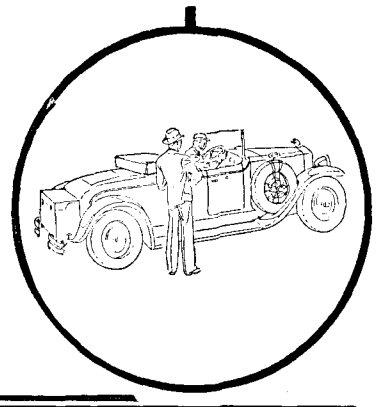

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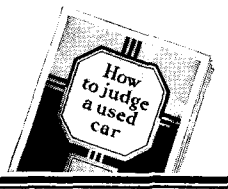

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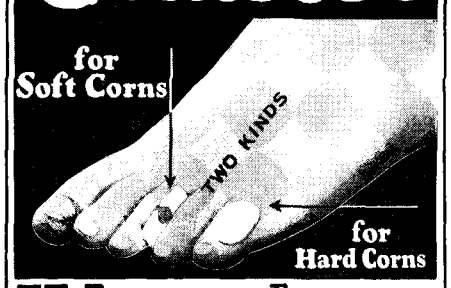

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Laugh This Off

Continued from page 13

does not stop at the invention of a new bit of business. He must build for a "top," or in other words, repeat the gag and get a bigger laugh the second time it is pulled. As a country boy preparing to call upon his girl, Harold Lloyd used the old bucolic stunt of polishing up his shoes with goose grease. Later on, while sitting stiffly in the parlor, trying to appear at ease, the cat came in and, to his great chagrin, began licking his shoes. The laughter that followed this "embarrassment gag" was as nothing compared to the screams of amusement that burst forth when the cat, having apparently satisfied its hunger, left, only to return later on, bringing ten or fifteen kittens to the feast.

Laughs that Don't Come Off

Many gags do not stop at the first "top," but run on and on to a "pay off." It is in the "chase" that the cumulative gag reaches its highest development. This time-honored motif will always be popular in motion pictures, for it contains all the elements of good physical comedy—speed, thrills, surprises, violence and suspense. The hero is usually racing against time, toward a dramatic objective that he must reach at a definite moment—or something dreadful will happen. In order to create thrills and suspense the gagman litters his path with every kind of obstacle that cataclysmic minds can suggest.

Perhaps the greatest chase ever filmed occurred in Girl Shy. In this classic comedy Harold Lloyd was a stammerer who, learning at 11:30 that his girl was to be married to his rival at high noon in a neighboring village, hurried to the railway station just in time to catch the suburban train, but while he stammered his ticket orders, the darn thing pulled out and he was left flat. Jumping into the nearest Ford he set gayly forth, and then for two whole reels the audience rode excitedly with him into every obstacle conceived by five of the highest-priced gagmen in Movieland. Collisions, drawbridges and traffic cops compelled him to change vehicles at least ten times, and when, at last, driving a runaway team, he tore through the crowded traffic of the business district and finally arrived at the church astride the wagon-pole—all that was left of the wagon—the audience screamed with victorious delight.

Expense! Two thousand extras at five or seven per! Two hundred vehicles at from twenty to fifty per! Street cars, permits, insurance, to say nothing of studio overhead charged against the picture, salaries of crew and principals. Figure it out yourself. But $50,000 or $100,000 is nothing for a scene like that if it clicks.

Nor are even the greatest comedians of the films always sure of the clicking of their jokes. Buster Keaton, for instance, shot a long and expensive sequence in The Navigator and everybody on the lot expected it to be the biggest laugh of the year, yet it "died" on the screen. Buster was a submarine diver, directing fish like a traffic cop and doing a lot of other amusing things, but the sirupy slowness of the action and the difficulty of seeing his face through the glass helmet killed the "delivery." Doctor it as they might, the gag literally remained "all wet." Harold Lloyd did a dentist's chair gag whose inglorious death puzzles him to this day.

It was part of the overshot footage of Speedy.

Harold had been sent on an errand the day of the big game of the championship series, when Ruth, his hero, was expected to stage something sensational. Walking down the street Harold came upon a huge crowd watching a score-board and, unable to get near enough to see it clearly, he glanced around seeking a friendly window across the street. Suddenly his eyes lit upon a dentist's sign that offered free examinations. Ha, an idea! Dashing up the stairs, the excited boy took his place in the dentist's chair which made a grand-stand seat from which to watch the score-board across the street.

Then the gags began. Every time Harold would try to sit up the dentist would push him back, and then to add exasperation the fellow kept walking back and forth in front of Harold at the most exciting moments. Finally, in order better to examine his patient's teeth the dentist pulled down the blind and began to work by electric light. Surreptitiously Harold loosened the shade with his foot, and in racing to the top the thing became jammed. While the dentist was attempting to fix the shade Harold had clear view of the score-board. Unfortunately, however, his foot had also struck the pet-cock on the gas tank, and as the cone was close to his face he began to drowse.

All this time the scene was being intercut with scenes at the ball park showing the game and the excitement of the crowd.

Came the supreme moment. Ninth inning, two out, three men on bases, Ruth at bat!

The score-board became more and more blurred.

Knowing there was nothing to do but wait, the dentist went into the next room to read a magazine.

Finally Harold came to. He rubbed his eyes. Then sitting up excitedly he glanced across the street. The crowd was gone! The score was erased!

That sequence was shot and recut half a dozen times and, though it sounds amusing to tell, it absolutely failed to click on the screen.

Not all gags are suggested by the gagmen. Some of the greatest laughs are due entirely to the wit and skill of the comics themselves. No ordinary actor could "deliver" Charlie Chase's dancing, Lupino Lane's acrobatics, Glen Tryon's impersonations, Will Rogers' roping and riding, or Chaplin's superb pantomimic technique. One of the best individual and original gags ever filmed was that of Charlie entertaining the girls in his Alaskan cabin by sticking forks into two buns and, with these improvised legs and feet, imitating all the familiar but difficult dance steps.

$1,000,000 for 90 Minutes

The question is often asked why so much more time is required for comedies than dramas. Well, in the first place, tears are the easiest reaction in the world to get; smiles the hardest. Fan audiences will cry at anything; they dare us to make them laugh. In the second place dramas are shot from well-prepared stories; comedy stories grow in the making. Chaplin, for instance, will get an idea that Charlie would be dramatically amusing pegging around in the immensity of the Arctic Circle. Using the inevitable Jack-the-giant-killer theme he figures that the giants against which the little fellow must prevail will be the vastness of his environment, the terrific forces of nature, polar animals, and the roughest men in the world. Then for weeks on end he will discuss with his staff or ponder during long walks in the hills the various situations and gags that would naturally arise from such conflicts.

For six months or more the comedy is merely on paper and purely theoretical. The moment shooting starts, trouble begins. Some of the best gags fail to jell, characterizations change, and often the story gets entirely out of hand. Lloyd started one story as a bashful small-town boy and ended by being a well-to-do hypochondriac on a trip to Central America.

Finally after six months or more of shooting, ten or twelve reels of material are "in the can," for as nobody knows exactly what audiences will laugh at and whole sequences may have to come out, comedies must be greatly overshot.

Then comes the test. Theoretically the picture should go over in every detail, but not one, even with the best comedy brains in the business addressed to its making, has ever gained that unique distinction.

In order to grasp the terrific cost of such pictures, suppose we figure it this way. The Circus required $1,000,000 and one year's time to produce *ninety minutes of entertainment!* An average daily cost of over $2,700 for less than fourteen seconds of laughter!

There is another reason why comedies cost so much—gagmen! In drama the story expense stops the moment shooting begins, but in comedy the story-crew functions up to the final preview.

Curiously enough these fellows, who are utterly unknown to the fans, draw enormous salaries. Five hundred dollars a week is common while a few receive as much as $1,000 a week or more on long-time yearly contracts. With a whole staff of such men one may easily see that picture costs will be huge.

The Limit in Problems

And you may be sure they earn their fees. Every one of the 300 laughs in a comedy that grosses $3,000,000 is worth $10,000. Perhaps you recall a romantic gag at the end of Girl Shy where Harold was carrying the girl across a brook in a beautiful pictorial fade-out. Originally it was planned to shoot the scene for straight romance when suddenly one of the gagmen suggested that as Harold placed his foot on a stepping-stone, the stone should turn out to be a pig, and when the pig moved, it should drop the lovers into the brook where they would face one another foolishly. That gag, sending people out of the theater laughing uproariously, was worth a hundred thousand dollars to the picture—two years' salary for the best gagman in the business!

No doubt, dear fans, you think this a soft way of making money. All right; try this one—an actual problem propounded by the Madmen of Movieland:

A gagman was assigned to a college story, and for three weeks racked his brains to think up new business for that done-to-death location. He was then notified that the story department had decided to change the locale and characters to a Deaf-and-Dumb Institute.

The gagman was delighted with the pantomimic possibilities. He worked three weeks more and invented a lot of corking new business. Then suddenly the "Front Office" announced that all scheduled pictures should be made into talkies. Inventing dialogue and sound gags for a cast of deaf-mutes! If you can laugh that off you are in a fair way to become a super-gagman.

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 35

went on, waggling a reproachful gun at his late employee. "The Empress was found this evening in your caravan."

"What!"

"In your caravan. Where you put her when you stole her. And, bless my soul," said Lord Emsworth, with a start, "I must be going and seeing that she is put back in her sty. . . ."

"In my caravan." Baxter passed a feverish hand across his dust-stained forehead. Illumination came to him. "Then that's what that fellow Carmody did with the animal!"

Lord Emsworth had had enough of this. Empress of Blandings was waiting for him. Counting the minutes to that holy reunion, he chafed at having to stand here listening to these wild ravings.

"First Beach, then Ronald, then Carmody! You'll be saying I stole her next, or Galahad here, or my sister Constance. Baxter, my dear fellow, we aren't blaming you. Please don't think that. We quite see how it is. You will overwork yourself, and of course nature demands the penalty. I wish you would go quietly to your room, my dear fellow, and lie down. All this must be very bad for you."

LADY CONSTANCE intervened. Her eye was aflame, and she spoke like Cleopatra telling an Ethiopian slave where he got off.

"Clarence, will you kindly use whatever slight intelligence you may possess? The theft of your pig is one of the most trivial and unimportant things that has ever happened in this world, and I consider the fuss that has been made about it quite revolting. But whoever stole the wretched animal . . ."

Lord Emsworth blenched. He stared as wondering if he had heard aright.

" . . . and wherever it has been found, it was certainly not Mr. Baxter who stole it. It is as Mr. Baxter says, much more likely to have been a young man like Mr. Carmody. There is a certain type of young man, I believe, to which Mr. Carmody belongs, which considers practical joking amusing. Do ask yourself, Clarence, and try to answer the question as reasonably as is possible for a man of your mental caliber: What earthly motive would Mr. Baxter have for coming to Blandings Castle and stealing pigs?"

It may have been the feel of the gun in his hand which awoke in Lord Emsworth old memories of dashing days with the Shropshire Yeomanry and lent him some of the hot spirit of his vanished youth. The fact remains that he did not wilt beneath his sister's dominating eye. He met it boldly, and boldly answered back.

"And ask yourself, Constance," he said, "what earthly motive Mr. Baxter has for anything he does."

"Yes," said the Hon. Galahad loyally. "What motive has our friend Baxter for coming to Blandings Castle and scaring girls stiff by hiding under beds?"

Lady Constance gulped. They had found the weak spot in her defenses. She turned to the man who, she still hoped, could deal efficiently with this attack.

"Mr. Baxter!" she said, as if she were calling on him for an after-dinner speech.

But Rupert Baxter had had no dinner. And it was perhaps this that turned the scale. Quite suddenly there descended on him a frenzied desire to be out of this, cost what it might. An hour before, half an hour before, even five minutes before, his tongue had been tied by a still lingering hope that he might yet find his way back to Blandings Castle in the capacity of private secretary to the Earl of Emsworth. Now, he felt that he would not accept that post, were it offered to him on bended knee.

His eyes flashed through their lenses. His mouth tightened.

"I will explain!"

"I knew you would have an explanation," cried Lady Constance.

"I have. A very simple one."

"And short, I hope?" asked Lord Emsworth, restlessly. He was aching to have done with all this talk and discussion and to be with his pig once more. To think of the Empress languishing in a beastly caravan was agony to him.

"Quite short," said Rupert Baxter.

The only person in the room who so far had remained entirely outside this rather painful scene was Sue. She had looked on from her place by the window, an innocent bystander. She now found herself drawn abruptly into the maelstrom of the debate. Baxter's spectacles were raking her from head to foot, and he had pointed at her with an accusing forefinger.

"I came to this room," he said, "to try to recover a letter which I had written to this lady who calls herself Miss Schoonmaker."

"Of course she calls herself Miss Schoonmaker," said Lord Emsworth, reluctantly dragging his thoughts from the Empress. "It's her name, my dear fellow. That," he explained gently, "is why she calls herself Miss Schoonmaker. God bless my soul!" he said, unable to restrain a sudden spurt of irritability. "If a girl's name is Schoonmaker, naturally she calls herself Miss Schoonmaker."

"Yes, if it is. But hers is not. It is Brown."

"Listen, my dear fellow," said Lord Emsworth soothingly. "You go to your room and put a cool compress on your forehead and lie down and take a good rest. I will send Beach up to you with some nice bread and milk."

"Rum and milk," amended the Hon. Galahad. "It's the only thing. I knew a fellow in the year '97 who was subject to these spells—you probably remember him, Clarence. Bellamy. Barmy Bellamy we used to call him—and whenever—"

"Her name is Brown!" repeated Baxter, his voice soaring in a hysterical crescendo. "Sue Brown. She is a chorus-girl at the Regal Theater in London. And she is apparently engaged to be married to your nephew Ronald."

LADY CONSTANCE uttered a cry. Lord Emsworth expressed his feelings with a couple of tuts. The Hon. Galahad alone was silent. He caught Sue's eye, and there was concern in his gaze.

"I overheard Beach saying so in this very room. He said he had had the information from Mr. Pilbeam. I imagine it to be accurate. But in any case, I can tell you this much. Whoever she is, she is an impostor who has come here under a false name. While I was in the smoking-room some time back, a telegram came through on the telephone from Market Blandings. It was signed Myra Schoonmaker, and it had been handed in in Paris this afternoon. That is all I have to say," concluded Baxter. "I will now leave you, and I sincerely hope I shall never set eyes on any of you again. Good evening!"

(*Continued on page 54*)

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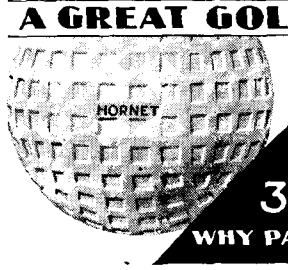

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(*Continued from page 53*)

His spectacles glinting coldly, he strode from the room and in the doorway collided with Ronnie, who was entering.

"Can't you look where you're going?" he asked.

"Eh?" said Ronnie.

"Clumsy idiot!" said the Efficient Baxter, and was gone.

In the room he had left, Lady Constance Keeble had become a stony figure of menace. She was not at ordinary times a particularly tall woman, but she seemed now to tower like something vast and awful; and Sue quailed before her.

"Ronnie!" cried Sue weakly.

It was the cry of the female in distress, calling to her mate. Just so in prehistoric days must Sue's cave-woman ancestress have cried to the man behind the club when suddenly cornered by the saber-toothed tiger which Lady Constance Keeble so closely resembled.

"Ronnie!"

"WHAT'S all this?" asked the last of the Fishes.

He was breathing rather quickly, for the going had been fast. Pilbeam, once out in the open, had shown astonishing form at the short sprint. He had shaken off Ronnie's challenge twenty yards down the drive, and plunged into a convenient shrubbery, and Ronnie, giving up the pursuit, had come back to Sue's room to report. It occasioned him some surprise to find that in his absence it had become the scene of some sort of public meeting.

"What's all this?" he said, addressing that meeting.

Lady Constance wheeled round upon him.

"Ronald, who is this girl?"

"Eh?" Ronnie was conscious of a certain uneasiness, but he did his best. He did not like his aunt's looks, but then he never had. Something was evidently up, but it might be that airy nonchalance would save the day. "You know her, don't you? Miss Schoonmaker? Met her with me in London."

"Is her name Brown? And is she a chorus-girl?"

"Why, yes," admitted Ronnie. It was a bombshell, but Eton and Cambridge stood it well. "Why, yes," he said, "as a matter of fact, that's right."

Words seemed to fail Lady Constance. Judging from the expression on her face this was just as well.

"I'd been meaning to tell you about that," said Ronnie. "We're engaged."

Lady Constance recovered herself sufficiently to find one word:

"Clarence!"

"Eh?" said Lord Emsworth. His thoughts had been wandering.

"You heard?"

"Heard what?"

Beyond the stage of turbulent emotion, Lady Constance had become suddenly calm and icy.

"If you have not been sufficiently interested to listen," she said, "I may inform you that Ronald has just announced his intention of marrying a chorus-girl."

"Oh, ah?" said Lord Emsworth. Would a man of Baxter's outstandingly unbalanced intellect, he was wondering, have remembered to feed the Empress regularly? The thought was like a spear quivering in his heart. He edged in agitation towards the door, and had reached it when he perceived that his sister had not yet finished talking to him.

"So that is all the comment you have to make, is it?"

"Eh? What about?"

"The point I have been endeavoring to make you understand," went on Lady Constance, with laborious politeness, "is that your nephew Ronald has announced his intention of marrying into the Regal Theater chorus."

"Who?"

"Ronald. This is Ronald. He is anxious to marry Miss Brown, a chorus-girl. This is Miss Brown."

"How do you do?" said Lord Emsworth. He might be vague, but he had the manners of the old school.

Ronnie interposed. The time had come to play the ace of trumps.

"She isn't an ordinary chorus-girl."

"From the fact of her coming to Blandings Castle under a false name," said Lady Constance, "I imagine not. It shows unusual enterprise."

"What I mean," continued Ronnie, "is I know what a bally snob you are, Aunt Constance—no offense, but you know what I mean—keen on birth and family and all that sort of rot. . . . Well, what I'm driving at is that Sue's father was in the Guards."

"A private? Or a corporal?"

"Captain. A fellow named . . ."

"Cotterleigh," said Sue in a small voice.

"Cotterleigh," said Ronnie.

"Cotterleigh!"

It was the Hon. Galahad who had spoken. He was staring at Sue open-mouthed.

"Cotterleigh? Not Jack Cotterleigh?"

"I don't know whether it was Jack Cotterleigh," said Ronnie. "The point I'm making is that it was Cotterleigh and that he was in the Irish Guards."

The Hon. Galahad was still staring at Sue.

"My dear," he cried, and there was an odd sharpness in his voice, "was your mother Dolly Henderson, who used to be a Serio at the old Oxford and the Tivoli?"

"Yes," said Sue. "She was."

The Hon. Galahad was advancing on her with outstretched hands. He looked like some father in melodrama welcoming the prodigal daughter.

"Well, I'm dashed!" he said. He repeated three times that he was in this condition. He seized Sue's limp paws and squeezed them fondly. "I've been trying to think all this while who it was that you reminded me of, my dear girl. Do you know that in the years '96, '97 and '98, I was madly in love with your mother myself? Do you know that if my infernal family hadn't shipped me off to South Africa I would certainly have married her? Fact, I assure you. But they got behind me and shoved me onto the boat and when I came back I found that young Cotterleigh had cut me out. Well!"

IT WAS a scene which some people would have considered touching. Lady Constance Keeble was not one of them.

"Never mind about that now, Galahad," she said. "The point is . . ."

"The point is," retorted the Hon. Galahad warmly, "that that young Fish there wants to marry Dolly Henderson's daughter, and I'm for it. And I hope, Clarence, that you'll have some sense for once in your life and back them up like a sportsman."

"Eh?" said the ninth Earl. His thoughts had once more been wandering. Even assuming that Baxter had fed the Empress, would he have given her the right sort of food and enough of it?

"You see for yourself what a splendid girl she is."

"Who?"

"This girl."

"Charming," agreed Lord Emsworth courteously, and returned to his meditations.

"Clarence!" cried Lady Constance, jerking him out of them.

"Eh?"

"You are not to consent to this marriage!"

"Who says so?"

"I say so. And think what Julia will say."

She could not have advanced a more impressive argument. In this chronicle the Lady Julia Fish, relict of the late Major-General Sir Miles Fish, C. B. O. of the Brigade of Guards, has made no appearance. We, therefore, know nothing of her compelling eye, her dominant chin, her determined mouth, and her voice, which, at certain times—as, for example, when rebuking a brother—could raise blisters on a sensitive skin. Lord Emsworth was aware of all these things. He had had experience of them from boyhood. His idea of happiness was to be where Lady Julia Fish was not. And the thought of her coming down to Blandings Castle and tackling him in his library about this business froze him to the marrow. It had been his amiable intention until this moment to do whatever the majority of those present wanted him to do. But now he hesitated.

"You think Julia wouldn't like it?"

"Of course Julia would not like it."

"Julia's an ass," said the Hon. Galahad.

Lord Emsworth considered this statement, and was inclined to agree with it. But it did not alter the main point.

"You think she would make herself unpleasant about it?"

"I do."

"In that case . . ." Lord Emsworth paused. Then a strange, soft light came into his eyes. "Well, see you later," he said. "I'm going down to look at my pig."

HIS departure was so abrupt that it took Lady Constance momentarily by surprise, and he was out of the room and well down the corridor before she could recover herself sufficiently to act. Then she, too, hurried out. They could hear her voice diminishing down the stairs. It was calling "Clarence!"

The Hon. Galahad turned to Sue. His manner was brisk, yet soothing.

"A shame to inflict these fine old English family rows on a visitor," he said, patting her shoulders as one who, if things had broken right and there had not been a regular service of boats to South Africa in the 'nineties, might have been her father. "Cheer up, my dear. Everything may come out all right yet."

Sue shook her head.

"It's no good," she said hopelessly.

"Don't you be too sure," said the Hon. Galahad.

"I'll jolly well tell you one thing," said Ronnie. "I'm going to marry you, whatever happens. And that's that. Good heavens! I can work, can't I?"

"What at?" asked the Hon. Galahad.

"What at? Why—er—why, at anything."

"The market value of any member of this family," said the Hon. Galahad, who harbored no illusions about his nearest and dearest, "is about threepence-ha'-penny per annum. No! What we've got to do is get round old Clarence somehow, and that means talk and argument. But I've seen stickier things than this come out right in my time."

Sue stood on the balcony, looking out into the night. She sighed. It was a night made for happiness. And she was quite sure now that happiness was not for her.

A footstep sounded behind her, and she turned eagerly.

"Ronnie?"

It was the voice of the Hon. Galahad Threepwood that answered.

"Only me, I'm afraid, my dear. May I come onto your balcony? God bless my soul, as Clarence would say, what a wonderful night!"

"Yes," said Sue doubtfully.

"You don't think so?"

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"Oh, yes."

"I bet you don't. I know I didn't, that night when my old father put his foot down and told me I was leaving for South Africa on the next boat. Just such a night as this it was, I remember." He rested his arms on the parapet. "I never saw your mother after she was married," he said.

"No?"

"No. She left the stage and . . . Oh, well, I was rather busy at the time—lot of heavy drinking to do, and so forth—and somehow we never met. The next thing I heard—two or three years ago—was that she was dead. You're very like her, my dear. Can't think why I didn't spot the resemblance right away."

He became silent. Sue did not speak. She slid her hand under his arm. It was all that there seemed to do. A corncrake began to call monotonously in the darkness.

"That means rain," said the Hon. Galahad. "Or not. I forget which. Did you ever hear your mother sing that song . . . No, you wouldn't. Before your time. About young Ronald," he said, abruptly.

"What about him?"

"Fond of him?"

"Yes."

"I mean really fond?"

"Yes."

"How fond?"

SUE leaned out over the parapet. At the foot of the wall beneath her Percy Pilbeam, who had been peering out of a bush, popped his head back again. For the detective, possibly remembering with his subconscious mind stories heard in childhood of Bruce and the spider, had refused to admit defeat and returned by devious ways to the scene of his disaster.

Five hundred pounds is a lot of money, and Percy Pilbeam was not going to be deterred from attempting to earn it by the fact that at his last essay he had only just succeeded in escaping with his life. The influence of his potations had worn off to some extent, and he was his calm, keen self again. It was his intention to lurk in these bushes till the small hours, if need be, and then to attack the waterspout again and so to the Garden Room where the manuscript of the Hon. Galahad's Reminiscences lay. You cannot be a good detective if you are easily discouraged.

"I can't put it into words," said Sue.

"Try."

"No. Everything you say straight out about the way you feel about anybody always sounds silly. Besides, to you Ronnie isn't the sort of man you could understand anyone raving about. You look on him just as something quite ordinary."

"If that," said the Hon. Galahad critically.

"Yes, if that. Whereas to me he's something . . . rather special. In fact, if you really want to know how I feel about Ronnie, he's the whole world to me."

"Well, my dear, I've just fixed it all up."

Sue clutched at the parapet.

"What!"

"Oh, yes," said the Hon. Galahad. "It's all settled. I don't say that you can actually count on an aunt-in-law's embrace from my sister Constance—in fact, if I were you, I wouldn't risk it. She might bite you—but, apart from that, everything's all right. The wedding bells will ring out. Your young man's in the garden somewhere. You had better go and find him and tell him the news. He'll be interested."

"But . . . but—"

Sue was clutching his arm. A wild impulse was upon her to shout and sob. She had no doubt now as to the beauty of the night.

"But . . . how? Why? What has happened?"

"Well. . . . You'll admit I might have married your mother?"

"Yes."

"Which makes me a sort of honorary father to you."

"Yes."

"In which capacity, my dear, your interests are mine. More than mine, in fact. So what I did was to make your happiness the Price of the Papers. Ever see that play? No, before your time. It ran at the Adelphi before you were born. There was a scene where . . ."

"What do you mean?"

The Hon. Galahad hesitated a moment.

"Well, the fact of the matter is, my dear, knowing how strongly my sister Constance has always felt on the subject of those Reminiscences of mine, I went to her and put it to her squarely. 'Clarence,' I said to her, 'is not the sort of man to make any objection to anyone marrying anybody, so long as he isn't expected to attend the wedding. You're the real obstacle,' I said. 'You and Julia. And if you come round, you can talk Julia over in five minutes. You know how she relies on your judgment.' And then I said that, if she gave up acting like a barbed-wire entanglement in the path of true love—I would undertake not to publish the Reminiscences."

Sue clung to his arm. "Oh!" she said, and again, "Oh!"

She found herself crying, and was not ashamed.

"Now, come!" said the Hon. Galahad protestingly. "Nothing so very extraordinary in that, was there? Nothing so exceedingly remarkable in one pal helping another?"

"I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say it," said the Hon. Galahad, much relieved. "Why, bless you, I don't care whether the damned things are published or not. At least . . . no, certainly I don't. . . . Only cause a lot of unpleasantness. Besides, I'll leave the dashed book to the Nation and have it published in a hundred years and become the Pepys of the future, what? Best thing that could have happened. Homage of Posterity and all that."

"Oh!" said Sue.

The Hon. Galahad chuckled.

"It is a shame, though, that the world will have to wait a hundred years before it hears the story of young Gregory Parsloe and the prawns. Did you get to that when you were reading the thing this evening?"

"I'm afraid I didn't read very much," said Sue. "I was thinking of Ronnie rather a lot."

"Oh? Well, I can tell you. You needn't wait a hundred years. It was at Ascot, the year Martingale won the Gold Cup—"

DOWN below, Percy Pilbeam rose from his bush. He did not care now if he were seen. He was still a guest at this hole of a castle, and if a guest cannot pop in and out of bushes if he likes, where does British hospitality come in? It was his intention to shake the dust of Blandings off his feet, to pass the night at the Emsworth Arms, and on the morrow to return to London, where he was appreciated.

"Well, my dear, it was like this. Young Parsloe . . ."

Percy Pilbeam did not linger. The story of the prawns meant nothing to him. He turned away, and the summer night swallowed him. Somewhere in the darkness an owl hooted. It seemed to Pilbeam that there was derision in the sound. He frowned. His teeth came together with a little click.

If he could have found it, he would have had a word with that owl.

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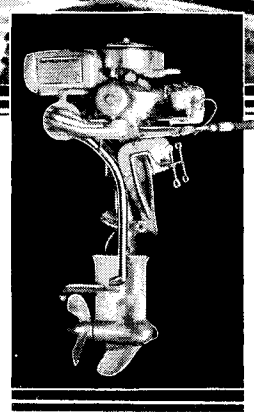

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EQUITY

Continued from page 11

other corners were occupied by fan-tan players.

From one of the rooms opening upon the balcony came the thin discordant music of a guitar, and the sharp falsetto of a girl's voice whining a series of discordant syllables. Sun Soon listened intently to the girl's voice for a moment, and then, smiling quietly, "The musk deer carries its own perfume. The search is ended."

The nervous tension which lay upon him seemed to disappear. "Wine is being served at the tables in the corner of the room," he observed to his companion. "Let us drown the demons of thirst that our labor at the oars has occasioned."

WHEN the pair had refreshed themselves, at Sun Soon's invitation they drew apart from the throng that filled the inclosure on the lower deck. "The eyebrows of youth cannot replace the beard of age," Sun Soon said to his companion. "I need your help in an important personal enterprise. If we are successful I will pay you the equivalent of what you earn in a year's labor at your present task. Let us withdraw for a while from this scene where we can be unobserved." The pair climbed into their rowboat, which lay moored against the Friendly Dragon.

From a settlement near the highway that crossed the channel a mile from the gambling boat Sun Soon telephoned an imperative message to his residence in San Francisco.

After he had telephoned, Sun Soon concluded the preliminaries of a contract with his companion. He handed the Chinese farmer a thousand dollars in banknotes. "If you play your part successfully, I will give you twice that much before this night is done," he pledged.

He spent the next hour in outlining his desires and his plan of action to the man who had pledged assistance to the enterprise, and then, "We will wait for darkness now. Take your rest."

When night had fallen, Sun Soon and his companion returned to the Friendly Dragon.

Standing close beside his associate on the balcony from which they looked down upon the poker table, "It is the man with the white scar in the middle of his right hand," Sun Soon explained. "He is a coward, and when the time comes he will follow you. The woman and I will jump from the upper deck. When the rush begins, keep the others out of your boat. Pick us out of the water as quickly as you can. I am not a good swimmer. I do not want the woman to be drowned. When we are in the boat, row with all your strength down this channel to where the highway crosses it. Provide yourself with a flask of wine, if you wish, against the chill of the night. I shall offer wine to the woman and the man. Give them none of yours. Drink none of mine."

Over the poker table, six feet above the seated players' head, there swung a coal oil lamp. The lamp had a four-inch tubular wick. It was suspended by a quarter-inch cotton rope which ran to a pulley above, and from there to a little cleat fixed to the inner wall of the rooms opening from the balcony.

Unobserved, Sun Soon reached for his pocket knife. He opened it and with one quick slash he severed the cotton rope to the end of which hung the great flaming lamp.

A flood of oil followed the crash of the lamp when it landed on the poker table, and within ten seconds the gambling room was bright with channels of flowing flames.

Sharply, beneath a medley of terror-stricken voices, Sun Soon knocked against the panels of a door which opened from the balcony. "There is fire!" he exclaimed in answer to the singing girl's question. "Make haste!" When the door before him was opened he stepped into the singing girl's apartment. "Through the outer door—quickly—into the water," he ordered. He opened this door and dragged the girl to the rail of the houseboat. "Over!" he commanded, observing as he spoke that the skiff held two occupants.

Under the water an instant, and then, as she floundered on the surface, strong arms lifted the girl into the skiff. Sun Soon climbed into the little craft. "Row swiftly," he said to the man at the oars. He turned his face away from the glare of the blazing boat.

In the darkness he reached for the little flask of wine which he carried in an inner pocket of his blouse. He offered this first to the man, who sat shivering and chattering with fear in the stern of the skiff. "Here is strong wine," he said. "It will defeat the demons of distress."

Without replying the shivering man drank deeply from the proffered flask. He returned it to Sun Soon, who addressed himself then to the girl huddled in the bottom of the skiff beside him. "Cease thy wailing," he commanded. "Here is warming wine. Drink of it."

The firm, straight-spoken words seemed to steady the girl. She drank a mouthful of wine and at once became quiet. Sun Soon turned to the man at the oars. "That is accomplished," he said, throwing the half-empty flask into the dark waters. "Row directly to the highway which crosses this channel."

En route to the highway Sun Soon discarded the disguise that had altered his countenance. He rubbed the traces of gray paint from his face.

A battered black touring car, its lights dimmed, stood waiting at one end of the highway bridge which crossed the canal.

When the two unconscious figures had been bundled into the rear seat of the touring car, "You have played your part well, and here is your reward," Sun Soon said to the boatman who had helped him in the enterprise of the night. He handed the man a thick package of banknotes.

BEFORE morning the touring car stopped in front of Sun Soon's house in Ross Alley. Sun Soon unlocked the door of his house. He struck a single note on a silver bell, and when a sleepy servant answered the summons, "The Lady Lily Sun is ill," Sun Soon announced. "Summon her servants and have them assist her at once to her rooms."

When the girl had been carried from the car, Sun Soon and the driver picked up the huddled form of the man in the back seat. "We will carry him to my office above the gambling room," Sun Soon directed.

Halfway up the stairway the unconscious man groaned. "He is reviving," Sun Soon observed. Then, to himself, "The rest of this night's work must be accomplished without delay."

From a money belt about the unconscious man's waist Sun Soon removed a braided rope of one-thousand-dollar banknotes. He audited the rope and put eighty-eight of the banknotes into his own pocket. "To balance a minor item in our accounts," he said half aloud. He returned a surplus of six thousand dollars to a leather pocket in the money belt and replaced the belt about the unconscious man's waist.

He walked to a telephone which stood on his desk. "This is Sun Soon speaking," he said to the operator in the Chinatown exchange. "I want to speak with Sergeant McMillan of the Police Department, at his residence."

When Sergeant McMillan answered, "I regret the necessity of disturbing you at this early hour," Sun Soon apologized, "but it is a matter of importance. Can you come here to my office at once?"

Knowing Sun Soon, "I'll get my clothes on and be there in ten minutes," Sergeant McMillan of the Chinatown Squad answered.

Sun Soon hung up the phone. "Now indeed I must work fast," he repeated. He looked about him for a moment. His gaze lingered for ten seconds on a thin steel wire which suspended a picture above his desk. He shook his head in a quick negative decision, then, and opened a drawer of the desk. He removed a ball of heavy cotton cord from the drawer. He tied a short loop in the end of the cord and threw a slipknot about the unconscious man's right wrist. Then, using all of his strength, he bound the man's wrist with a dozen turns of cord and finished this part of his work with three half-hitches. He repaired to the bathroom of his apartment and returned quickly with two towels.

THEREAFTER for three minutes he worked rapidly, and his work was completed three minutes before Sergeant McMillan rang the bell at the front entrance of the Double Treasure.

Sun Soon opened the door for the police officer. "Hop Sam is upstairs in my office," he said. "He has been injured."

"Hop Sam! You're crazy. Hop Sam is dead."

"He is not dead now. He needs the attention of the doctor who signed his death certificate."

Presently, still shaking his head in bewilderment, Sergeant McMillan telephoned the doctor who had certified to Hop Sam's death. "I'm takin' him to the Chinese Hospital," Sergeant McMillan explained. "Get your clothes on and get over there. He looks mighty sick and his hand is hurt bad. It's been mashed off or something."

When the injured man had been removed, Sun Soon spent ten minutes in quiet contemplation. "Of three roads, I shall choose the middle one," he finally decided. "The path of wisdom."

To his ears came the morning clatter of traffic along Grant Avenue. He summoned one of his servants. "Tell Yut Mow, the pork butcher, that I would like to see him at once," he directed.

When Yut Mow had answered the summons, "Scholars are the nation's treasure," Sun Soon quoted. "Pork butchers are also useful," he added with some affability. "I seem to recall an advertisement posted on the Dead Walls last week wherein you advertised for a bride."

"An accurate memory is more useful than idle prophecy. It is true that I seek a bride."

"What are you prepared to pay?"

"The amount stated in the advertisement—three hundred dollars," Yut Mow affirmed.

"So far, I take it, the Gods of Fortune have not answered your adver-

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tisement with reciprocal benevolence."

Yut Mow smiled. "I am poor. That is all I could afford," he said. "It is true that, save for one withered widow, there have been no offers."

Sun Soon answered the pork butcher's smile with a kindly grimace. "The Lady Lily Sun, who was my Number One Wife, is for sale. She cost me six thousand dollars. I will sell her for three hundred. She is yours. After a storm there are plums to be gathered."

Yut Mow began a chatter of gratitude. Sun Soon cut him short. "Of one flaw in her character I must warn you. She is overfond of wine."

In eloquent Cantonese, "She will die of thirst for wine in the deserts of my house," Yut Mow predicted.

"Well enough. Time is an arrow. Take her with you, and proceed this day with the marriage. The Gods of Good Fortune have smiled upon you. Follow them through life."

The Lady Lily Sun and Yut Mow, the pork butcher, were married that day, in the afternoon when a lull in the activities of Yut Mow's butcher shop afforded him a free hour. The wedding banquet of shopworn pork attracted none save the riffraff of Grant Avenue.

At five o'clock a gift addressed to the bride was delivered at Yut Mow's sleeping rooms above his butcher shop. Despair and futile regret seemed to have settled upon the three-hundred-dollar bride of Yut Mow. She opened this single gift which had marked the event of her second marriage. She removed a wrapping of coarse paper from a cheap teakwood box, recalling meanwhile the gold and the jade and the pearls which had been given to her on the day of her marriage with Sun Soon.

From the lock of the box a thin brass key hung by a twisted fiber cord. The bride of Yut Mow unlocked the box and opened it. She saw a triangular white scar on the back of a severed hand.

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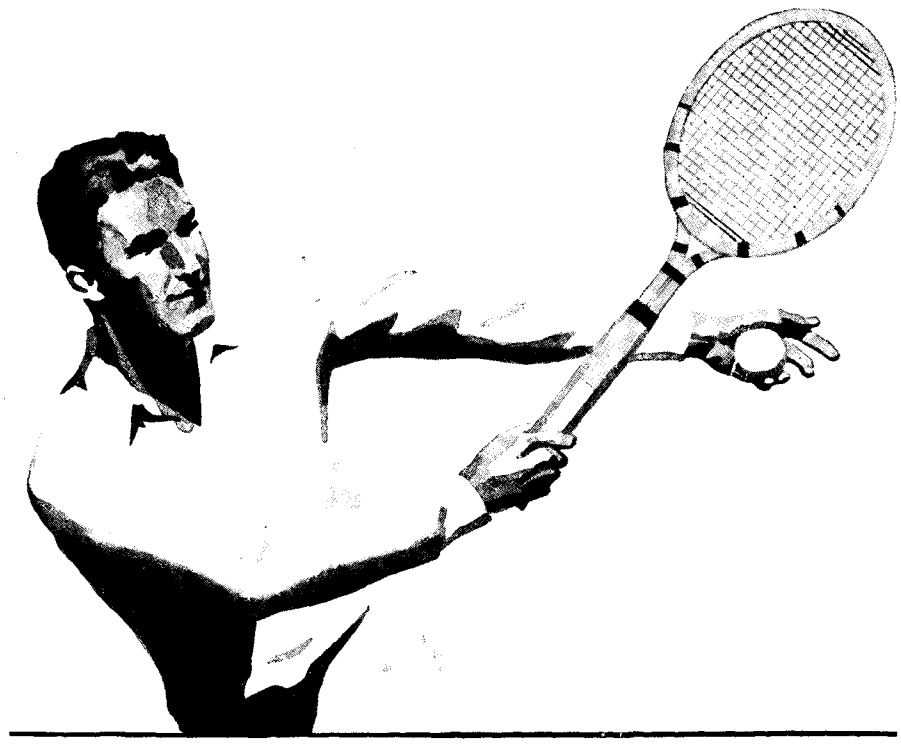
P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck *President* — **George J. Kennedy** *Vice President* — **William P. Larkin** *Vice President* — **Albert E. Winger** *Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. But the publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.



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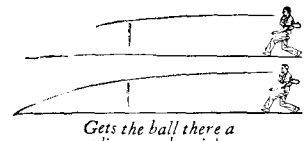

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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Ladies, First and Second

NOT since Andrew Jackson disrupted his official family because certain other cabinet ladies refused to receive "Peggy" Eaton, wife of John Henry Eaton, Secretary of War, has Washington been so stirred by the teapot tempests of social warfare.

In Jackson's day the women won. "Old Hickory" could not compel the members of his cabinet to persuade their wives to accept Mrs. Eaton, who, beside being a very pretty woman, was the daughter of a Washington tavern keeper.

Important political questions were mixed with the ladies' quarrels until Jackson had to find himself a new cabinet. "Peggy" Eaton won the battles but lost the war. Martin Van Buren, among others, resigned, but not even the dismissal of a Secretary of State was sufficient to make a social success of Mrs. Eaton. Despite her natural attractions, she was, in modern slang, out, and that was that, however much the fiery old Tennessee warrior might rave and storm.

Other ladies have had difficulty in Washington. Mrs. Lincoln, first lady of the land though she was, was not immediately approved. Her husband had other things to think about and did not concern himself greatly with the prejudices of Washington society.

Vice President Curtis, true Kansan that he is, jumped into the fray with all the fervor of an Andrew Jackson. His fight to compel diplomats and officials to give social precedence to his sister, who is his official hostess, has given Washington and the nation the merriest season in many years.

Of course the Vice President lost even when he seemed to win. Likes and dislikes are not things people reason about.

Mrs. Coolidge was the first lady in fact as well as in name because she is a gracious woman. Abigail Adams, wife of the first Vice President, was the favorite of the capital because she was a witty and charming woman. Alice Roosevelt, the wife of Speaker Longworth, is the darling of Washington for similar reasons.

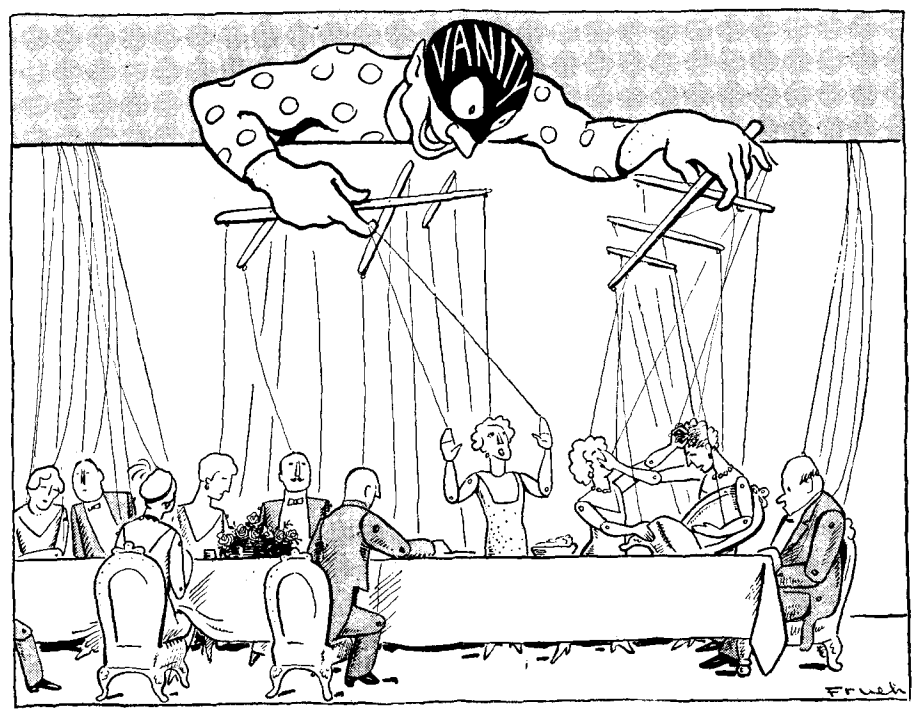
Because Mrs. Longworth refuses to defer to Mrs. Gann, the Vice President and the Speaker of the House of Representatives struggle for power. The war, begun over the place which should be assigned to the Vice President's sister at the dinner table, reaches far. Men as well as women are aligned in separate hostile camps. Legislation will be influenced by the new prejudices.

Don't dismiss the silly struggle as pure comedy. There's more to the vanity which makes men and women fight over such trifles than shows on the surface.

The Incurable Passion

WHEN John Adams drove around in a coach drawn by six lively horses, Democrats said the President was aping the ways of European kings. The charming Abigail Adams, first of American woman suffragists, was referred to as "The Empress." Washington, too, had been criticized for the courtly formality of his state dinners.

Our forefathers thought when they founded the Republic and talked about equality that they were putting an end to the foolish formality which grew up around the European courts. Not so. Actually, Washington society is organized along lines not different from those drawn in Paris, London, Berlin or Rome—Italy or Georgia.



Important people sit at the head of the table. In Europe highly paid functionaries are paid to keep straight questions of comparative rank. At Washington, State Department clerks manage these details. On Main Street every woman rates her own guests, but not even in Greenwich Village or the Coast of Bohemia is the task neglected. Washington, being political, gives its preferred officeholders first consideration. Main Street chooses its local potentates, usually its most solid millionaires, while Greenwich Village runs to poets and painters. The vanity is the same.

We have an incurable passion for grading ourselves according to our merits, possessions and achievements. Where money, power and leisure are accumulated, the stage is set for such demonstrations as the Vice President's War at Washington. The few despise it. A Charles G. Dawes will tell a reporter to go to a hotter and less desirable region when questioned about silk pants for the Court of St. James, but the majority take their trifles tremendously.

Laugh at the solemn men and women who are fighting the ridiculous battle of Washington, if you will, but don't forget that they are fighting for something which seems worth having.

In Washington and elsewhere social recognition and power go together. Human affairs are so complex that what is said or done at a party or a dinner has its far-reaching consequences upon much more important matters. The votes and attitudes of more than one member of Congress are influenced by what happens, or fails to happen, to him and to his wife in Washington society.

The tragedy of the business comes when men and women frankly ask for what may be given voluntarily but which can never be successfully demanded.

Social recognition can no more be bought with an office than with money. Most of those who have either wealth or power or pleasing personality get recognition in time, but if they want it before it is offered, the smart ones conceal their longing.

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